WEEK ENDING OCT. 29, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Hallowe'en

In this Issue

KATHLEEN NORRIS,
WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT, ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

EVERY BEAUTY SPECIALIST WILL CONFESS TO THIS:

True Beauty comes from within... "Make-up" can only help

A REALLY fine complexion isn't to be coaxed from even the cleverest little beauty jars and boxes. Cosmetics add a finishing touch—yes—but a clear skin, true charm, come from within—from physical well-being.

• • •

Some women always look lovely—always interesting, animated, gloriously alive! Dancing, shopping, in business, entertaining in their homes—you single them out instantly as the most charming figures in any scene.

Beauty such as theirs does not bloom by magic at the dressing table. It is the precious gift that only perfect health can give. Even beauty specialists themselves admit that true beauty—a clear skin, radiant loveliness—must come from physical fitness.

Thousands of women never really look their best because they violate the simple rules of health. They lead hurried, nervous, irregular lives. They eat unwisely and they rest themselves badly.

As a result of this neglect of nature's a-b-c's, digestive disturbances develop—all too often stoppage in the intestines ensues. It is this condition, your physician will tell you, that is the real cause of many, many beauty worries.

For when food wastes are not promptly and regularly eliminated, fermentation ensues—"self-poisoning" is set up—and the blood becomes polluted with impurities. This impure blood causes the skin to break out—to become blemished, dull and unlovely.

To correct a poor complexion you must get at the condition that is responsible for it. The approved way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica promptly relieves stoppage and flushes away the poisons of waste by stimulating the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines. It helps to correct beauty-destroying skin defects by keeping the blood stream pure and healthy.

Sal Hepatica is also widely used in relieving headaches, in treating stomach disorders, rheumatism, colds, liver and kidney troubles and a host of other ills.

For Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving-salines as the natural waters of European spas. And the benefits it brings are the same benefits of the "cure" at these famous watering places.

Don't let the insidious poisons of waste develop within yourself. Avoid skin blemishes and ill health by keeping internally clean and physically fit with Sal Hepatica.

Send the coupon for our new booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica guards your health and beauty and how it helps relieve the many ills traceable to self-poisoning.

The first rule of beauty is also the first rule of health. It is simply this: Charm and radiant loveliness are the results of keeping the system internally clean. The way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline combination.

Sal Hepatica

Take Sal Hepatica a half to one hour before breakfast or before any meal. Dissolved in a glass of water it makes a sparkling, palatable drink. Sold in three sizes—30c, 60c, $1.20.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-107
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of self-poisoning.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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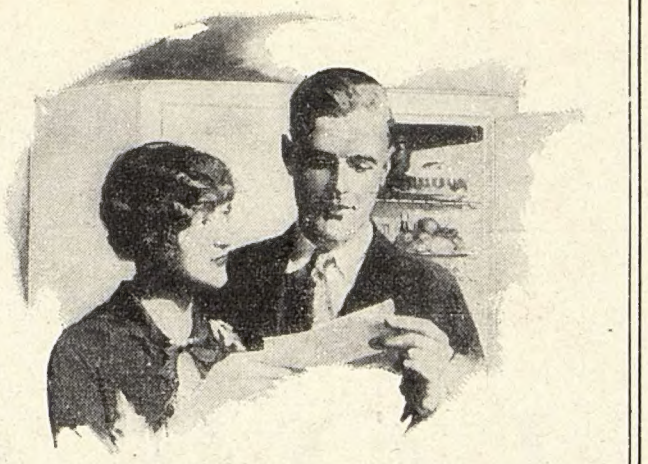


Frigidaire saves average of $105.36 per year over ice refrigeration!

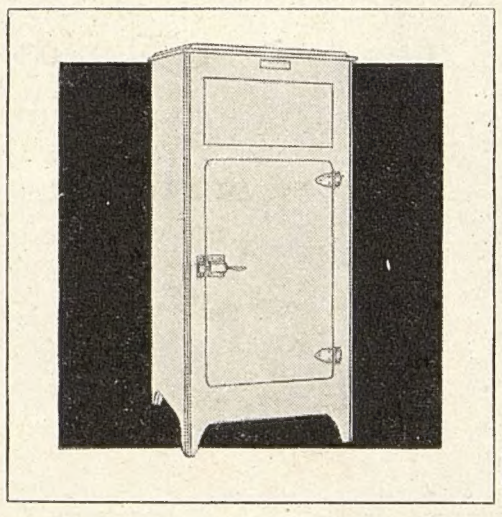
Amazing facts reported by Frigidaire users

Low cost of operation an achievement of Frigidaire engineering

SOME still regard electric refrigeration as expensive. To prove that this is not true of Frigidaire, the General Motors Electric Refrigerator, we sought the opinion of some 10,000 users.

Saves $105.36 Per Year

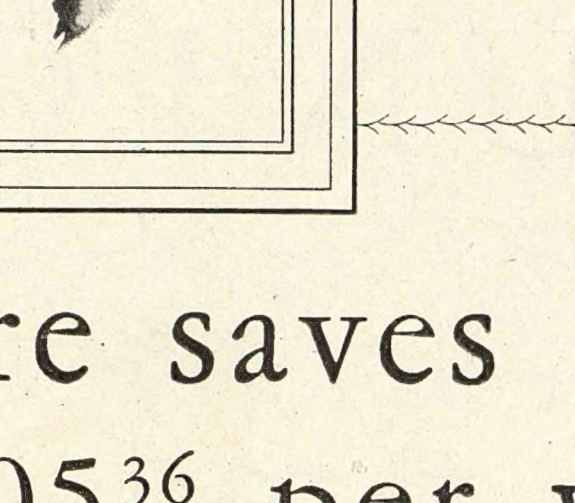
The answers were startling. They showed an average saving of $105.36 per year—*over and above all operating costs!* These amazing economies are due to two things: (1) No ice bills. (2) No food waste. And there are other economies that cannot be figured in dollars and cents. Cleanliness, for example. Convenience. Health protection. Ice freezing and dessert making service. Frigidaire gives them all to you.



Size for size—Frigidaire Costs Less than any other electric refrigerator

A Scientific Achievement

Frigidaire represents years of research and development on the part of Frigidaire Engineers, and the Research Department of General Motors—the largest organization of electrical, chemical and mechanical engineers in the world. In Frigidaire, modern science has incorporated elements that the exterior of the cabinet can't reveal.



Huge Production — Lowest Prices

Yet you pay no premium for Frigidaire's super-quality. In fact, by every standard of measurement, Frigidaire *actually costs less* than any other electric refrigerator on the market today! This is due to General Motors purchasing power and a tremendous output that is greater than that of all other electric refrigerators combined!

Take Down Your Ice Card Forever

No more ice to buy. No more spoiled foods that increase meat and grocery bills and that are a constant menace to health. Frigidaire keeps foods fresh, pure and wholesome and safeguards the health of all the family — every day in the year.

New, Low Prices

To the wealth of evidence in favor of Frigidaire add the new, low prices—the lowest in Frigidaire history! A complete model, all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet, for the amazing factory price of only $180!

Few Dollars Puts It in Your Home

What other household appliance pays such big returns for so small an investment? Frigidaire is in use every hour—each day in the year. It safeguards your food and your health. The whole family enjoys it. And it pays for itself with the money it saves, as proved by the signed reports of users. See the new models now on display. A small deposit puts one in your home. Then pay a little each month under liberal General Motors terms. Visit the nearest Frigidaire Display Room today. Or write for an interesting illustrated booklet—now sent free.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. W-68, Dayton, Ohio

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3 times as big as WASHINGTON, D. C.

DUNLOP CITY

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres

WITH all its vast area, Washington, D. C., occupies but 39,680 acres.

Preference for Dunlop Tires has caused Dunlop to grow so that now, including the greatest of all Dunlop plants at Buffalo, N. Y., Dunlop occupies a productive area of over 100,000 acres. Over 22,000,000 Dunlop tires are now running. The service that they give is both the cause and result of Dunlop's magnitude.

Talleyrand said, "There is one person wiser than Anybody, and that is Everybody." Practically everybody agrees that Dunlop Tires are best. Put them on your car, and prove it to yourself.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Oct. 29, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4 No. 26

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CROSSINGS AT CROSSINGS—AN ANACHRONISM

We read every day of accidents in which a railroad train hits a trolley car or an automobile—more often the latter.

Shocking loss of life is too frequently the result.

Most of these mishaps occur at grade crossings. That is to say, the highway traffic level is the same as that of the railroad right of way.

Everything "humanly possible" has been done to avert such tragedies. Safety systems have been adopted. Men are placed at crossings with flags, to warn oncoming motorists. Elaborate block systems, with gates at each crossing, are maintained by the railroads.

But gatemen are fallible. There always will be autoists who try to "beat the train." Sometimes the mechanism of crossing-gates doesn't work.

The least serious consequence is repair bills. More frequently, grave injury or loss of life.

Another result, that we never see in newspaper headlines, is the economic waste due to loss of valuable time.

The gates go down and traffic piles up on each side. A train is dawdling along somewhere in the distance. If the railway serves a suburban community there are frequent stops. Sometimes the line of waiting cars grows to two or three blocks on both sides of the tracks.

It is becoming more and more evident that grade crossings should be eliminated in sparsely settled communities as well as in the larger cities.

In Syracuse, New York, for example, the New York Central tracks almost bisect the center of the town. Dozens of trains move slowly through each day. They block motor traffic in a score of streets.

Examples of this can be multiplied all over the land. Los Angeles, to cite only one, has the Southern Pacific tracks on the street level.

Two-level traffic would eliminate all this waste.

Years ago Chicago elevated most of the railroad tracks within its city limits. The result was tremendous acceleration of traffic. Railroads, street cars, and automobiles use the same trafficways, but not to each other's disadvantage.

The motor-truck has considerably complicated the problem of city traffic. Some motor-trucks are nearly as big as locomotives. Some passenger cars are nearly as fast. They should not cross each other at one level.

Both accidents and delays are on the increase. Even our elaborate system of traffic lights and signals can not cope with the problem. Keeping a policeman on every corner helps, but is not a solution.

Elimination of railroad grade crossings is only a start toward relief both from danger and congestion. The city of the future must go farther and eliminate all one-level crossings where traffic is crowded. It must have north-and-south streets and east-and-west streets at different levels.

This will speed up traffic movement and tend to eradicate danger of collision.

Efforts are now being made in some cities to make the two-level-street idea a reality. Unfortunately, some of these experiments have defeated their own purpose by having intersecting streets at each of the two levels.

The next step for progressive cities is to have their main north-and-south arteries on a different level from east-and-west streets.

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

NORTH OF FIFTY-THIRD, a short story by Viña Delmar, tells of a daughter of the stage who faced the choice of a wealthy home—away from Broadway—or the uncertain life of a stage romance that promised little else than love.

Achmed Abdullah, in a short story, The Professor Struts His Stuff, takes you into the queer, smelly bazaars of the Moorish town of Farrakesh, into that *hoi polloi* which clusters on the fringe of white man's society—and here he sets the romance of a timid soul who suddenly found himself ruling a roost of fortune-hunting bullies.

An anonymous woman who sought happiness beyond the pale of conventions has drawn upon her experiences to tell in a frank but wholesome article the penalties exacted by the world of A Woman Who Did.

Fifteen fliers entered a race across the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Honolulu. Ten are dead—for a $25,000 prize. Bogart Rogers, himself a flier, tells why so many lives were exacted in this tragic sporting event in an article, Flying Against Death.

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The Germans know their Beer —
The Spaniards know their Onions,
But the French know LOVE, my dear!

If you traveled all the way to the Rue de la Paix you couldn't see a faster, funnier comedy-romance . . .

Mon ami!—those compromises! . . . those complications! . . . But what would YOU do if you married a man for Spite—*and fell in Love with him before you could get the Divorce?!*

And Connie? . . . You remember her in "Her Sister from Paris," don't you? "BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE" is Parisian too. She's as merry as a midinette . . . Smart as Ciro's . . . She proves again she's the screen's sprightliest comedienne!

Naughty!-Nifty!-New!-

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in "Breakfast at Sunrise"

with

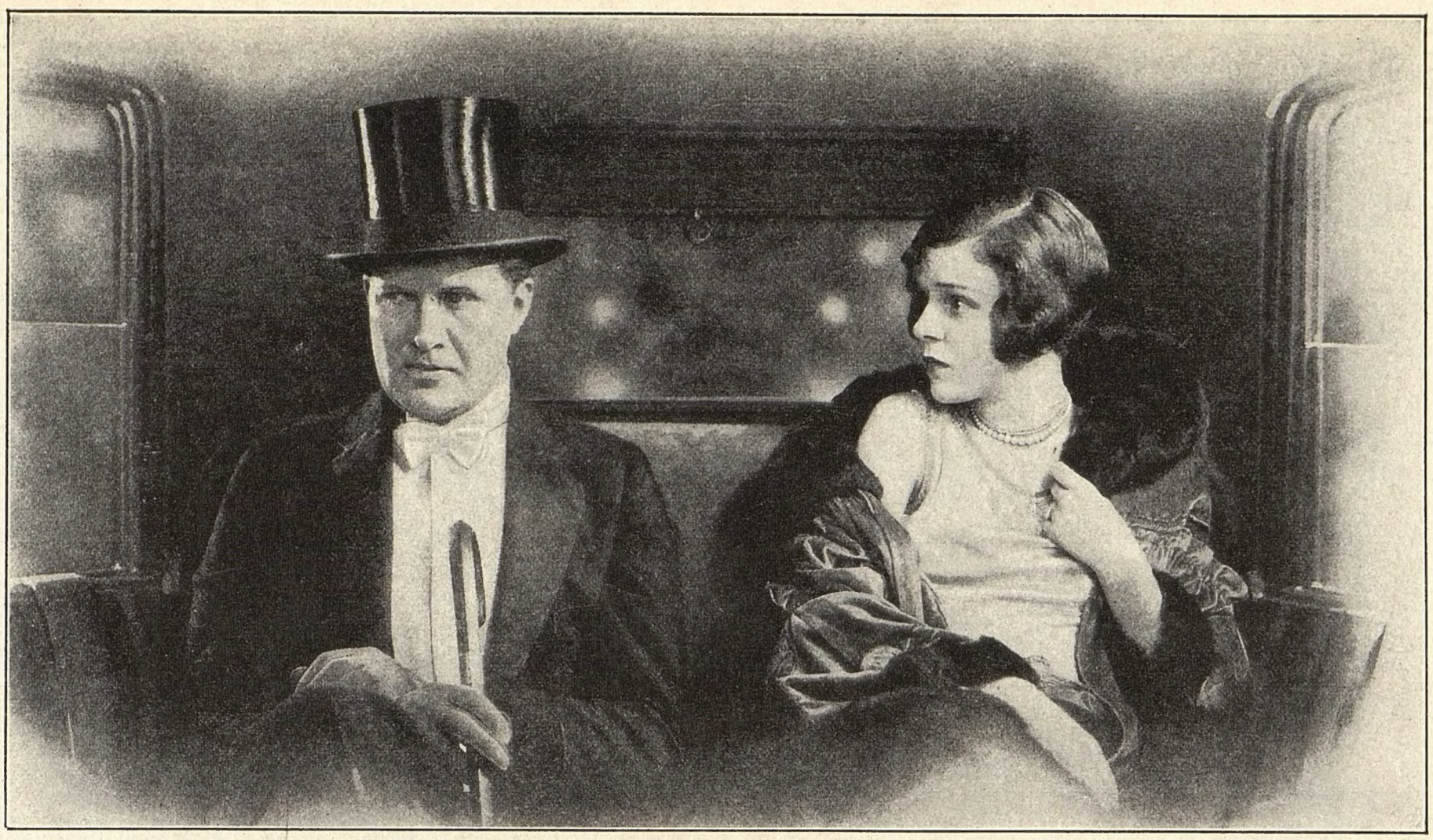
DON ALVARADO

Screen Story by FRED DE GRESAC

Adapted by GLADYS UNGER from the French Play by ANDRE BIRABEAU

A MALCOLM ST. CLAIR PRODUCTION

The Next Big Event at Theatres that show **First National Pictures** They Take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"



"You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

"HOW could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about."

"Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all that discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You more than made up for my deficiency!"

Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands —This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise, and Ralph was quick to observe this. He moved closer to Peg, glad that he had succeeded in diverting attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and the cleverest woman at that dinner, dear," he added. "What a pity it is that we business men cannot find the time to devote to books and reading. Now women ——"

"One moment, Ralph, I know what you are going to say—something about women having more time. But, my dear, you know that for the modern woman that is not so! Let me tell you the secret of it all. Do you remember that Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book I purchased several months ago? You were rather skeptical about it. Well, I have been reading it in my spare moments ever since."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard's chief source of ideas —how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how, at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

Imagine it! This Scrap Book has now been published and any one can have a copy. Do you know what that means? You can get in a few minutes' pleasant reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a whole lifetime to collect! You can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. You can have the finest thoughts of the last twenty-five hundred years in one wonderful volume. If you read in the Scrap Book occasionally, you'll never be uncomfortable in company again. You'll be able to talk as intelligently as any one.

May We Send It to You for FREE Examination?

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the *best* of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only $2.90, plus few cents postage, in *full payment.*

We urge you to act now. We want you *to see the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself.* Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 7510, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

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You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher's paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only $2.90 plus few cents postage, in full payment.

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—at exclusive gathering places of smart America

Meadow Brook, scene of the International Championship Polo between England and United States this year. Smartest America turned out for the three-day matches to cheer the famous contenders.

YET — *Obtainable in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*

IN chocolates, as in all things, there is an accepted social usage—*Johnston's.* People who know, know how true this is.

Just as the word sterling on silver defines a definite, unvarying quality, so Johnston's on chocolates carries the assurance of *correctness.* It implies the good taste of the giver, compliments the discernment of the recipient.

The Cavalier package, illustrated, is one of the wide assortment of Johnston packages which has added lustre to this fine old name. For a present to another, or to oneself, it is incomparable!

And . . . worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

Johnston's Cavalier Package, an enticing assortment encased in a sumptuously decorated metal box . . . at one dollar and a half the pound. One and two pound sizes.

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CHOCOLATES

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

SHANGHAIED By Rum-Runners

The True Story of a Sea-Captain's Amazing Experiences with Smugglers

An Article by

EVAN JOHN DAVID

Pictures by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

(Reading time: 18 minutes 45 seconds.)

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story was told to me by Captain Edward Perham, master of steam and sail, in the presence of Mr. Roger Derby, brother of Dr. Richard Derby, who married Theodore Roosevelt's daughter Ethel. Captain Perham was the mate of the famous old Mayflower, last of the wooden Cup-defenders, when she went to pieces in a hurricane, while seeking treasure-trove in the West Indies. He was rescued with the late Guy Scull, one time a Deputy Police Commissioner of New York, and Mr. Roger Derby, after being awash for two days.

Since then Captain Perham has been a skipper for Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, and has held other positions of importance. He was born in Bath, Maine, over sixty years ago and has followed the sea all his life, rising from cabin-boy to captain. All his papers give him an excellent character for honesty, faithfulness, and able seamanship.

The following events occurred in August, 1925. The first trial was held May 4, 1926, at Norfolk, Virginia, and was settled on July 6 of the same year. Fictitious names have been used for the five men, because Captain Perham fears what these men might do to him. At the trial, though subpenaed as a witness, he did not dare say more than he had to.

The man who appears as the owner and pirate chief on this rum-running ship is the man who is accused of having bribed officials of Edgewater, New Jersey. He was sentenced to serve a year and a day and pay a $7,500 fine for the part he played in the adventure told here, but before he served the sentence or paid the fine he was sent to prison in the Bahamas, to do a year and a day for having shanghaied the sheriff from there and brought him to New York in irons and then set him free.

I'M not a hero-man—but I've taken the worst and the best at sea.

The first mate on this pirate cruise was also sentenced to do a year and a day and pay a $5,000 fine. The other two men figuring in this story were not captured. The dates and places have been checked up as far as possible. The court records confirm the facts.]

PART ONE

I'D been waiting for several weeks at the Masters, Mates, and Pilots Association headquarters in Norfolk, Virginia, for a chance to ship coastwise or foreign, as navigating officer, on almost any kind of craft, when my name happened to be on top of the file in the cubby-hole. Norfolk is a hot place in August, and I was a bit anxious to ship out of there if only for that reason.

At last my name was drawn and I was given orders to take a linch [launch] out to a steam collier in the harbor. I been around the waterfront so long I knew the tonnage, cargo, and port of every ship out there. The collier was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHANGHAIED BY RUM-RUNNERS
Continued from Page Nine]

loaded with 3,300 tons of soft coal, and carried a crew of thirty-one, a captain, three mates, a chief engineer, and three assistants.

The collier was anchored off Newport News. I got aboard at 12:30 p. m. I been sizing up seamen ever since I been a bo'sun and I'd rather get a good look at a sailor-man than see his papers—if he's goin' to ship with me.

The first man I met was Art Huff. He introduced himself as a mate. Later I found out he had a fishious [fictitious] license. He was a young fellow, about twenty-seven or -eight, and set up like a longshoreman, with big muscles sticking out of his black sweater and tight-fitting blue pants. He smoked a corn-cob pipe all the time and wore his cap on one side of his big, bushy head—like an English line officer. I couldn't make out if he was tough or trying to be tough—to impress the fo'castle. I've seen that done before. He didn't walk like a sailor-man, but I didn't smell a mice. He introduced me to a Mr. Clem Carter, the owner of the collier.

This Mr. Carter was a big fellow too—over six foot—very blond—about the age of Mr. Art Huff. He wore brave city clothes. One look into his gray eyes and I knew he was the cargo—afraid of nothing—and he would get whatever he went after on land or sea. He must 'a' just come out of a barber-shop—his straight yellow hair was slicked back, his tender skin shaved close till his chops was red and gray. And his fingers was man'cured too. I could 'a' laughed at the contradiction—but I didn't smell a mice.

At this p'int he called the third mate, a big bruiser named Strang Mahoney. No question, he was big 'nough, tough 'nough, to lick the whole fo'castle at one time. Burly he was—built like a scow—but with long arms and short legs. He looked like a gor-r-rilla-man. I made up my mind never to have any trouble with him about anything. But I didn't yet smell a mice, or have the slightest idea what I was in for, or think these men much different from the average run of seafaring men on colliers—a dirty berth on the best o' them.

THE first time I noticed this collier was different from the many I'd shipped on was when I went down to feed. This dirty steam collier fed better than any ship I'd ever sailed on, but I didn't think much of it, then.

When I came on deck, Mr. Clem Carter had gone ashore and we was under way, goin' down the bay. The deck crew numbered twenty-one. Nothing much happened on the way out except the officers did seem a bit green, I thought.

One thing, though, made me a bit uneasy. 'Twas the way that third mate, Strang Mahoney, followed me about. It was like having a gorilla from the zoo trying to grab your hand—get familiar—friendly-like—with you all the time—everywhere you went and everything you did. He slept with me in the same cabin—dog-watched me on the bridge, leaned on the chart-table beside me when I drew the red line of the course, and looked up into my eyes and then on the chart as if he wanted to learn and understand all about navigation. I thought he was a bit short-sighted, for he always took up the log-book after I made an entry and looked at it very careful.

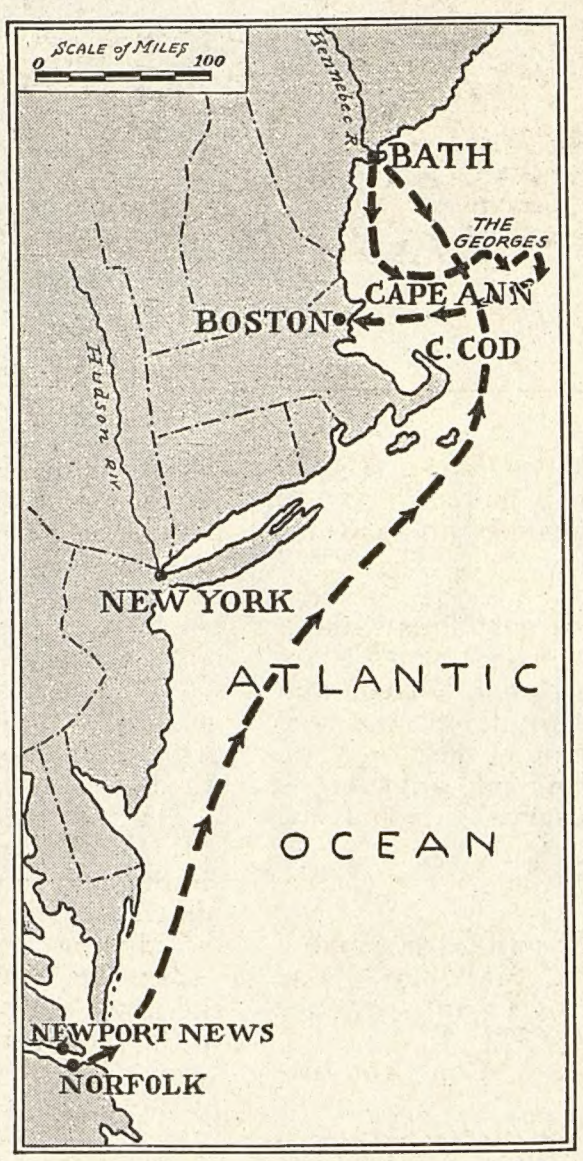
For a long time I couldn't understand why Strang didn't have any duties but to follow me and go below once or twice to bawl out the firemen, until I saw that Hanson, the captain, was only a figurehead—never gave any orders—and that Art Huff was in command. Later I found out Skipper Hanson's license was fishious too, but I didn't smell a mice then.

I didn't like Strang's language, either—not that it was more profane than many an able seaman I've heard—but it wasn't the language of the sea. It had no salt in it. He used words like " bull " for constable or policeman, " dip " for I don't know what, and a lot o' other strange words—which, he told me later, he learned while serving twenty years for strangling a man in a gambling-house!

Looking at his hairy paws I could believe it, too, but I didn't, then, make any connection between his first name and his business in life, though I did remember they used to keep fellows like him in the saloons on the water-front in the old days—to throw out the drunks or any bad characters—keep the peace.

That was the night we lay in a sea fog off the Isle of Shoals, and he kept me on the bridge all night, saying, every time I started for my berth:

" Yer not sleepy—yer only kiddin' yerself. Stay up on the bridge wit' me—till the fog lifts. Don't mind them cow-bells. They don't mean nothin' to nobody on this here ship—'cept them guys down in the cellar. Yer pretty sure—ain't ya—we're not goin' ter bump into no other ships or no rocks with that fog-horn goin' that way—ain't ya? "



THIS map shows the course of the collier. Carter hoped to pick up the rum-boat and take on his cargo in the Georges.

I SEEN plenty o' landlubbers scared stiff in a fog at sea, so I laughed to drive away his fears. But I stopped laughing, sudden-like, when I seen them watery little gray eyes close to my face and that revolver, with the two-foot barrel, in his hand. He'd had that laying around his berth all along, and I wondered what he wanted it for.

He'd seemed very fond o' it—cleaning the barrel and pulling the cartridges out every once in a while to look at the notches he'd made in the ends of the lead with his big pocket-knife—when he was not carving jumping-jacks, which, he told me, he'd learned to do to kill time in prison. He could, too, carve beautiful fans out of wood.

" This here ship cost too much to go on the rocks or bump into another—'stand that? "

My mind was fog-bound till he went on:

" I'm wit' ya all the time—savvy—to see nothin' like that happens. Savvy? "

I savvied then, all right—for the first time—that, if any accident happened to that collier, I'd have sand in my ears before many hours afterwards, and that that gorilla-man was most likely goin' to be the only judge whether it was my fault or not!

I'm not a hero-man—never was, never wanted to be—but I've taken the worst and the best at sea—been washed ashore on a spar twice and wrecked many times—once with Mr. Guy Scull and Mr. Roger Derby, when the old wooden Cup-defender, Mayflower, went to pieces in a ninety-five-mile hurricane off Watling Island, while we was hunting treasure in the West Indies. But this time I did sweat a bit, with fear of this gorilla-man who had been set to watch me.

" Don't fear, Strang—we won't be wrecked by ship or rock."

From then on I expected to get orders from Mr. Art Huff to dev'ate my course and not sail into Bath, but no such orders came, so I ran up-river twenty miles to the Kennebec Coal Company's pier, where the port-officer came aboard. I gave him the clearance and he gave me permission to discharge cargo.

I was about to go ashore with him, and went down to my cabin to get my sea-bag and jump ship, when Strang came into the room after me and, closing the door, said, with that watery look in his eyes but in a quiet voice:

" Tell that guy ya don't want to go ashore wit' him—not till this here boat is unloaded. Savvy? You and I got to see them coal-heavers do their stuff—right—don't lay down on the job. Them's orders from Art Huff."

I couldn't tell by his voice if that was a threat or not, but something in his watery eyes told me I'd better not go ashore—just yet. So I shouted to the revenue officer not to wait. But I wasn't able to get off after the last bucket of coal had been hoisted out—even though it was my home town and I could see people I once knew about the dock.

To tell the truth, I was afeared if I did sneak ashore, that big gorilla-man would follow me with those hairy arms and fingers and that long blue barrel. So I stayed in my cabin till supper-time, when I started out the door, only to see Strang sitting on a coal-shovel, whittling a jumping-jack out of a coal-black piece o' wood.

" Better stay in yer cabin tonight, boss. I'll have yer eats sent in t' ya. Termorrow ya can do what ya want to."

" But—"

" There ain't no ' ifs ' or ' buts ' on this here ship. Take my advice and stay in there," he said, putting his big flat paw up against my nose and face and pushing my head back through the open door, so that I stumbled into the room, against the bunk.

I thought this kind of rough treatment, after I'd brought their ship up safely from Newport News—without a skipper. One of my reasons for shipping on the collier was the report she was bound for Bath.

I'd been in high spirits to see some o' my old friends and relatives. True, I'd been to sea nearly fifty years, and most of the people I knew in Bath had moved away or died—but there still was a few, so it was a great disappointment when they wouldn't let me land.

BESIDES, I now wondered what they were goin' to do with me next. Of one thing I was sure—they was not goin' to let me get off that collier till they was good and ready—perhaps not till after she sailed out the Kennebec River. Then it would be too late for me to make a complaint of their treatment of me, or prove charges against them. To tell the truth, I was not anxious to rouse any o' these men against me—they looked so tough.

So my food was sent in to me. It was still better than any I had ever had at sea. On that p'int there was no complaint. After the meal I sat down to read the newspapers that had come aboard, for I'd had no news of the world since I left Norfolk.

All through that evening I heard the tramp of many feet on the deck overhead and every once in a while the banging of some timber. I could not make it out. Once I opened the door to peep out, only to see that big ape of a man still sitting on the shovel. He pointed with the open blade of his knife for me to stay there. I closed the door and didn't open it again. At last I undressed and went to my bunk and fell asleep.

Some time during the night I woke to find the collier under way. I could tell we was not yet out o' the river by the way she was riding and that she was light. That puzzled me a bit, for I could see no good reason for holdin' me a

prisoner if we was bound back to Norfolk without a return cargo, as our charter called for three round trips.

I now smelled a mice. But I did not have long to think. Strang stepped into the cabin and said somebody wanted to see me up on deck. I dressed hurried, and, without shaving, followed him up the companionway for'ard.

DAY was just breaking. There, to my surprise, stood Mr. Clem Carter, dressed—like Mr. Art Huff, beside him—in a black sweater, tight-fitting blue pants, and an officer's cap. They looked like prize-fighters out to do a hike. No one spoke, but with his eyes Mr. Carter signaled I should look sharp-like about me.

I did. The first thing I saw was a lot of spruce planks, two by twelve, and a lot of new two-by-fours, and a number of boxes new-headed up. Behind these, in groups, was about fifty or sixty men of all ages and many different nationalities. Some was good-looking young fellers, some a bit tough, some wharf-rats, and some regular press-gang men—stevedores or longshoremen. I noticed, too, we was clear of the wharf and goin' down the river.

Some of this gang was playing cards; others, like cowboys, was lassoing some loose barrels or the pump; some was throwing tin cans up into the air, aft the ship; and others was shooting holes through the cans while they was in the air. I never saw better shootin'.

We cruised by several Gloucester fishermen.

I've been washed ashore on a spar twice.

All their guns was the kind you see captured from the rum-runners by the rum-navy. I saw at once I was on a pirate ship, armed to fight either the rum-navy, loot a rum-ship, or drive off any attempt to hijack their boat. I knew, now, why I was not let go ashore!

"Navigating Officer, we're going to run alongside a vessel and take off a cargo. What are you going to do? Play ball with us, or—" Mr. Carter did not finish. He turned sideways and, taking my eyes with his bold gray ones, leaned over the port rail and stared down into the sea!

I been schooled at sea to read many different kinds o' signals—sign language and codes—so it was as clear as a chart to me where I'd be thrown if I did not play ball.

"Mr. Carter," I said, for I saw he was an intelligent man—a college graduate, I learned afterward—and in full command o' the ship, "you're a young man. I'm over sixty years old. I've followed the sea for more years than you've lived, but never in my life, even on a whaler—in the old days of rum and grog, whale-meat and blubber—have I been treated so shabbily as I been on this collier."

"You've had plenty of good grub—haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've been treated curt'shus—like a navigating officer—so far, haven't you?"

"No, sir!" I started. But I looked, and there was that gorilla-man from the zoo standing right by me—glaring at me.

"Did anybody say anything—do anything—to you—that you didn't deserve?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Yes, sir!"

"What was it?"

"Ever since I been on this collier, that man"—and I pointed to Strang Mahoney—"has been following me around, peerin' into my face—and even sleepin' with me!"

"Ah, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Don't you like the looks o' him?"

But I couldn't laugh. I was in too serious a position—with that big beast standin' beside me—with an ugly scar over his forehead and another at the corner of his mouth.

"I can't say that I would, of my own free will, pick him for a mate or bunkie o' mine."

"He was just following orders, Mr. Navigating Officer."

"Was it orders to nearly push my nose into my face with his big paw?"

"Was that done—without cause?"

"Yes, sir! I just stepped out my cabin door last night to go on deck to see what the noise was, when, without a word, he put up his big paw and shoved my nose into my face and my head into the cabin. If that be curt'shus treatment, then I want to know what curtsy is?"

"If Strang did that—without a word—then it was not curt'shus—according to my orders—which must be obeyed to the letter on this boat. We apologize—and also for making you our enforced guest. But, you see, we have to have somebody who knows the North Atlantic and the coast. You know them, so we decided to take you with us. You'll be well paid—if you do as we say; but you'll go overboard if you make the slightest move to double-cross us.

"We are desperate men about to ship a several-million-dollar cargo, and it's up to you to get that cargo ashore any place on this coast we designate. Strang, come here!"

The big ape lumbered up.

"Did you push that man's face in—without saying a word to him about the need of keeping his cabin till dawn?"

"No-o-o-; the bloody—"

Mr. Art Huff struck the gorilla a punch in the jaw. Strang was cut down, clean as a mast in a hurricane at sea. Hardly before he reached the deck, Mr. Clem Carter was on him, punching him—kicking him so savage-like that I—who've beaten up a few mutineers in my day—had to turn away. All the shootin' and laughin' had stopped at once.

STRANG was being made an example—for those fifty or sixty rum-runners—of what would happen to them if they disobeyed, even in the slightest, the letter of the law, as laid down by Mr. Clem Carter and Mr. Art Huff.

"Liar! Strangler! I'll teach you to keep your strangling fingers to yourself on this boat." With that Mr. Carter grabbed the two-foot gun out of the unconscious man's belt. "Here, you stevedores—lug him to my bunk—and lock the door!"

Half a dozen huskies came for'ard and lugged him down the companionway.

"From now on, Mr. Navigator, as long as you play square with us—obey our orders and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHANGHAIED BY RUM-RUNNERS
Continued from Page Eleven]

put this vessel exactly where we say—you will have nothing to fear. But if you deviate a hair from the course, lay down a fraction of a point, endanger the vessel or the cargo in any way, or put the ship ashore or signal the rum-navy—there'll be sand in your ears by night!

"I'm sorry I must place a guard on you all the time. In this game, I've been double-crossed too often to take anybody's word for anything. But your next guard will not insult you."

"But if I'm caught—arrested—I'll lose my license," I said. "Now, I'm too old to start any other trade—and if I go to prison, it will be the end of me."

He laughed heartily. "Don't fear—we're not going to be captured—if every one does what he's told. I have many men in my employ, and prison doors have never shut behind any of them yet. So, as for going to prison, don't forget, we have lawyers and fixers who'll make sure you don't go there. If you do—who knows?—perhaps you'll like it as well as some of these jailbirds we got here, who're trying to go back."

THEY all laughed—even the hard-faced Mr. Art Huff, with the corn-cob in his big mouth—and I thought he never could laugh!

"That's settled, Navigating Officer. Now we want to go to latitude so-and-so and longitude so-and-so—" I've forgotten the exact markings, but it was off the northern edge of the Georges—about ninety miles east of Cape Cod—on that famous halibut and swordfishing grounds. "Can you take us there?"

"I can."

"All right. Run a regular course for Cape Ann till out of sight of land—then haul off to the Georges."

"Aye, aye, sir," I couldn't help answering, for by his commanding way he reminded me of the old sea-dog skippers I'd sailed under on board those whalers in the days of my youth.

I was surprised by him giving me a military salute. I asked him if he'd been in the army—his salute was so real.

"Yes—I put in two years in the French camps and trenches, with the Canadians."

"Then you are a Canadian?"

"No—just enlisted with them for the kick."

I started to go to my cabin.

"Wait. You know the chief engineer?"

"Yes, sir—we were shipmates once—coastwise trade."

"Go below and send him up here to me."

I climbed down to the engine-room and found the two engineers on duty there—the first and third. Two dapper young fellers I'd never seen was sitting on the iron grating of the drum-room, smoking cigarets and playing poker for dollar bills. They was dressed more like dudes than coal-heavers and might 'a' been pickpockets or high-class crooks. They couldn't 'a' been over twenty-one. It was not till I saw them look behind me that I knew I was followed. It was the captain—who was no more a captain than any other rum-runner.

"What's all the shootin' for?" asked the chief engineer, named Hughes, before I could give him my message.

"They've taken on a cargo of pirates at Bath and they are practisin' shootin'."

"Say! Don't get funny, old Tight-Mouth."

Those young gunmen called me that because—as you see—my lips are a bit thin, and I don't open my mouth much when I talk.

"I'm not—never was more serious in my life," I answered, for I was fearful what might happen if they misunderstood, or took anything I did or said for treachery to them. Then I told Hughes:

"Mr. Clem Carter, the owner, is aboard—in command—and wants to talk with you."

"Is that right, Dan?" asked the two gunmen.

The captain behind me nodded.

"That explains these two armed men," said the chief engineer. "They've been holding me a prisoner ever since the collier was made fast at the coal pier at Bath. Must have come aboard there. What does the owner want me for? You know I have a wife and two children. If anything happens to me, I don't know what will become of them—especially if I'm sent to prison for rum-running."

I see he smelt a mice long before this, but I thought he was goin' to bawl—he was so white. He was blond, anyway—with straw-color hair—and it was hard to find his chin. I thought he might do something foolish, so I said:

"Hughes—you're young. Be wise. Do what they tell you—to the very T. You have no choice in the matter—and you will come through all right.

"They've just offered me the choice of navigating their ship or getting my ears filled with sand. Well, I want to live. I just seen Mr. Carter and Mr. Huff beat up that big gorilla-man, Strang Mahoney—put him to sleep—up there on deck, because he disobeyed orders. I think they'll stick by us if we'll stick by them. Perhaps they'll give you a chance to go ashore, if you won't carry on—but I doubt it. Like me, you know too much now!"

"But I won't compound a felony!" he said. "I will not be an accessory before the fact!"—whatever that may be.

Then the gunmen drove him up the ladder and I followed him on deck. All the time I wondered why Mr. Carter had sent me down to order Hughes up. Afterwards, when I got

"'YER not sleepy—stay up on the bridge wit' me till the fog lifts."

to know Carter's character and methods better, I understood. It was so I could tell Hughes what had happened to Strang Mahoney and get him in the proper mind for what was coming.

Mr. Carter waited for Hughes to look around, same as he did me, and see the crack shootin'—it was a part of the stage this man Carter had set. It's true, he was a very remarkable man in many ways, as you'll see later. I thought Hughes would fall, he was so white.

Then Mr. Clem Carter made the same offer to him that he had to me—though Mr. Carter didn't, I noticed, look down into the water, the way he did with me. You see, they had other engineers, but only one navigating officer—so it was not so pressing they should get Hughes to work for them.

"No, sir, I will not go with you," he said, with more spunk than I thought he had in him. "I want to be put ashore at once. I have a wife and two children, and I can not afford to take this risk."

"I'm sorry! We can not put you ashore until we deliver our cargo. It might ruin our plans—and you," Mr. Carter made answer.

"Then what will you do with me?" he almost cried.

"Put you in irons and keep you till we can put you ashore. I haven't got idle men to keep a guard over you. Take him below! See if you can't run those engines, Dan, and keep the other two at work."

Hughes pleaded, but nobody paid any attention to him.

Then Mr. Carter asked me, polite-like, to go up on the bridge with him.

"Run the regular course for Cape Ann until we are out of sight of land."

I set the course like he ordered.

He was very pleasant—talked like a gentleman. It was hard to believe he could turn into the fighter so sudden.

As I paced the bridge I looked into the chart-room and noticed a heap of yellow bills lying on the table. I never seen so many at one time in one place—even in a bank. I was surprised to see so many grand knocking about unguarded that way with such a pirate gang of sixty or more hijackers on board ship.

AS soon as we was out of sight of land I ordered her course changed for the Georges—southeast by south—keeping a sharp lookout from the fo'castle head, and from the bridge, for a four-mast schooner.

We cruised by several Gloucester fishermen with full sail set from the Banks. At last we made the longitude and latitude the rum-boat was supposed to be anchored in, but found nothing.

We zigzagged ten miles each way, changing our course four p'ints with every turn. During this time I noticed I couldn't go anywhere without Mr. Carter, and re'lized he was my new bodyguard during the day. Somehow, I didn't mind this—he could be such a gentleman. But that night Strang was set to watch me, as Mr. Carter and I slept on the transom in the chart-house. And all the time I was away from Mr. Carter, Strang followed me—sullen-like.

Since I heard him called a strangler, I could hardly keep my eyes off his big paws and arms. I didn't re'lize how much of a fright they'd given me, till I fell asleep for a few hours and woke up thinking he was strangling me!

I must have shouted out, for he was sitting there in the electric light, on the edge of the chart-table, whittling a silly jumping-jack and grinning. You see, things was gettin' on my nerves a bit. I was afraid that, if Strang got any kind of an excuse to kill me, he'd do it and explain afterwards.

The next morning a heavy fog covered the sea all around the Georges, so we couldn't see a thing. We zigzagged around for a day and couldn't find the schooner, so Mr. Carter told me to let the ship go for Boston.

We picked up Boston Light—out of a liftin' fog at dawn the next morning. In goin' up the harbor, Mr. Carter stood beside me all the time. I had the wheel and he had one of those big rum-runner guns in his belt under that black sweater. There was no mistakin' where or what it was. I understood what would happen to me if I made a false move of any kind!

Clem Carter is not the man to be discouraged by a temporary setback. How he renews his hunt for the schooner—and the subsequent stirring events—are told in the concluding instalment of this narrative in next week's LIBERTY.

One of the First Ten

Pictures by JOSEPH MATURO

The Test of a Man's Courage and a Girl's Love

A Short Story of the Chinese Wars by

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

JIM FRAMTREE, in charge of N. A. Petrol affairs in Nanking, received word that an American named Walter Cochran was passing up the river to take the remote oil post at Fulienteng—"'way up among the Gorges." Framtree met the boat and brought Cochran to his club for the night.

By *apparition,* as the French say, the young man fresh from the States was by no means a clinching personality. He seemed under a pull; didn't appear to know exactly what to do with his hands at dinner; certainly didn't seem to have learned to talk and eat at the same time.

Tennis was mentioned—it seldom remained long unmentioned where Jim Framtree was—and at this young Mr. Cochran was seen to look startled and to stretch. His up-river boat was not leaving until the next afternoon, so a pre-tiffin hour or two was set for flannels.

Framtree had been in Shanghai and Nanking for four years; and, though American, was in and out among the English and French in a way hardly distinguishable from them. He was at least more European than of the States.

Though under thirty, he had been remarkably successful in business affairs, and secretly believed, as well, that if he could take from business an edge more of that priceless nervous energy a man appears to have just so much of, and put it into his game, the best singles player in China would be established. Outwardly he would genially declare: "I use the game, instead of being used by it," just as if it were so.

He had recently crumpled the great Freddie Chang—Freddie Pinkus Chang—a Cantonese

Forgetting all else in the world, she pressed him back into a chair, slumped down against a gaunt knee.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ONE OF THE FIRST TEN
Continued from Page Thirteen]

prince who consorted with the best of the Japanese for his exercise and looked big as a cinnamon-bear across the net.

Now, the next morning at eleven it began to appear how tall Walter Cochran was, how his cheek-bones stood out. Here was a man who knew what to do with his hands. Six-0 the first set, and in the second Fram was smashing himself against a player who hadn't exerted himself thus far.

Moreover, in the most unusual way, Fram kept seeing the face of the man across the net—now more Oriental than American by some illusion: high cheek-bones, face of an ancient Mongol scourge—different sort of human being from last night.

Six-0 a second time. "Why, he's only stringing me along—" And Fram was learning more about America, moment by moment, than he had in years together. He knew now that America was different from Asia, different from Europe—frightful line of cleavage somewhere; also his chest felt crushed between rocks.

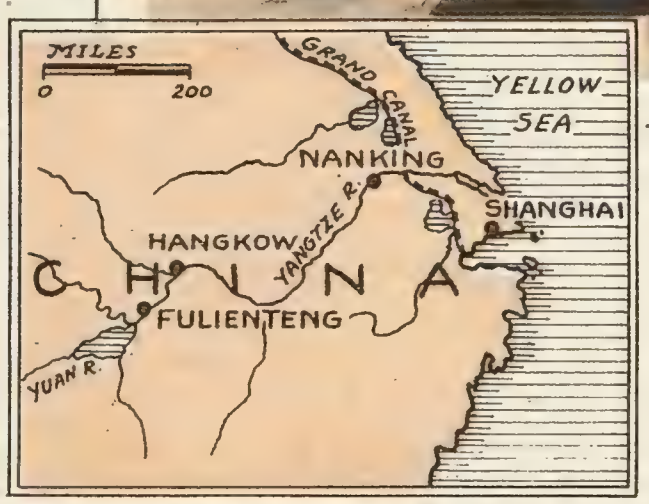
IN that third set, in a sort of inspired way, he realized what had gone into the making of Cochran's bony smile: what years of passionate practise it would take to stretch that smile to the limit. Moreover, he realized certain ghastly unfinished parts of himself. Something was being stricken in him. The better he played, the more tennis he pulled down to cope with. It wasn't tennis only he was up against, but pure gamester blood.

Six-two the third set, and Framtree shook hands, unable to shut his mouth—a blotched and purple face, more whipped because he had been prettily presented with two games.

"Why, I didn't know Fram was a poor loser," was in the air. And then, from Narodny, to whom it was fruit and nuts to astonish his hearers: "The fact is, Cochran isn't his name. That young man is one of America's first ten."

Though not exactly verified for weeks, so it turned out. No scandal was dug up, nor why a man within striking distance of the national championship should want to bury himself in the last, loneliest, and littlest oil post in China. ("Only a woman—only a woman—" was wigwagged from head to head.)

Framtree reported to his superiors in Shanghai that Walter Cochran appeared to be a man worth watching. The following spring he wrote to Cochran himself: "I'm coming up for some tennis in June."



The map shows the course of the Yangtze River and the part of China in which the action of this story takes place.

They went up-stream in the barcous, Framtree fighting

He found the American quartered in a clay bungalow well out from town toward the crossing of the caravan trails, where some sturdy little wells chug-chugged, and glanced into the face of a man who had met the hell of loneliness for a year without a shriek. "Yes, I'm still hanging on—so glad you could come. . . . Sometimes I think they've forgotten I'm alive," Cochran confessed.

"It hasn't seemed so long to the head office in Shanghai as to you," said Framtree, who in a business way ranked the other as a captain to corporal.

"Then you don't think they're displeased?"

"Lord, no; it isn't like that—"

"I've got to see it through this time," Cochran said in a queer, desperate tone. He always had the air of the half-hopeless amateur toward the work side.

Now Fram, who wasn't so slow in such things, began to feel in this little clay house the influence of a woman; not here, not in China, perhaps, but back of everything—the living-memory-sort-of-thing that occasionally keeps up the morale of an exile.

They had a few sets on the clay, Chinese boys bringing in the balls, the court not being enclosed. Days all too short—Cochran the same master-contender as in Nanking. He *was* tennis; he entered a sort of silence and became It.

"How was it you could leave the American game as you did?" Fram found it fair to ask at last.

"It was getting me—spoiling everything else. A man can't be just a play-chap, you know. . . . As an amateur you have to accept a lot of favors—clubs and persons staking you—damned inconvenient. Can't keep right with yourself. Besides, you're expected to travel a lot to keep up with the tournaments. No employer will stand a man being absent from three to five months a year—"

"THERE'S a professional game," Framtree observed.

"Like being a groom in polo. . . . No; it was up to me to start at the bottom on the work side. I've got to see it through this time."

Back of this fierce and unnatural sacrifice, Framtree's sense of the hidden woman strengthened. The secret was presently out. A photograph appeared on the "explorer's box" at the head of Cochran's bunk. Her name was

rash dreams of a forlorn heart—after days with this new kind of woman-girl.

Jolie Minton—supposed to be waiting in the States.

She was a bit broad-browed to suit Fram. "Probably has views," he decided, and Cochran hesitatingly confessed:

"She doesn't know much about tennis, but smelled a rat. Knew right off there was something scaly about a man just being a player—in this old gentleman's world—"

There was one night after two or three cups of hot *qui-ven* when Cochran opened up. First about Jolie Minton:

"She's a sort of sifter—always wants to get to the kernel—never stopping until she gets to the center of things. She finds the truth, then takes a long breath."

The rest came out in terms of tennis, but was a story of life itself: one by one, sentences of a man who talked finished experiences and nothing else. He told of his first racket strung with pieces of cast-off gut; of being put off a public court as a kid because he didn't have tennis shoes and making an old pair of rubbers do. He told of making tennis shots in his sleep for years, of his horror of being licked, fear of defeat all but ruining his stomach—"until all that ended, even the importance of winning and losing.

"You get in past competitiveness," he went on. "I don't profess to understand, but it wears out, if you once get the feel of what's beyond. There's an inside to tennis—'way in past the cups you win—where it's pure game. You stop chasing it; you become it. . . . The fact is, they tell me, I've got to find in work what I've found on the courts."

FRAMTREE suddenly blushed. The realization was as new as a romantic experience. "What you want to get in work," he said, "is what I want to get in play."

Then in embarrassment he changed the subject, telling about the day he trimmed Freddie Chang—"Freddie Pinkus Chang, the boys and girls call him down the river," he added. "Big China boy daffy over tennis, and sort of son of the Heavenly Father Himself, Cantonway. Takes 'em at worst possible angles, Freddie does, whether back or at the net. And the only English he knew when I saw him last was 'Who iss sarve?' meaning 'serve,' of course. And 'What iss skoh?'"

OLD Mother China was in one of her restless states; but that was to be expected at her time of life. In the following spring Framtree had five years in, and a three months' trip coming to him to the States. But the winter's confinement had left him with a flaming thirst for endless tennis of the master variety, and the stronger pull was to go again up the river to Fulienteng, his brain making pictures of grueling singles to be played, day after day, a match every day, in fact.

There was another side to these pictures. Framtree wanted to get Walter Cochran down. He wanted to crack that incomparable offensive once. He would wake up in the night in a sweat from a dream—bitter fierceness about the dream at times—that he had Walter Cochran on the run, stretching that bony smile.

By June, commanding complications occurred; not only from China's heartburn, but little old Fulienteng had chosen this of all times to change her mere cross to a star on the oil map—operators having drawn the cork from four new gushers in Cochran's territory.

Yet tennis was slow to fade out of Fram's world. He sent up several dozen balls, a new net, tarry as a sea-chest, and followed on. There was a day to wait at Hangkow; and, alone in the Legation library in late afternoon, he had a queer inner experience.

Before him, on the broad baize table, six or seven great daily newspapers from the outside world were strewn, and a shocking synthesis from them all rose in his brain. He had suddenly stood up, his head in the dimness above the reading-lamps. Why, yes; this was a changed world—havoc everywhere turned loose; peoples gone crazy or numbed; their rushing about to forget, most frightening of all—storm, flood, temblors, flights, falls, war!

That wasn't all. China had wakened from stupor with a froth on her lips. "They see it outside before we see it here!" Fram muttered.

The land began to show the black lardy smear before he reached the clay bungalow in Fulienteng. Cochran was out at the "works," the servants said.

"Rivers of oil!" Framtree heard as he came up; and there was the face he was looking for, framed in the window of a sort of booth, before which an endless string of bullock-carts slopped by—pale, haggard, desperate-eyed, that face looking out of an unglazed rectangle, the bony smile stretched a little, as Framtree's tennis had never done.

"I couldn't leave to meet you. Sorry—" Cochran gasped queerly. "Night and day routine, this. All the bullock trains within five hundred miles—back and forth to the geysers!"

"But the Cantonese army is closing in," Framtree remarked.

"So I've heard. And say, do you know, if it all works out, I'm apt to be worth a year's salary to the company every ten minutes or so?"

Framtree looked about. The fourth of a series of big tanks was nearly finished and already half full. . . . Tennis? Not a chance!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ONE OF THE FIRST TEN
Continued from Page Fifteen]

". . . All a matter of tank-builders keeping up! Paying some of the boss mechanics hundred dollars a day—and every man of them worth ten thousand—"

Framtree glanced closer. The face showed through a strange fume of fatigue, fires of exhaustion burning in the eyeballs. Among the troublesome affairs, Cochran had orders from the United States authorities at Hangkow to keep detailed record of all white refugees passing down from the interior. Utterly conscientious about this, too. Here certainly was a man who hadn't made play of work.

Fram's arm dropped over the lean, shrunken shoulders. "And you've been keeping this up for weeks? Go and get some sleep, Walt—"

With a gulp, the other drew back.

"I'm 'fraid you'll find I've taken a lot of liberties—so much to decide," he explained. "Why, I've been spending the company's money as if it was all a movie—"

"You showed size enough to dare—"

Cochran didn't appear to hear that.

"The main difficulty's been in keeping up with the tanks—" he yawned.

"For Cantonese confiscation—" Fram finished, when alone.

The day ended, and he was still there under the flaring candles in the booth. The endless procession of bullock-carts went by with their slopping barrels.

A party of white archeologists passed by from in-country; then missionaries—men, women, and children. Fram took their names and data concerned, surveying the endless list already recorded. Through the night there wasn't a chance for him to miss what Cochran had been up against for weeks.

"All work and no play, yet nothing forgotten." And he composed a telegram to send to his chief at Shanghai:

ALL IN ORDER BARRING DANGER OF CITY CHANGING HANDS RIGHT MAN ON THE JOB HERE GAMESTER CLEAR THROUGH

Exhausted at last, he reached the bungalow and pushed in past the curtains.

"Rivers of oil!" reached him from the bunk, where Cochran lay under a mosquito canopy and little else, for the morning was sultry.

"Thin as a Samurai blade," Fram muttered. "Stuff all gone over on the work side."

His eye now studied the right shoulder, right elbow, wrist, hand—"Connected ganglia of tennis brains," he muttered, or something of the sort.

EVERYWHERE the Southern army touched, there was shock, change, reverse, flame. Ever nearer to Fulienteng crowded this army of the New Breath. So it wasn't only the race of the tank-builders to keep up with the bullock-carts—another race between the Northern forces and the Cantonese as to which would reach Fulienteng first. N. A. Petrol and its mighty affairs were, of course, lined up with the North.

Tennis—a smile on that. Framtree saw his hard-earned vacation days slipping by, his skin getting whiter and whiter rather than sunbrowned, his flesh loosening. Yet there was thrall in watching his friend who had reached the top of sport—take it all down and make it over into the work of common men; thrall in the changing hands of towns all too close to Fulienteng for safety, and in gasped tales of refugees.

A crushing, laughing yellow bear, the Cantonese army, it was said—an altogether new voice and way in the world—something sprung to life in China, full-powered—always new tales like this from the refugees.

"Pretty near time for us to go, wouldn't you say?" Fram finally inquired. "I think if they understood down in Shanghai, they'd call you in."

"Not me—I can't leave yet. They've O.-K.'d my last pay-roll. Lord, where does the company get it all?"

"You'd be surprised," said Fram.

Finally the telegram from Hangkow.

I DID NOT MEAN TO HAVE TO TELL YOU AHEAD BUT IT SEEMS SAFER TO LET YOU KNOW I AM HERE AND ON THE WAY TO YOU

from Jolie Minton.

Cochran was dripping with sweat—his hands shaking as if he had just finished a five-set match.

"She means in case—in case she don't get here alive—I'll know she's lost—"

"Did you know she was coming?" in awed voice from Fram.

"Lord, no. She said—she said before I left—she would know when to come—"

"It doesn't look as if she quite—did."

"She meant she would know when it would be right for me. . . . She isn't considering a hamstrung China. My God, Fram, I can't leave—"

"I've got to go, anyway. Tell her to stay where she is and I'll run along down and do the rest—"

"Boy, will you!"

Fram saw the great

"Don't count me as somebody to protect," she said. "We are three—"

sportsman that instant—the man who could lose and love an opponent—a sudden blazing expansion of spirit and flesh. . . . His last look was that face framed in the booth—little old never-say-die Walt, back among the slopping oil-barrels. Before reaching Hangkow, news reached him that China was already bisected at that point—two Chinas now; no chance of his being permitted to continue his way for the present to his own habitat in Nanking. And a woman on his hands—

He fancied her in a Queen Mary hat and eyes all forlorn like a school-teacher's from meeting China alone. But the girl he found down among the steamship offices in Hangkow was one any man would change his pace for. She was breathlessly by herself, moreover, and wouldn't have waited much longer. He began to tell her at once that she had better think twice about continuing up the river.

"I have thought twice."

"But do you understand what it means?"

"The steamer authorities have sold me a ticket to Swatoulong—"

Fram didn't want to go back up the river, yet he had premonition of another ticket being sold to himself. They drew apart, talking about Cochran, the man realizing a sudden power to make her happy.

"You can't know what it means to him to say, 'Keep her from coming up if you can—' after he's waited two years—"

Also, as he talked, Fram began to see that his recent weeks with Cochran had been packed with drama, if not tennis. More and more a grip came into his words. Jolie Minton could also talk:

". . . Every year it got harder for him to begin at the bottom in any kind of work," she told him in return. "The feeling grew upon him that he wasn't holding his place among men—putting so much into his game, yet not getting on in life."

"I guess knowing you made him feel that he wasn't getting on," he risked.

"No; he began to see it himself. What came to me was, I'd better leave him alone."

"You think he's made good in what he came to China to do?"

"Yes; that's why I came—"

She wasn't to be stopped merely because an empire was ripping itself in two.

He couldn't let her go up the river alone, but at every river port he expected they would be taken off the steamer and sent back. China, however, was in a mood not to see two low-voiced foreigners. Just here and now China was entirely sunk in an endeavor to get down-stream—a yellow horde in boats upon a yellow river; mud-covered crowds upon the river-banks—downstream under sun and cloud and torch.

HORRIBLE to Framtree, this flight, as if connected with a fright of childhood.

Swatoulong at last, one hundred miles from Fulienteng. "Surely she'll consent to stop now," Fram thought. Their present steamer could go no farther; that was sure.

News from Fulienteng was available here that a small force of oil operators still hung on under Cochran, though the Cantonese army was already precariously close.

"He's still gambling that the Northern force will get there first," Fram reported. "N. A. Petrol loves to uncover a man like that. He's learned to forget how to quit—that fellow."

Jolie Minton smiled. She liked to hear him speak of Cochran in his own terms. He suggested that they let Walt know they were so near, but she couldn't see that at all.

"I don't see why the company doesn't call him in," he then remarked, "unless it is they're fixing up a big deal with the Cantonese—"

She left that to him to work out, and suggested that they take a *barcous* up the river.

Emphatically he shook his head: "Positive danger of life to put oneself in the hands of unregistered native boatmen, even in times of peace—"

She heard him, but wasn't awfully impressed.

They were getting closer together. He could still be breathlessly eloquent about his friend. Jolie Minton brought the States to him as poignantly in her way as Cochran had in his. Through them both he got a glimpse of what had been going on at home in the last five years.

She had quite a marvelous integrity, if he were not mistaken; also a fearlessness about herself quite new to his world. Was this getting to be the thing in the States? Was a race of Jolie Minton s coming to life there? And now the second half of his hard-earned weeks of leave slipping past. . . .

What was the secret of this effortless way she had of keeping him in his place? . . . They were on the water-front at Swatoulong, pressing in and out of the throng in the area between the native quarter and the row of foreign buildings.

"The people are different today—feel it?" she said suddenly. "They're like—hear the murmur?—round a hive of bees when they're angry?"

He came up out of a particularly dark mood of personal unfulfilment to note the angular averted yellow faces, and the sense in the air of old slow-moving China suddenly galvanized into a limping, uncouth speed. Through the rift in the crowd at the right they both caught the glint of a poised ax, its sweeping descent, and a gulping intake of breath from the crowd, as from one person.

Then it was before them, like the work of a daring author—shaking torso back of the crooked knees of the headsman—China, in her brazen fashion, putting a communist to death in the public square, advertising the same.

"Come on, quick; there may be another—"

Not a sound from the white woman at his side. She had halted, but did not falter back.

"Utterly clumsy of me not to realize—"

She had not stirred, until her lips: "Yes, there's going to be another! He kneels so obediently! Why—"

She turned with him now and was walking away, struggling to preserve poise as in the terrors of nightmare.

"We read of such things for years, and suddenly a stroke like that—makes us see we've not known a thousandth part! Yet we must know—" She had halted again. "Why, I mustn't run away like this!"

"You're not going back—"

"Why, I mustn't run away," she repeated. "It's the world! I've always asked to know the truth about things—"

He harbored the suspicion that it was morbid curiosity that made her turn; but her face wasn't like that.

He remembered Cochran's sentence: "She's a sort of sifter, never stopping until she gets the truth—" Something of her look, too, belonged to the terrible nearness of things that he had first sensed in the Legation library.

Now he followed her eyes as they turned back to the Square. Still another at the block—the face of a Chinese girl upturned, hands tied behind, an ashen waiting face upturned—the stillest thing in all that open square, in all that heaving world.

IN the *barcous* up-stream, six miles an hour in the chill of the Gorges; forever pressing against boats of frightened yellow faces—yellow torrents, yellow rapids, yellow faces—a composite ancient face. Somewhere Fram had seen the like before.

Suddenly, at the woman's side, he knew: Cochran—Nanking—across the net that first day—the same inexorableness as in this downpouring horde. The same sense of his own unfinishedness—

Heavy night chill of the Gorges. Close together for warmth, lying back against the gunwale, under an old yak robe of villainous smell. And Framtree was fighting more than fear of a yellow horde, fighting rash dreams of a forlorn heart—after days together with this new kind of woman-girl in her ring-pass-not of fearless charm.

Was there a chance of her thinking the same thing? Had it occurred to her that in going to meet one man she had found another on the road? For the life of him, he could not decide. She was either inwardly expectant and endless with guile, or miraculously straight under heaven. The faces of the boatmen looked positively murderous in the flares, but Fram wasn't occupied with that.

"Don't be an ass—I beg of you, don't be an ass!" he kept imploring himself.

"For once in your life, do this thing clean. It won't get you anything—nobody will ever know—but you'll have been straight for once—straight to a man who'll never know—"

"Do you believe, I like you very much?" she now coolly inquired. "I've been wondering if there are many men who would do this for another—"

Did she mean for her, or for old Walt?

Dawn broke, and he hadn't. There she was beside him, chilled, hungry, fluttery, tired, but not done for in the least, a more-than-friend taking effect.

There also lay Fulienteng in its smear; and in the background against the hills another—still another—tank ascending.

But the town was emptied out. They walked through it unmolested, China still bent on leaving them alone. The clay bungalow interior was a wreck, servants deserted by this time.

He left her in the room, saying he would bring Cochran back. He heard the clacking of the bullock-carts, but his eyes were fixed on the rectangle of the booth. Yes, a face was there, a specter face. It was looking out at him now.

Their hands hooked. "Are they coming? The Northern army?"

"Lord, no; they've not left Swatoulong yet."

"Then we're done for, Fram. The Cantonese are less than thirteen miles away—" It was the face of a dead man that turned toward the five great tanks, and another building.

"You've done your part, Walt. I'm taking you back for a drink and a sleep. I'm on the job for the night. Come on—" He had to say it several times.

Presently they pushed through the low door of the bungalow, and Framtree, who was leading, stepped aside. The room was already tidied, and there she stood in the midst of it. Cochran saw her, but did not move forward. His hands lifted to his own face—a stricken, embarrassed look round the mouth.

He glanced piteously at Framtree, who instantly understood. "So he's been seeing this sort of thing alone!"

Now the woman had gone to him, forgetting all else in the world. She pressed him back into a chair; she slumped against a gaunt knee. Cochran's hand went out and touched her face and neck. Fram at the side, out of it, saw in Jolie Minton now more than intimation of the lover he had sensed so hauntingly for days on the river. He had left the place, but a call sounded behind:

"Oh, I say, Fram, no need of your hurrying back, if the Northern army—" Cochran had followed to the door.

Framtree took his place with them—three standing now in the center of the room at the end of day. . . .

"Why, I've spent seven barrels of gold holding on to these wells!"

"They know what they're doing. You've made 'em like it," Fram said.

"But I might have saved a lot if I'd let go weeks back—"

"They didn't call you in, did they?"

"No; but I kept telling 'em the Northern army would get here first."

"As if they didn't know best. They may have bought Canton by this time. Anyway, they've lost oil-wells before, and will again; but they've found a man."

There in the dusk, for a second, Cochran seemed to stand alone. His face worked into a smile—drowsy, joyous, like a boy at the end of one great day.

"You—you think I've really made good?" he questioned them.

He never could know what that question did to the other two, though himself a part of what followed—a new unit of romance enacted—moment of a lifetime, of a new age—three as one, loosened of all separateness, hanging together as one.

FIRING began. The three in the clay bungalow waited the coming of the avalanche of Cantonese. Fram was thinking of "accidents"—hours of looting *allowed* down the river. . . . The woman looked up—her head thrust back—and said:

"Don't count me as somebody to protect—as if I were different. We are three."

He remembered and the better understood the public square at Swatoulong. The firing neared—then the great loosened shout as the van came in on the run—night, following like a huge dirt cloud . . . faces at the doors and window—laughing, frowning, obscene—a posted guard, endless roar of the army flooding in.

They had passed the first great danger of being crushed in the tumult. Order was forming in the darkness. Officers showed their faces at the door, but none seemed to have authority until the singsong cry of an orderly made way for one of the great ones—the magisterial clank of sword, flare of candlelight, and the door was filled with a bonneted and panoplied Son of Heaven. Bearlike arms opened.

"Vrumm-dree, Vrumm-dree—"

"Freddie Chang—Freddie Pinkus Chang!"

The great, laughing mouth stayed open. "We shall have soon tea. Who is sarve? We are the ace of tea—"

Lifted with a sweep to power and plenty, safe-conduct down the river, or a province if they would stay. Tennis was talked, and not war, as that dinner prolonged itself into the night, and Freddie Pinkus Chang couldn't get over it—that this, here in his arms almost, was one of America's first ten—

"But either you or I could take him down right now, two out of three, and not start a rash," said Fram.

THE END

CAN you think of a four-letter word which means "something that every man wants his son-in-law to have"?

A hint: It begins with "G."

It's something you don't think about in connection with spectacled college professors.

That's why you'll be all the more surprised and delighted with—

The Professor Struts His Stuff — A Short Story

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

Etiquette in MARRIAGE

What Is It?

Pictures by
C. W. ANDERSON

Questioning the Right of Husbands and Wives to be Rude to Each Other

An Article by
ELEANOR GILBERT

(Reading time: 15 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Boy Friend and I don't quarrel. He is everything I admire in a man—good-looking, interesting, congenial, and can support me in the style to which I'd like to become accustomed. I'm even fond of his mother.

Until last Tuesday at one o'clock he looked like an A No. 1 matrimonial risk, as the insurance people might say. On that unlucky day, however, I dropped in at the Purple Parrot for lunch, and bumped into a girl I had not seen since her marriage about three years ago.

Marian and I used to be really close friends—I know that I secretly adored her because she was, and still is, the most gorgeous-looking creature: a tall, golden, graceful blonde, perhaps a bit too preoccupied with her good looks and pardonably vain about them. She had a marvelous gift for silence, and that, somehow, made her seem attentive and sympathetic—also it gave all her few remarks an air of importance.

After her marriage to a wealthy Texan, come to New York to settle down, we gradually drifted apart. That happens to the best of friends, for no particular reason. Still, we were very glad to see each other again, and she listened patiently to my long rave about Peter.

"This time it's Love, the Real Thing, and it's going to last forever," I repeated several times, as she looked unconvinced.

"Promise me that you'll walk, not run, to the minister's," she said finally. "I said all that about Fred once, and it was true. But we're divorced, just the same."

"I SAID all that about Fred once —but we're divorced, just the same."

I was amazed—not at the suddenness of the news, but if ever there had been a perfect love match it was that of Fred and Marian. What had happened? Had he been cruel or inhuman, or failed to provide, or been unfaithful?

Marian was drawing on her gloves as though she wanted to leave the restaurant; but this was no place to let such a conversation die. I wish I had! There ought to be a law forbidding divorcées to talk to the happily engaged—the way they prevent any one from talking to jurymen while a case is being tried.

Sufficiently coaxed, Marian came out with this astonishing revelation:

"I don't know, and I don't care, on what legal grounds my lawyers got my divorce for me. But if you want to know the truth I'll tell you. It was lamb chops."

I SUPPOSE I looked at her as though I thought her slightly demented, because she went on with deadly seriousness:

"Yes—don't laugh—I mean it. I divorced Fred mainly on account of lamb chops. They were his favorite dish, and in the privacy of home he would pick them up in his fingers and gnaw them loudly, with inhuman relish. Three years of seeing a man worry a bone like a mastiff! That's how it all started. One day I felt it was murder or leave him."

"Sounds awfully fussy," said I, wondering how Peter ate lamb chops in private.

"It may sound too fussy to you now," admitted Marian, "but after you're married you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

I'm so fleet upon my feet,
I win at every game.
Campbell's fare will get you there
And make you feel the same!

SOUP
with the tomato's sunniest smile

Just the golden goodness of the full-ripe tomato! All else is discarded by Campbell's. The pure tonic juices, the luscious tomato meat in a rich puree, with fresh country butter adding its food and its flavor, and with that delicate seasoning for which Campbell's chefs are so famous.

Here is a sparkling blend that revives even the drooping appetite and imparts a glow to the whole meal. Richer still served as a Cream of Tomato Soup according to the simple directions on the label.

21 soups **12 cents a can**

Campbells' SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

After school days—

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion, By Following This Simple Rule in Skin Care—Night and Morning

IT'S not only in the thirties and the forties that Youth Preservation presents itself as a problem. It starts in the late *'teens* and early twenties, with the admonition of experts that the time to safeguard youth is *in* youth.

The rule for so doing, according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of all rules in modern beauty culture—the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations *every* morning and *every* night.

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way.

In the morning and at bedtime—this

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and especially in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, too, it's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

Retail Price 10c

3757

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

won't think so. Then it's only the little things that you notice. Your husband's morals don't matter nearly so much as his manners.

"I'm talking only from a wife's standpoint; and what does a wife know of her husband's business ethics or even his private morals? But what every wife does see is her husband's daily behavior in the home. And, no matter how noble his character, if he has peculiar, bad mannerisms, they will wear on you until you positively hate him."

And so Marian, the elegant, prefers to go out and earn her precarious living posing for hosiery advertisements, rather than live with a husband who crunches lamb chops!

Nevertheless, that miserable confession put me on my guard, made me aware of things I'd never noticed before. I go around asking the happily married women of my acquaintance absurd questions that somehow lead to queer indictments of matrimony.

Incidents that once struck me as mildly amusing now take on another significance. I'm beginning to fear that the little hazards of the marriage game are likely to pile up so as to wreck the most promising venture.

ONLY a few days ago I was a guest at a merry dinner party given by some friends in Tarrytown, New York. Among those present were some distant cousins of our hostess: a young couple making a first visit to New York. The girl was a delicate blond type, sweet and fluffy, with a shy smile that was charming. Occasionally she and her young husband eyed each other affectionately across the table, but they talked not at all.

Sweet, rapt young love, thought I, observing that the man sitting next the young bride was working desperately to draw her out of her diffidence, but was apparently unable to make her do anything but smile approvingly at his witticisms. Finally, however, he did succeed; for, during a lull in the general conversation around the table, her soft voice made every one turn her way in kindly expectancy.

"All right," she began in a low, nervous voice. "I'll tell the one we heard at the Follies. There was a very funny scene in a restaurant when two Frenchmen ordered—"

"Two Germans, darling," broke in her husband from the opposite side of the table. It was the first thing he had said out loud all evening.

"Frenchmen, sweetheart," the young bride repeated, music in her voice, but immovable firmness in her manner.

They kept up the argument until the assembled company, with one genial shout, suggested that they compromise on two Russians and go on with the story. But no! The young man, gazing at his little wife with tenderness and amusement, laughingly explained to every one:

"Do you know, Dot never gets anything straight. She tried to tell that story last night and got it all mixed up. Anyway, it wasn't at the Follies, it was at the Scandals."

Then he proceeded to tell the story, interrupted and contradicted by the sweet bride until they both got hopelessly muddled, and were rescued from imminent crossness by the tactful hostess, who asked a question of the distinguished guest just back from China.

DOES the marriage license give two persons the privilege of being ruder to each other than to any one else?

Come to think of it, I don't recall hearing any two friends, certainly no two casual acquaintances, contradict each other publicly in this rude fashion. I said as much, in relating the episode yesterday to a happily married young woman I know. She looked very wise.

"My dear," said she, "I'll tell you the reason why women have day-dreams about cave men and strong sheiks. I think all of us secretly prefer out-and-out savage brutality to civilized bad manners."

WE were chatting in her cozy little flat, gay with summer cretonnes. She looked around and sighed.

"I suppose it's dreadful of me to say anything against Wallie. You know, I'm crazy about him, and he is about me, too, and he's the most generous soul alive.

"But I'd certainly rather have him drag me around by the hair or beat me regularly Saturday night than entertain company with stories of the fool things I do. He thinks it's funny because people laugh. I could scream—some day I will."

And, recalling some of the parties at their house, I now saw another aspect of conjugal humor. Most of Wallie's uproarious conversation centers about the half-wit things that Honey does. How she can't balance her check-book because she doesn't know how to add. And did you hear what she said when her brother-in-law bought a seat on the Stock Exchange—ha, ha! And the questions she asked last election. And so on.

Wallie's the sort of good husband who slaves to the bone to buy his wife anything she asks for, from furs to foreign trips. But he doesn't think it rude to treat his wife with jovial ridicule in public—meanwhile paying flattering deference to other women in the room.

Do good manners fly out of the window when matrimony comes in at the door? What is courtesy between husband and wife?

I have searched etiquette books in vain for light on the subject. They give you explicit directions on behavior to all the people you don't give a rap about: how to speak to a waiter or a Pullman porter; how to reply to formal invitations; how to select the right implements from the silver artillery around your dinner-plate; and exactly how much mourning you must wear upon the demise of your second cousin's nephew by his first wife.

But if, as Emerson says, manners are the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Success Is Obligatory

A business must *succeed* or it can not *serve.* When buyers applaud a manufacturer's efforts, by a pronounced acceptance of his product, they at the same time place an obligation upon the manufacturer. The builder of an automobile is but the trustee of his clientele's confidence. He must pass on to them the benefits of his success, in the form of a better product of greater value for less commensurate cost. Because, once the public has given its endorsement thereby making greater volume possible, if the manufacturer defaults, it is more than a loss of an opportunity, it is an economic waste. Only those survive who *continue* to deserve to. Auburn's success and growth is an expression of the public's need for better personal transportation. As this success has increased, it has warranted the public in expecting even better things from Auburn. To prove worthy of this trust, and put Auburn in a position to manufacture better cars, more economically, Auburn announces acquisition of control of the following:

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

happy way of doing things, certainly it is more important to know what is good manners in the most important and most delicate of all human relationships — marriage. No authority gives even a hint of what is good form between two people who are in each other's company a good part of every day.

For how long after marriage is a wife supposed to laugh at her husband's old jokes?

One mentor says blithely: "There is perhaps no time when the rules of etiquette need to be so strictly observed as during the period of courtship."

I'll say that there's no other time when you can so safely suspend the rules. Couples in love quite naturally go on their best behavior, and when they lapse, well, the blind god sees to it that it doesn't matter.

But what are the rules of etiquette *after* marriage?

This morning's newspapers carry the story of a lady who is suing her husband for separation because he jabbed her in the shins and called her an idiot while playing bridge at the home of some friends.

Granting the cause as justifiable, would a fiancé lose his temper and good manners in this way? Does the marriage license give two persons the privilege of being ruder to each other than to any one else?

APPARENTLY, manners are the only thing you can't get positive information about before marriage—the only untold secret. You can get facts about everything else—social and financial standing, previous love affairs, family skeletons, and favorite actresses. None of which things necessarily affect your daily life. But the domestic amenities are a closed book until it's too late to do anything about it.

The best advice my dearest married friends can offer is:

"For heaven's sake, don't try to polish him up afterward. If your husband has untidy habits, get used to 'em. Let him dribble his cigaret ashes over the rugs and the cushions. He might forgive your rifling his pockets; but if you try to discipline his manners, you take a chance of driving him to night clubs, or to that Understanding Other Woman."

Not so good!

But unquestionably there's a man's side to this subject, and there are, no doubt, any number of chivalrous gentlemen who suffer in silence from wifely bad manners. I can now sympathize a little with the plight of Jones, which is not his name.

Jones is, if you please, a judge, a man who is distinguished in his profession as a fine scholar, and has been heaped with honors by many learned societies. I was rather nervous when I found myself sitting next to him at a dinner party, knowing him only by reputation.

What was my relief when he began the conversation by relating some amusing episode that had occurred in court that day. The Judge, it appeared, was an excellent raconteur. He told one good story after another. Then his voice fell to a whisper. This was going to be a good one. I was all ears.

Suddenly I felt a terrific pressure from a Number 7 foot on one of my new satin slippers. Ouch! I looked up and caught a malign glare from a handsome elderly lady directly opposite me. Mrs. Judge Jones!

The lady's aim apparently was not as good as her system; for intermittently I felt her foot in our general direction. When her husband continued blithely with his tale, she coughed and asked Dear to pass the olives, please. The look she gave him between lifted eyebrows stopped the story short—and that look was an eloquent preamble of what would happen to the Judge when they got home.

Several times during the evening I heard her portentous cough —a signal to the poor man to stop what he was doing or begin something he had overlooked, I suppose. I don't see how she could have had much fun herself that evening. Every time I noticed her she seemed very busy trying to broadcast a marital marconigram to her careless spouse. I thought it amusing then.

NOW, I would like to know whether married couples are supposed to exercise this sort of public censorship over each other's manners? How soon after marriage do these atrocities begin? Do etiquette rules permit a husband to answer back under these circumstances? It looks like a situation calling for skilful diplomacy.

Yet there may be some defense for the custom; because several women I know who are married to incurable wise-crackers are always in agony at mixed parties. Dear husband gets more witty every minute; but at a certain time he is very likely to break out into a smoking-room story.

What to do? Shall she resign herself to the inevitable—let him go on and risk offending a strait-laced hostess or guest? Shall she rudely cut him short and become the crape-hanger of the party?

Also, for how long after mar-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

The New

Smaller KISSEL

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Fourteen Hundred Ninety Five Dollars
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A new 6-cylinder Kissel—companion car to the Kissel popular Straight Eight and Kissel DeLuxe Straight Eight.

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"Smaller in everything but QUALITY!"
"Beautiful .... so different, so luxurious!"
"The first Smaller car of real QUALITY!"
.... these and other enthusiastic comments expressed for the new Smaller Kissel reflect the highly favorable reception this car has met. During the past few weeks Kissel showrooms the country over have been thronged with people. The new, Smaller Kissel has aroused more genuine public interest than any new Kissel since 1906.

This Smaller car embodies all the mechanical goodness for which its larger companions, the Popular Straight Eight and DeLuxe Straight Eight, are noted. Its design, influenced by the finest European body builders, is extremely smart and far beyond the time.

Its wheelbase is 117 inches, height 66 inches. Its speed—70 miles per hour. Motor, springs, and chassis are completely *cushioned-in-rubber*. The Smaller Kissel is custom built throughout as every Kissel for 21 years has been custom built.

Also on display at Kissel showrooms—The new Popular Straight Eight—The new DeLuxe Straight Eight

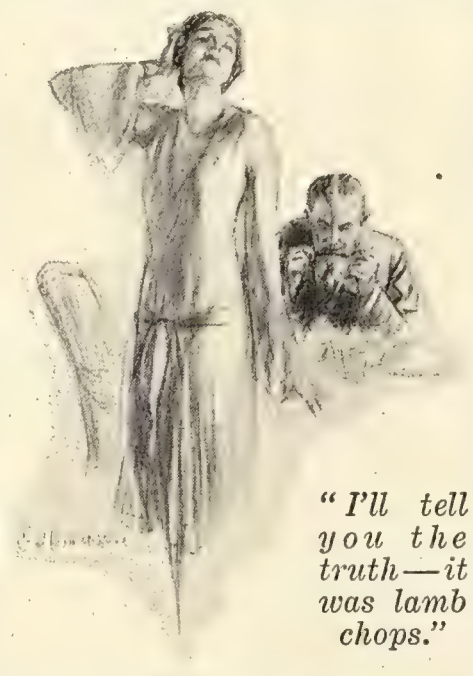
21 Years of Custom Building

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. · HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

riage is a wife supposed to laugh politely at her husband's old jokes? I mean, to laugh as naturally as she would at an ancient wheeze by a new guest? I don't know why, but it comes easy during the engagement period. Whether it lasts longer than the echo of the wedding bells seems doubtful, to say the least.

Last summer a crowd of us went on a camping trip—and incidentally there's nothing like the Great Outdoors to bring out the natural qualities and give innocent bystanders the low-down.



"I'll tell you the truth—it was lamb chops."

In our party was the Ideal Couple. Never was there such devotion. Yet, looking back, I now get a vague notion that some day there is likely to be an unpremeditated murder in that family. They were really very agreeable young people—gay, good-natured, and always alert to do more than their share of jobs around the camp.

They never tired of telling about their romance. They had met in college, married, taught in the same school, then decided to go into business together; and it was their boast that in the five years of their marriage they had never been separated a day. Always together, and so absorbed in each other that they were often mistaken for a newly engaged pair. Really!

True, occasionally we got a bit sick of the uniform sweetness of the words "honey," "duckie," and "lover," and of their unabashed necking. But wasn't it encouraging? Didn't it prove that love could last after marriage?

After three days we saw the serpent in this Eden. All sweetness left the Ideal Wife's face when he said, "That reminds me—" and began to tell a story. She then looked positively poisonous. In velvet tones she would suggest a pleasant walk along the lake—anything, apparently, to divert him.

But to no avail. He *would* tell one. And as he had a limited stock, and no story is funny after you've heard it the seventh time—well, having lived for five years with these five stories, should she still be expected to laugh politely, spontaneously, uproariously? I ask you!

OF course, the whole question of conversation between two persons who spend 365 days a year together is rather terrifying when you face it. How do you keep conversation polite and interesting? Or act as though it were? We can all behave courteously for an hour or an evening, or even for a full day, if necessary, in the face of actual boredom. But what is the proper behavior in the home?

What does the well-bred wife do when her husband tells her, in long-winded detail, about his day's business deals—when his business happens to be highly technical and she doesn't understand it? It's not as in the engagement period, when you're supposed to wear a rapt look and it's cute to ask foolish questions instead of listening.

How does such a wife respond to the husband's swaggering tales of how he told the boss where he got off, especially if she doesn't believe a word of it?

And what is the right etiquette for the husband who must listen each night to his wife's chatter about the frocks she shopped for today, and what "they" are wearing, and the neighbor's new car, and what his mother said that she shouldn't, assuming he's the sort of husband who finds such items a bit tedious?

No one offers any counsel on this problem — no one except my friend Marian, and since her marriage was a failure her advice is rather questionable. Says she: "Be sure there is always a newspaper apiece at all meals that you have by yourselves, and then it's Home, Sweet Home, forever."

Now, that's a polite arrangement. I don't think! What would you do to a man friend who called and had dinner with you, and propped his newspaper before him, rather than talk?

TABLE manners, indeed, are apparently the most trying tests of marriage. How can you tell the big, strong, wonderful husband not to gargle his grapefruit? Or to crumble bread between courses? Or to tilt the soup-plate? Or to fasten the napkin four inches above the equator?

There's a certain husband whose public manners are beyond reproach. In a crowded elevator he will, at great personal inconvenience, remove his hat because a lady he has never seen before enters the car. But he has no compunction about inflicting on the wife he loves the repulsive bad mannerisms of the toothpick addict.

I once received a bit of censure from a charming six-year-old who visited me. She came to the table with her little hands moistly clean, but with large gray smudges on cheeks, chin, and nose.

Unthinkingly I exclaimed, "It's not polite to eat with a dirty face!"

With great dignity this small object continued to butter her bread, and then, looking at me coldly, she said, "It isn't polite to make personal remarks."

Are the married permitted to make personal remarks when weird manners continue to irk? Or shall you writhe in silence? Probably there's additional agony added to insult if you know that these annoying idiosyncrasies are reserved for the cozy little home—that in public Darling's manners are simply Chesterfieldian!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

When the Gauls transmitted important news, it was shouted from tower to tower through a megaphone. Within fifteen hours the news of the Roman massacre at Orleans was thus sent to Auvergne 120 miles away.

Natural Tone—Perfection in radio reception is naturalness of tone. It must reach you as it left the studio—clear and life-like. It must be rich, deep, resonant—admitting no trace of "radio accent".

Nothing is so fatal to tone quality as an "unsympathetic" loud speaker. Reception suffers unless set and speaker work in perfect harmony.

Grebe has built a *Natural Speaker*. With it your set will reproduce tone more clearly and faithfully, affording you purer tone quality.

But in combination with the Grebe Synchrophase Seven, it attains its highest capabilities.

The Grebe Natural Speaker is priced at $35; the Grebe Synchrophase Seven at $135. Send for Booklet LY; then ask a Grebe dealer to demonstrate both of these Grebe masterpieces in combination.

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Today try Daggett & Ramsdell's scientific new cream-and-tonic facial

IF you should step into any one of the smart beauty salons of Paris or New York for a facial treatment you would find that the wonderful things they do for your skin depend basically upon the use of just two products. Cold cream—and more cold cream. Skin tonic—and plenty of it, lavishly applied.

Now, thanks to Daggett & Ramsdell, you too can enjoy the benefits of these scientific facials for a fraction of the cost. Within the privacy of your own spotless bathroom you can learn to give yourself the new kind of skin care. All you need are the two products shown on this page. The famous Perfect Cold Cream and the refreshingly new Vivatone.

This is the correct method to use:

Take a liberal amount of the Perfect Cold Cream on your finger-tips; massage the skin of face and neck (don't neglect the back of your neck and shoulders) with an upward rotary motion. Let the fine oils penetrate the pores and loosen the dust and powder that accumulate there. Perfect Cold Cream is so pure, so smooth, so rightly made, that it cleanses and softens to a remarkable degree.

Next wipe away what remains of the Perfect Cold Cream with a tissue or face cloth wrung out in hot water. Then saturate a pad of absorbent cotton with Vivatone and go all over the face and neck with it. Pay particular attention to enlarged nose pores, and that hollow in the chin just below the lips. If the pad becomes soiled, take a fresh one. Vivatone has an astringent action due to certain efficacious balsamic substances in it. It tones and stimulates and freshens the skin. It reduces the pores and refines the texture. It removes the last vestige of cream too, and leaves your skin in perfect condition for your make-up.

Those who like a powder base (women with fine, dry skins can't do without it) should use D & R's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It's light as froth, fragrant as a garden at sundown. And it holds the powder so evenly too.

Don't let another day go by without getting these beauty requisites—let your skin know the luxury of this new care. And when you have laid in a stock of Perfect Cold Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream, here are other beauty hints to remember. Roughened, red, or chapped elbows can be restored to natural softness by frequent massaging with Perfect Cold Cream. Vivatone is delightful after using a depilatory or razor (only don't tell your husband this. He'll use it all up). Perfect Vanishing Cream is marvelous for the hands, leaving them soft and white and free from the least trace of stickiness.

Perfect Cold Cream is known to everybody, on sale everywhere—in tubes and jars priced from 10c to $1.50. Vivatone is new—an amber-hued liquid in bottles of unusual distinction. 6 oz. for 75c (in Canada $1.00). If your dealer hasn't it yet in stock he'll get it for you promptly. Perfect Vanishing Cream in tubes 10c, 25c. Jars 35c, 60c. So you see the new beauty treatment really is inexpensive!

All products from Daggett & Ramsdell, 214 West 14th Street, New York. Canadian address, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Also makers of Perfect Shaving Cream and Ha-Kol Headache Cologne).

[ETIQUETTE IN MARRIAGE: WHAT IS IT? Continued from Page Twenty-five]

I hear a great deal about "marital vacations" as a cure for unbearable trifles. What's the etiquette about it? How often does one give or get a leave of absence? I should think one would need many, as the customary arrangements don't leave much margin of privacy.

That's another new difficulty I've had to think of. There's a certain tacit understanding about privacy among friends. No matter how intimate a friendship, you don't expect to be told or to know everything. Too risky.

Yet I see from the side-lines that one of the elementary rules of etiquette—the respect for privacy—is smashed to smithereens in so many marriages. Husbands and wives seem to assume that all walls are down—that they have the right to know everything.

Men are not the only sinners in this particular. I have been astonished on several occasions to hear much-married men insist uproariously that women are both more inquisitive than men and not so modest as men!

Propinquity applies the acid test of manners.

I JUST happened to think of a very clever story, which I believe Katharine Gerould wrote, which throws some light on this point. It was a man-and-woman shipwreck story. No, they did not fall in love with each other. On the contrary. After two weeks of enforced, unrelieved intimacy on a desert island, these two came to hate each other thoroughly.

When finally they were rescued and brought back home, the first act of this sweet maiden was to break her engagement with the fiancé she had left behind her. And this is what she said:

"I never want to see another man again!"

Can well formulated rules of etiquette be applied in the daily association of two married people? Does the veneer of simple courtesy chip off right after marriage?

Certainly no man or woman who wants to keep your friendship tries to pry into your affairs and know all. Yet several of my married women friends actually have to scheme a bit to avoid questioning. They can have mental and physical privacy only by a ruse, not as a right.

I know one woman who is envied by many because all good things seem to be hers. She gave up a promising career on the concert stage to marry a man who adores her and gives her everything except courteous treatment. Each day she goes through an inquisition.

How did she spend her time? Whom did she see? Is she telling him everything?

She can buy anything she likes—but she has to charge it. Her husband makes a senatorial investigation into all her expenditures. She has an elaborate large suite of her own in their luxurious house. But, while chatting with her there one day, I was amazed at her husband walking into the room without a knock or so much as a by-your-leave. He stayed only a few moments—just long enough to find out with whom his wife was talking, I presume.

When he left, she burst out: "I might just as well live in a one-room kitchenette apartment, for all the privacy I get in this big house. But he's such a dear—I hate to scold him for coming in like that. And I can't make him understand.

BUT a one-room apartment can't be a solution of the problem of observing privacy between two who live together. As a matter of fact, I know another young couple now hovering around the divorce court because they tried it.

She is only twenty—the rather spoiled child of a well-to-do family. She was considered rather spunky when she married a poor but ambitious young man and set out to live on a salary which she once would have thought not enough to pay her annual dressmaker's bill.

But they were in love, and he had a promising future in a big oil company. They sent him out to a little Pennsylvania town, and Patty went with him. In six months she came back to her mother.

Maybe there will be a reconciliation—maybe not. The trouble is that she and Carl lived in a hotel, in one room, for six months. Now she declares that she won't go back unless they can have separate apartments and have to plan to see each other.

"It isn't that I don't want to live with Carl," she says, trying to explain the unexplainable. "But I won't stay with him in one room, because there's no place else to go. I want us to meet—not to fall over each other, whether we're fit to be seen or not."

And that's that.

The more I think of it, the stranger it seems. There is abundant advice on how long it's good manners to stay in anybody's company—except your wife's or your husband's. There are positive rules on the length of visits to friends; how soon to leave after a wedding breakfast, what is a tea hour, and how long is a week-end. If you violate these rules and thereby inconvenience your hosts, you risk making yourself unpopular.

But isn't it more risky to overstay your welcome in the company of your spouse?

How many vacations can husbands and wives have per annum? How often does the wife go off on prolonged visits, not in anger, but to give the husband the courtesy of the house all to himself—to do as he wishes unobserved, to entertain whom he will, unquizzed?

All in all, what is good manners in marriage?

THE END

The Break of the Game

Never Say Die—Princeton Wins (1922)

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

THAT a Princeton football team is never beaten until the final whistle is blown was proved conclusively in the intersectional struggle with Chicago on Stagg Field in 1922.

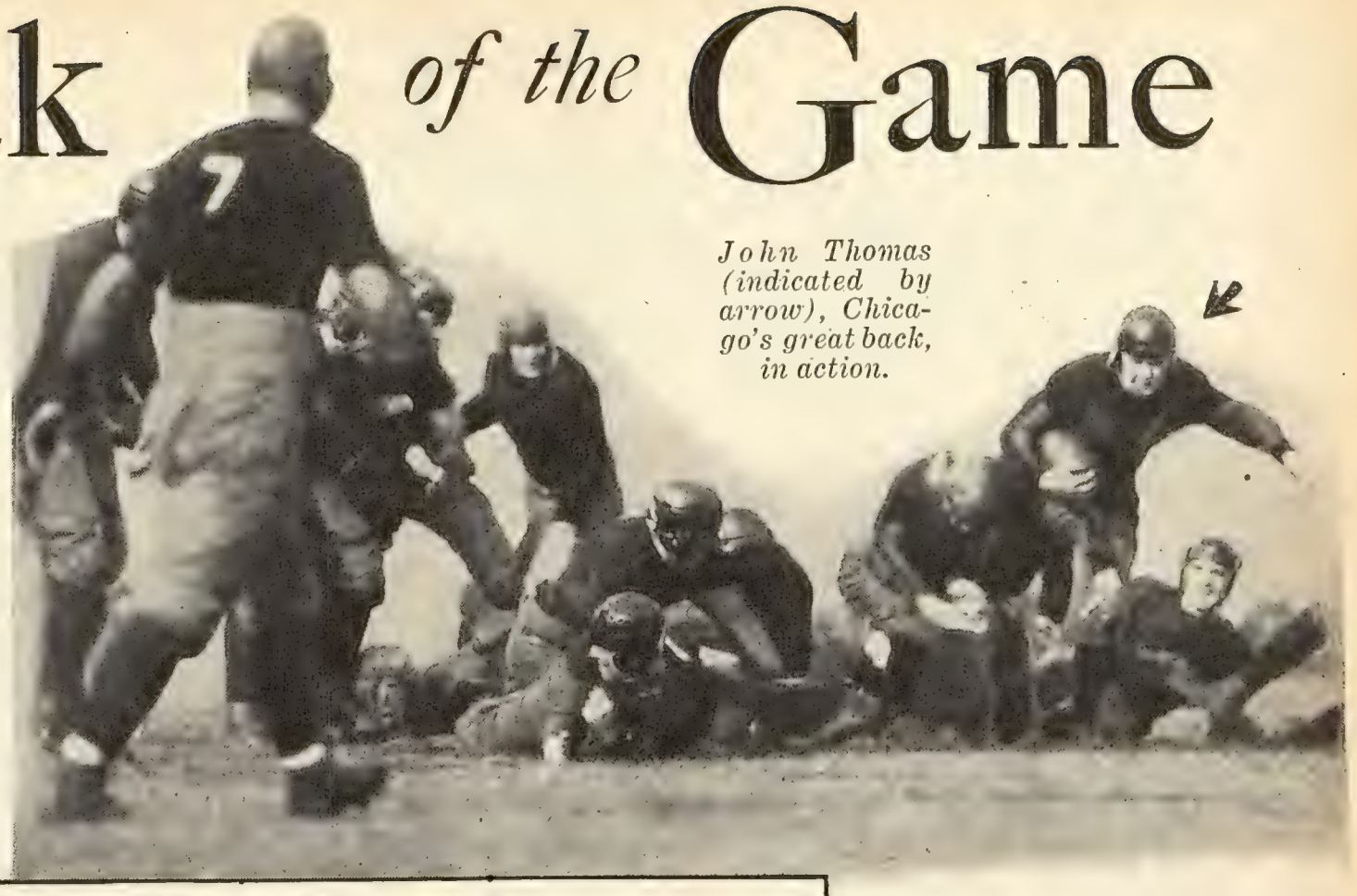
In one of the gamest uphill fights ever seen in the Middle West, the sons of Old Nassau rallied in the final quarter to score two touchdowns and win one of the most thrilling contests ever played.

The final score was 21 to 18, Chicago's failure to kick goal after three touch-downs depriving it of a tie.

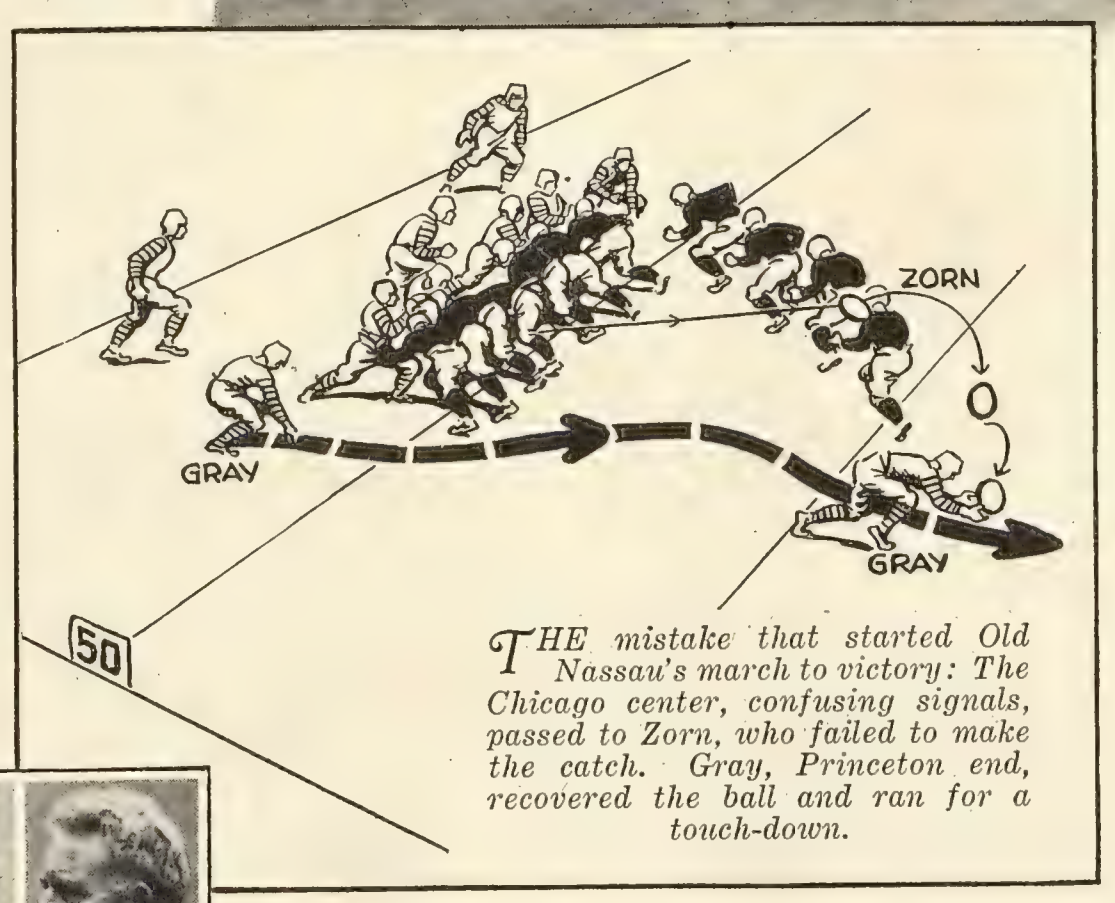
Practically every formation known to modern football was used. Some plays were executed brilliantly, while others failed miserably. It was this uncertainty of attack that led the crowd to believe the unexpected would happen at any moment—and it did.

Chicago used a straight-line attack until the closing minutes of play. The line-crashing of John Thomas, the Maroon back, was one of the features of the game. The stockily built Chicago player scored the three touch-downs for his team and missed a fourth by inches.

Thomas was well supported by his brother, Harry, and by Pyott and Zorn, other backs. But it was John Thomas who crashed through the Tiger line almost at will; and yet, if any player other than John Thomas had been called upon to carry the oval on the Maroons' last play, the result of that great game might have been different.



John Thomas (indicated by arrow), Chicago's great back, in action.



THE mistake that started Old Nassau's march to victory: The Chicago center, confusing signals, passed to Zorn, who failed to make the catch. Gray, Princeton end, recovered the ball and ran for a touch-down.

P. & A. photos

Bill Roper (left), the crafty Princeton coach; and Alonzo Stagg, the Maroons' dictator.

It was apparent to all that John Thomas would carry the ball, and Princeton massed to stop his drive.

In striking contrast to Chicago's line-smashing game was the open and diversified attack of the Princeton Tigers. Bill Roper, the crafty Princeton coach, one of the most resourceful teachers of football in the country, knew his team could not maintain a sustained line attack.

Being aware of the great power of the Chicago line, he decided to outfox Coach A. A. Stagg's Chicago players.

Princeton did not hesitate to take chances when behind. Roper has always instructed his teams to try anything when such conditions exist. This is just what the sons of Old Nassau did. As the game went into the final stages, Princeton made its breaks and then took advantage of them.

Chicago scored first in the opening quarter, mainly through the battering-ram tactics of the Maroon backs, particularly John Thomas. Near the close of the quarter, Snively of Princeton shot a forty-five-yard forward pass to Gray, who was stopped on the Maroon five-yard line. Crum crashed through the Chicago line for a touch-down when play was resumed for the start of the second quarter.

A poor Princeton punt, which went out of bounds on the Tigers' thirty-one-yard line, paved the way for Chicago's second touch-down. Another series of line plunges enabled John Thomas to cross the counting-mark.

In the third quarter Chicago scored its third touch-down, and the Maroons were leading, 18 to 7, at the opening of the fourth period. Shortly afterward, one of the most thrilling plays of the game was executed.

Pyott of Chicago punted to Gorman on his fifteen-yard line. The little Tiger quarterback, in attempting a lateral pass to Cleaves, passed the ball a trifle forward, and Princeton received a fifteen-yard penalty, as a forward pass can not be made by a team which does not put the ball in play from scrimmage.

Enforcement of the penalty placed the oval on the Tigers' one-yard line. Cleaves, who had played a brilliant game all afternoon, dropped back eight yards behind his goal-line. It looked certain he would kick. Instead, the Tiger back shot a forward pass to Gorman, who was downed on his forty-one-yard line.

It was a great play, and it paved the way for an incident which proved to be the break of the game and started the ferocious Tigers on their march to victory.

After Gorman had been tackled and Princeton had tried two plays, an exchange of punts followed which finally left the ball in Chicago's possession about midfield. Then came the break.

Dawson was substituted for King at center for Chicago.

Now, it is not considered good football to change centers on offense. A center is a most important cog in any well oiled football machine.

He must know who is to receive the ball. He must lead the ball-carrier on end runs. He must know the starting signal and, above all, make sure of his passes. This, indeed, is a load of responsibility.

Dawson, an excellent player, ran into that battle without his mental faculties fully alert. A signal was called and Dawson passed the ball to the wrong back.

It hit the ground between the Chicago backs and their goal-line. Gray, a Princeton end who had been coached for just such a play, scooped up the ball and made a touch-down. Had King remained in the game until the Maroons took the defensive, that play might never have happened.

AFTER Princeton kicked goal and brought the score to 18 to 14, Chicago elected to receive the kick-off. But its driving efforts had been spent. The Maroons were compelled to punt, and Cleaves got the ball on his forty-two-yard line.

Two forward passes and some line plunges and off-tackle drives by Beattie and Cleaves put the ball on the bewildered Maroons' two-yard line. Crum then was sent back into the battle and he plunged over for a touch-down. The goal was kicked, making the score 21 to 18 in favor of Princeton.

The Maroons made valiant but unsuccessful efforts to score in the brief remaining time, making gains with forward passes and other plays. But Coach Roper of Princeton kept sending fresh players into the battle and managed to check the final charge of the Maroons.

Some of the greatest football plays have been executed in the last minutes of exciting games. In next week's LIBERTY, the author describes one that occurred in the Notre Dame-Southern California game last year.

$55.

At this price the Crosley Bandbox is Radio's most astonishing success, *not* because the price is low, *but* because the set is magic!

The ability of the new Bandbox is amazing. Its simple operation is easily understood and its wonderful performance is at the command of any hand that can turn the dial.

Millions are making up their minds today to buy a radio.

Millions will replace obsolete sets with new, up-to-date receivers this fall.

Experienced radio owners will look first for 3 fundamental points and to every set they consider will address these questions:

1. Is it selective?
2. Is it sensitive?
3. Is it easy to operate?

Satisfied on these points they will look for:

1. Single dial control
2. Illuminated dial
3. Volume control
4. Single cable leads
5. Console installation adaptability.
6. Reasonable price.

Millions will look at the Crosley Bandbox. This amazing little set is now displayed by more than 16,000 dealers.

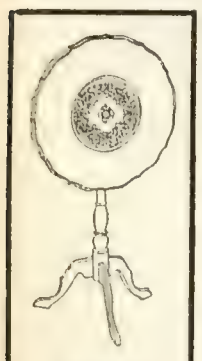
One dealer, alone, expects to sell a million dollars worth of Bandboxes this season.

Crosley dealers from Maine to California have this wonderful receiver hooked up for immediate demonstration and will explain its matchless performance in a manner somewhat like this:

The Crosley Bandbox is a 6-tube receiver.

The circuit of this set is of the excellence you would expect from a group of skilled engineers suddenly given the pick of the world's radio patents to work with.

Crosley has always given the radio world its biggest value for its dollar. Contemplate the perfection possible when the doors of the research and development laboratories of The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and the Hazeltine and Latour Corporations were thrown open.



Musicone Tilt-Table $27.50

Licensed under their patents!

Tremendous! Wonderful! Significant!

Simply it means that millions will possess the best radio performance possible at the low prices for which Crosley is already famous.

The Crosley Bandbox is totally and completely shielded. Every element is absolutely separated from every other element by solid shielding. Coils are covered with copper. This could have been done cheaper but efficiency would have been sacrificed. Condensers are housed in cadmium-plated steel. All wiring is separated and shielded from all other parts of the receiver. Solid, sturdy, substantial, the entire set is assembled on a heavy metal chassis.

The tuned radio frequency amplification stages have been absolutely balanced through use of the Neutrodyne principle. The set is a genuine Neutrodyne!

To the initiated this means much. To the layman it manifests itself only as a radio receiver that does not squeal or howl when you are trying to get a station.

The foregoing answers for the Crosley Bandbox the three fundamental questions set forth in the fourth paragraph, which the experienced radio owner is asking of every set he sees this fall.

The shielding makes the Bandbox highly selective — the circuit, acutely sensitive and the design, extremely easy to operate.

The Bandbox is operated with a single station selector (one dial).

In most localities and in most owners' hands the single station selector will find all the programs anyone could possibly wish. But there are some owners who demand greater ability like the possessors of 90 horse power motor cars who may never step on it but like to be conscious it's there. For such have the Acuminators been designed. Far away stations of weak power but perhaps good music are captured by the use of these little auxiliary tuners. Their function is best likened to a pair of field glasses. As the lens bring the distant scene to nearby aspect, so do the acuminators bring the remote station signals up to room filling volume. Ordinary one dial radios can never perform like this. Hair line tracking of the condensers together is difficult—but the Acuminators, little secondary adjustments *exclusive* to Crosley give the Bandbox a substantial command of the air and *all* that is in it.

The dial of the Bandbox is illuminated. A detail! A refinement added but not as an excuse to raise the price. For shadowy corners and dim eyesight it recommends itself.

Volume Control is necessary on good radio today. Nearby and high powered stations send terrific impulses into the receiver. Detuning has been a favorite method of softening this loud reception but with stations closer and closer together on the dial detuning particularly in large cities creates an overlapping of programs. The ear like the eye is only good for one thing at a time. Under the towers of the heaviest stations the volume control of the Bandbox cuts the loudest blast down to a veritable whisper. No distortion whatsoever!

A single cable leads all outside and power connections from the Bandbox. In this brown fabric covered cable lies each lead covered with colored rubber for protection, accuracy and easy assembly. Tidy housewives appreciate it.

The adaptability of the Bandbox to installation in all types of cabinets is a feature. The metal case of the Bandbox lifts off the chassis. This leaves the closely grouped dial, switch and volume control shafts to be stuck through holes in the panel of any sort of cabinet. The escutcheon is quickly screwed over them and the console installation is not only complete but has no earmarks of a makeshift.

Much has influenced the $55 price of the Bandbox.

First, an ideal and an idea.

Then, a working out of the idea.

And now, the constant possession of the ideal.

Back before radio became the entertainment force it is today Powel Crosley, Jr., held an ideal that the things which give people pleasure should be made to sell at low prices so that millions may enjoy them.

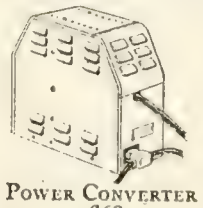
When radio was a bundle of hair pins turned with the knobs from typewriter carriages, he had the idea that if he could make radios in sufficient quantities, he could supply millions with a means of enjoying this new source of pleasure at moderate prices.

Every radio year has been a year of mass production experience to Crosley. This year saw an investment of over half a million dollars in equipment that a fine radio might be made at such speed and in such quantities that a price of nearly half a hundred dollars could be maintained.

Throughout the country millions examine the Bandbox today. They see it the achievement of an organization who began its development when radio as we know it today began. Its success has been tremendous if clamorous demands from dealers are any indication. Skeptics, the unbiased and the radio wise have pronouced it GREAT. Even at any price it would be a sensation, for its performance ranks with the most expensive and fanciest radio receivers on the market.

An AC model Bandbox takes its power from the electric light.

Former power supply with its constant annoyance and expense is entirely eliminated.



Power Converter $60

The new R.C.A. AC tubes provide clear, smooth and loud reception comparable in every way to the most efficient wet storage battery power.

Alternating current ripple is smoothed out in the compact little power converter which is sold with the AC Bandbox. This device needs no attention—is half the size of an ordinary storage "A" battery and matches the Bandbox in finish and color.

The AC Bandbox is $65
The Power Converter is $60

This gives you a complete, direct AC radio adaptable to any type of installation you may choose—bookcase, console, desk, cabinet, arm-chair or tuck it away on the corner of the table—for $125.00.

THE CROSLEY MUSICONES ARE AS OUTSTANDING IN THEIR FIELD AS THE BANDBOX IS IN ITS

Back in early 1925 radio's audibility above the single telephone ear unit depended upon a horn. Unnatural and harsh it laid a handicap on a fast developing industry. Only at great cost could its limitation be surmounted. Suddenly Crosley offered the radio world a cone speaker at $17.50. Instantly the demand exceeded the supply. Promptly loud speaker sales were gauged by the leadership of the Musicone.

Today that position is still maintained. The cause is plain. Mechanical refinement and improvements of the Musicone since its inception have been constant and considerable.

Price of the Musicone has shown a steady downward trend from $17.50 in 1925 down to $9.75 at the present time.

Only a national acceptance could make this possible and only a remarkable value could create such a national acceptance.

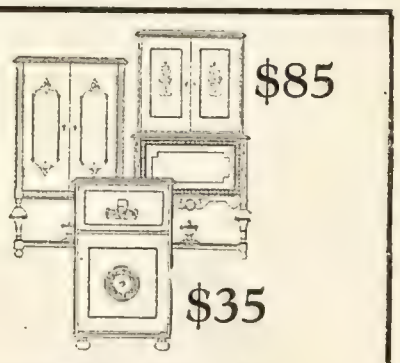
Today the Musicone is a perfect reproducer thru—

1. A new metallurgical discovery giving many times the vibrating capacity of the actuating unit as formerly.
2. Bakelite coil cores impervious to moisture.
3. Secretly coated wire that does not permit deterioration in damp climates.

Crosley owners find a perfect affinity between the Bandbox and the Musicone aside from their physical appearance.

The Musicone is sold in two sizes:

The Ultra Musicone (12-inch).....$ 9.75
The Super Musicone, as illustrated (16-inch)..$12.75



APPROVED CONSOLES

"I want the public to have as great a value in consoles this year as I have given them in the Bandbox," said Powel Crosley, Jr.

Prominent furniture manufacturers thru their long experience promised beautiful cabinets at moderate prices. Designs submitted were admired, praised, tested, approved! The Musicones were built in. Crosley dealers now sell them. Purchasers may know they are best suited for Crosley radio by looking for the "approved label" in each one. Crosley dealers get these cabinets only from The H. T. Roberts Co., located at 1340 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Sales representative for The Showers Brothers Co., Bloomington, Ind., and The Wolf Manufacturing Industries, Kokomo, Ind.

Write Dept. 76 for descriptive literature

CROSLEY RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

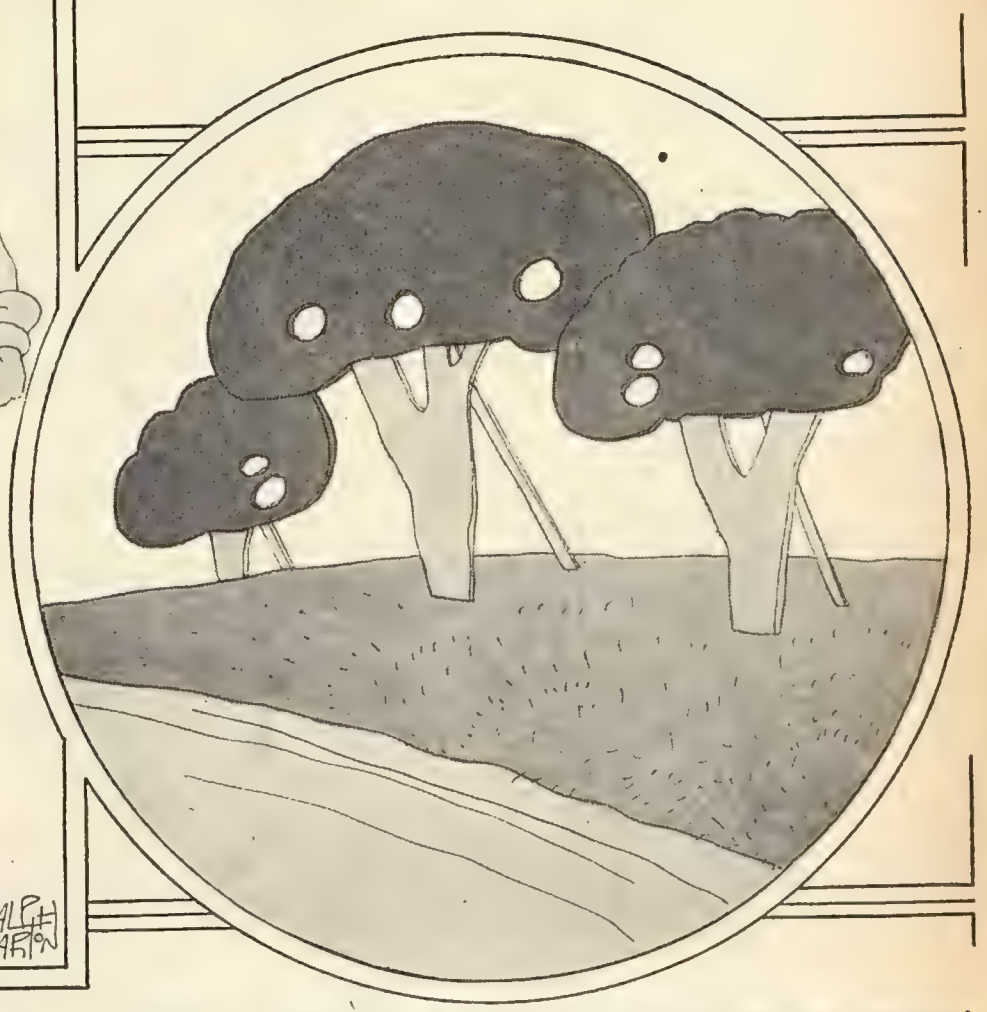
By RALPH BARTON

THE SHEIK OF SHEIKS. A print from a "frame" of Signor Benito Mussolini's first screen test for the great Italian patriotic film in which the Duce will act. With characteristic thoroughness, the Duce has had himself made up bv a specially imported make-up artist from Hollywood.

BENDING THE TWIG. The mania to steal having been pronounced an incurable malady, Johns Hopkins University experiments with young kleptomaniacs and saxophones.

DOCUMENT FROM THE GRAPHIC SECTION'S investigation to discover why, of all the blessings of Occidental culture and civilization, the derby hat should be the most widely appreciated and adopted by Oriental peoples.

CLASS SYSTEM IN AMERICA: (Left) A representative of the Aristocracy, or one who still has some 1915 champagne in his cellar; (center) one of the Bourgeoisie, who earns enough to patronize bootleggers; (right) a member of the Proletariat, who must drink strained canned-heat and anti-freeze.



SCENIC TREES from Manhattan storehouses for theatrical failures set up in Central Park to replace trees dying of carbon-monoxid gas.

LIBERTY FOOTBALL *Schedule*

SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1927

Brown vs Dartmouth, at Providence
Chicago vs Michigan, at Chicago
Columbia vs Johns Hopkins, at New York
Iowa vs Illinois, at Iowa City
Missouri vs West Virginia, at Columbia
Nebraska vs Kansas, at Lincoln
Notre Dame vs Minnesota, at South Bend
Oklahoma vs Washington U., at Oklahoma
Pennsylvania vs Harvard, at Philadelphia
Princeton vs Ohio State, at Princeton
Purdue vs Northwestern, at Lafayette
Vanderbilt vs Georgia Tech., at Nashville
Washington vs Stanford, at Seattle
Yale vs Maryland, at New Haven

SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1927

Alabama vs Florida, at Montgomery
Army vs Notre Dame, at Yankee Stad.
Dartmouth vs Cornell, at Hanover
Harvard vs Brown, at Cambridge
Illinois vs Chicago, at Urbana
Iowa State vs Missouri, at Ames
Michigan vs Navy, at Ann Arbor
Minnesota vs Drake, at Minneapolis
Northwestern vs Indiana, at Evanston
Oklahoma vs Kansas, at Norman
Pennsylvania vs Columbia, at Philadelphia
Pittsburgh vs Nebraska, at Pittsburgh
Syracuse vs Colgate, at Syracuse
U. So. Calif. vs Colorado, at Los Angeles
Williams vs Amherst, at Williams
Wisconsin vs Iowa, at Madison
Yale vs Princeton, at New Haven

SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1927

Brown vs New Hampshire, at Providence
Chicago vs Wisconsin, at Chicago
Drake vs Notre Dame, at Des Moines
Fordham vs Georgetown, at Polo Grounds
Harvard vs Yale, at Cambridge
Indiana vs Purdue, at Bloomington
Kansas vs Missouri, at Lawrence
Michigan vs Minnesota, at Ann Arbor
Northwestern vs Iowa, at Evanston
Ohio State vs Illinois, at Columbus
Stanford vs California, at Palo Alto
Swarthmore vs Rutgers, at Swarthmore
U. So. Calif. vs Washington State, at Los Angeles

THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1927

Alabama vs Georgia, at Birmingham
Brown vs Colgate, at Providence
Columbia vs Syracuse, at Polo Grounds
Georgia Tech. vs Alabama Poly., at Atlanta
Missouri vs Oklahoma, at Columbia
Nebraska vs New York U., at Lincoln
Pennsylvania vs Cornell, at Philadelphia
Pittsburgh vs Penn. State, at Pittsburgh
Vanderbilt vs Sewanee, at Nashville
Washington vs Oregon, at Seattle

SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1927

Army vs Navy, at Polo Grounds
Notre Dame vs U. So. Calif., at Chicago
Oregon Aggies vs Carnegie Tech., at Portland

1. Alabama
2. Ariz. & N. Mex.
3. Arkansas
4. Cal. & Nev.
5. Colorado
6. Florida
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Illinois
10. Indiana
11. Iowa
12. Kansas
13. Ky. & Tenn.
14. Louisiana
15. Maine
16. Md., Del., Va. & W. Va.
17. Mass., Conn. & R. I.
18. Michigan
19. Minnesota
20. Mississippi
21. Missouri
22. Montana
23. Nebraska
24. N. H. & Vt.
25. New Jersey
26. New York
27. N. C. & S. C.
28. N. Dakota
29. Ohio
30. Oklahoma
31. Oregon
32. Pennsylvania
33. S. Dakota
34. Texas
35. Utah
36. Washington
37. Wisconsin
38. Wyoming
39. United States
40. Long Island & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Quebec
46. EASTERN ATLAS
47. WESTERN ATLAS

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Army	vs	Bucknell	at	West Point	Pennsylvania	vs	Navy	at Philadelphia
California	vs	University So. Cal.	at	Berkely	Princeton	vs	W'm & Mary	at Princeton
Cornell	vs	Columbia	at	Ithaca	Tulane	vs	Georgia	at New Orleans
Harvard	vs	Indiana	at	Cambridge	Nebraska	vs	Syracuse	at Lincoln
Illinois	vs	Michigan	at	Urbana	New York U.	vs	Colgate	at New York
Minnesota	vs	Wisconsin	at	Minneapolis	Northwestern	vs	Missouri	at Evanston
Notre Dame	vs	Georgia Tech.	at	South Bend	Yale	vs	Dartmouth	at New Haven
Ohio State	vs	Chicago	at	Columbus				

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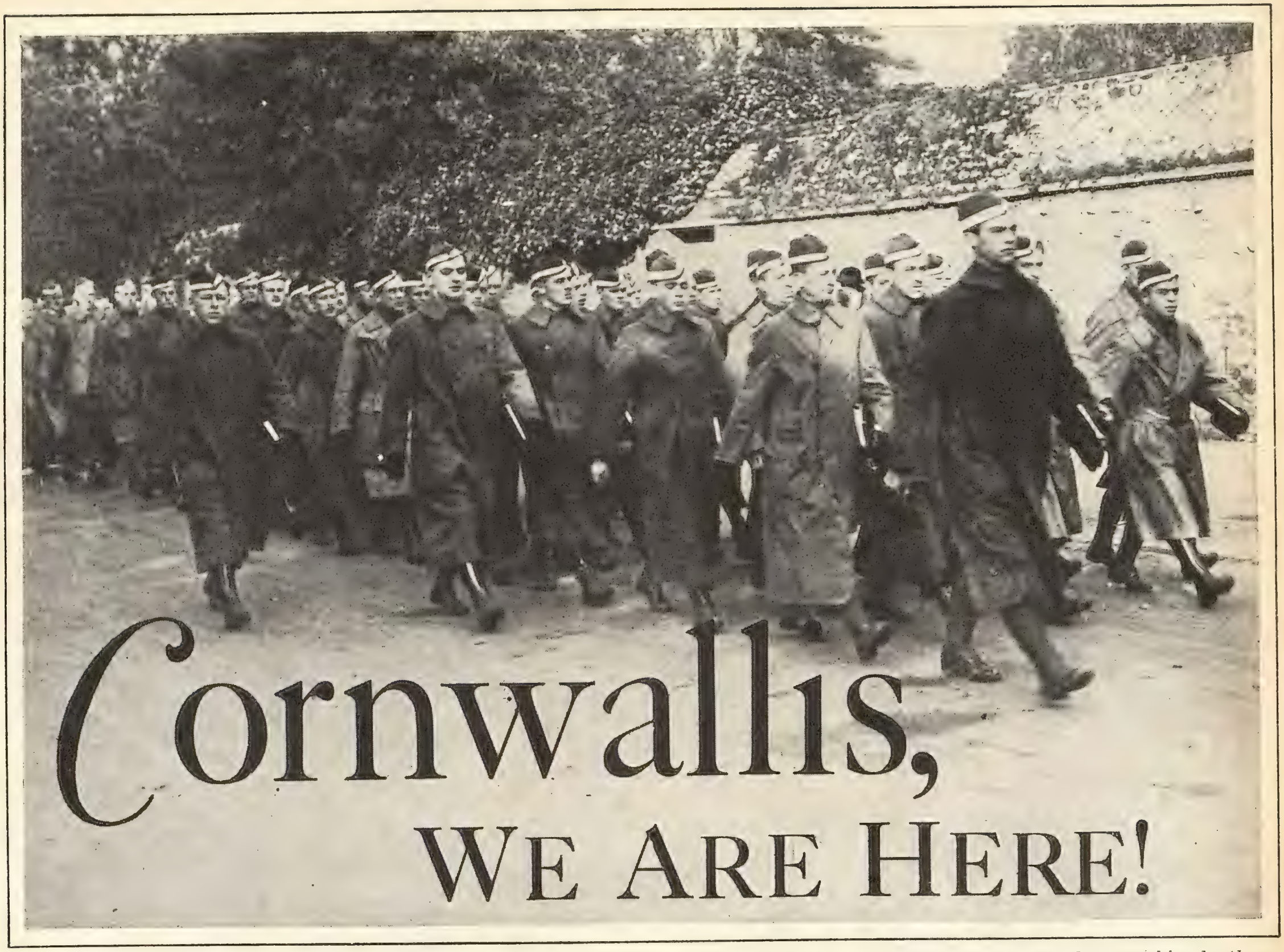


Cornwallis, WE ARE HERE!

THE American cadets marching by the walls of Exeter College. The author is the outside man at the left of the picture.

(Reading time: 13 minutes.)

When War Birds Wore Pin-Feathers—

The Story of Another American Rebellion

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

NO, crank it yourself. I've got a couple of floating ribs. Fine. Well-trained flivver! Where'd I bust them? During the Revolution. No, not that one—the Revolution at Oxford in 1917. You never heard about that one? Let me tell you, it was some war! I found more hell at Oxford than Sherman did in Georgia. Take your foot off the cut-out and I'll give you the Bunker Hill to Yorktown of it.

I landed at Oxford one damp October evening as top sergeant of an outfit of 150 university graduates who had enlisted in the United States Army Signal Corps as privates under the misapprehension that they were going to be officers and fliers.

After two months doing squads east and squads west at a ground school at home, and a month at Mineola being disinfected and inoculated, we had headed for Italy.

Then our orders got balled up at Liverpool and our officers went on to Italy and left us on the dock with the outfit taking a vote whether to drown me then, or wait and hang me later. They didn't have any use for us in England, so they sent us to school again.

All our money was in *lire,* all our mail was in Rome, and each and every one of the outfit had a letter of introduction to some pretty little *signorina* by the Tiber.

We marched through the streets of Oxford in battle formation with full armament, but no enemy attacked us, so we stacked arms in an ancient college yard that was badly mildewed when Manhattan Island was still being quoted freely at twenty-four dollars or what have you.

There were about 2,500 British cadets at the school, and we were mixed in with them wherever there was room for another cot.

WHAT did we think of the British? We didn't like them. Didn't the British burn Washington and shoot Barbara Frietchie? Didn't they hang great-great-grandfather to a sour-apple tree when they caught him practising sharpshooting from behind a fence?

Would we go to ground school again? We would not! We already had one diploma from a good ground school. Would we fight with the British? Certainly! But not on the same side. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To hell with this noble-ally stuff! Three cheers for the Irish!

But you can't fight with men who insist on buying you a drink, so we had to declare a truce. When we found out that we could have vintage champagne with our meals, we recalled what the Governor of South Carolina had said to Cornwallis and enlisted in the King's army.

We surrendered to everybody but the Colonel who was in command of the college. He was an officer of the old school, born into the army at an early age, nursed on discipline, and weaned on military etiquette. I think his first uniform was probably put on with a screwdriver.

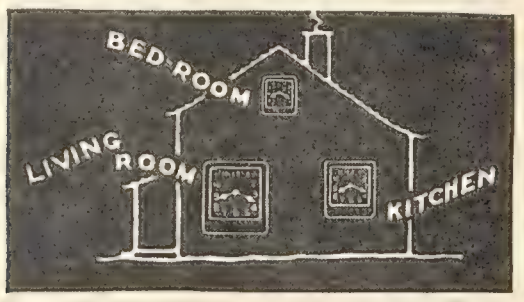
And he had never gotten over his early training; polished buttons were more important to him than casualty lists. Even the Australian army could fight, but it took the Guards to come out of the trenches with their boots polished. Anybody could fight; discipline was the thing, a soldier's Lares and Penates, his *fidus Achates;* and he cursed the war because it ruined so many good soldiers.

He certainly passed out double doses of discipline to every one in his command and made them like it. All the cadets were afraid of his shadow and would walk a mile to keep from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Above we see Constance Talmadge being waked by the persuasive alarm of Square Rascal...the smallest of the Ansonia Squareclox. Miss Talmadge is the heroine of "Breakfast at Sunrise" . . . Square Rascal is the hero of the minute . . . any minute you may set its faithful alarm to rouse you.

Squareclox are handsome, aren't they? Gone is the old-fashioned alarm clock . . . the "Ring-tin-tin" peg-legged disturber of the peace. Here is a fine alarm clock with a handsome figure and a pair of honest hands.



Squareclox are smart-looking enough to fit in any room in the house . . . three sizes, fine brass cases . . . two with silver-plated dial . . . one with radium dial . . . one price. Your choice . . . $3.50

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SQUARE BOSS . . . the big fellow. Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

SQUARE OWL . . . About 4 inches high, fine brass case, black dial, *luminous* hands and figures.

SQUARE RASCAL . . . the small one, under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

(X the one you want)
Square Boss ☐
Square Owl ☐
Square Rascal ☐

For your convenience
ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY, 12 East 41st St., New York City.
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated.
Name.....
Address.....

[CORNWALLIS, WE ARE HERE!]
Continued from Page Thirty-one

having to pass him on the street. He never passed them; he always stopped them to tell them a few things that were wrong with their personal deportment. They say that General Pershing once stopped a prisoner just back from Germany and asked him where his Sam Browne belt was. If this Colonel had been there he would have sent him back after it.

Even his staff took him seriously and longed for the war again, because his tongue didn't know the difference between a major and a cadet corporal.

But we weren't accustomed to humoring colonels, and we didn't like being stopped on the street when we were in a hurry, and having our personal appearance criticized. He stopped one man and asked him why he didn't salute him. The man said he thought he was a sergeant-major. The Colonel almost had a stroke.

He stopped two other men for talking to two girls in the Carfax, and they told him they were too busy to argue with him and walked off.

Of course he couldn't pick two strange faces out of 150, and he had to take it. But he didn't like it.

And for once in his life he didn't know what to do about it. According to the Constitution, no officer of a foreign army can punish an American soldier. That let him out as Lord High Executioner. I was only a sergeant, so I couldn't punish anybody either. And there was no satisfaction for the Colonel in sending to London for an American officer to come all the way up to Oxford just to fine a man fifteen shillings for failure to salute or for wearing a dirty collar.

Bob Kelly, who set the author's ribs adrift.

HE kept making formal protests against our presence in Oxford, but there was no other place for us to go, so nothing came of them, except that I would be threatened with dire consequences if I didn't always get the man the Colonel wanted and make him apologize. The Colonel wouldn't admit that he couldn't control any soldiers of any army, so he had to grin and bear it. But there was no love lost between us.

One thing saved the day for us in Oxford. Out at Mineola, we had been allowed some magnificent sum like thirty-three cents a day by the government for food. Every one had a car and wanted to spend as much time as possible in New York telling old friends good-by and new friends hello, so I got permission from the Major to omit roll-call after the noon drill and not bother about serving any lunch or dinner. The money thus saved was invested in sugar, which we brought along as baggage. For a very wise and charming virgin had driven all the way out to Mineola to tell us that sugar was very scarce in Europe.

When the loyal citizens of Oxford heard that there were 350 pounds of good granulated sugar in their midst, they organized a committee of welcome to wait on us and present the keys of the city. Every one fawned upon us, and when we presented a pound to the Colonel, he actually wept. When it became generally known that when an American was invited to dinner he always brought along a bag of sugar, we were deluged with invitations.

BUT one night the *entente cordiale* was stretched and broken. The Colonel was patrolling the streets and heard sounds of revelry. The streets were in inky darkness, on account of the air raids, and he always carried a flash-light. He dashed up to a group and demanded a look at their passes. While he was fumbling with his flash-light, one of them pushed him gently into the gutter and hastened away. The others assisted the Colonel out of the gutter and awaited his wrath. It arrived. When his light showed them to be Americans, he blockaded Boston, bombarded Fort Sumter, and fired at the whites of their eyes.

Sergeant Springs distributes the mail.

But he couldn't get the man that ran. They all swore they had never seen him before. So there was nothing for the Colonel to do but declare it a mutiny and ask that we be removed. The brigade headquarters didn't look at it that way, so the Colonel had to keep us; but he decided to segregate us to prevent us from contaminating his cadets.

It was raining as we marched back from classes the next evening at 6:30, and I received a message to march to Exeter College. When we entered the courtyard we found all our belongings piled in the center. And we had a lot of them, too. Each man had two trunks, a suitcase, a bedding roll, a sleeping-bag, a mess-kit, an army pack, arms, ammunition, flying-clothes, bar

utensils, and two months' accumulation of miscellaneous junk.

I was told by a staff officer to assign the men to rooms. There were forty small rooms for the 150 of us. And it was dark and wet, and I didn't know where the rooms were, and the men were mad and couldn't find their things, and the Colonel was mad, and finally I went mad.

I let the men pick their own rooms and sort out their property as best they could. Then we gathered in the bar to discuss ways and means of retaliation. And again the situation was saved by British tact. For Exeter College had a bar the same size as the old one in the Grand Central Station, but it was much better stocked, and had barmaids instead of bartenders.

NEXT morning the Colonel sent word to me that Exeter was our oyster and to take good care of it, because any damage would be charged to our government. As for discipline, that was up to me. He was through with Americans forever. We could go out once a week at night, but on other nights the gates were to be locked at nine every evening. The first breach of discipline that came to his attention meant a formal protest and a request to London for our departure. He said he would send me one officer from his staff to live at Exeter and sign passes and assist and advise me.

And the man he sent was the very man who pushed him and ran. No wonder he did! The Colonel would have had any member of his staff shot at sunrise for chasing around and drinking with us.

The Colonel picked Exeter for us because it had the highest stone walls in Oxford and all the windows on the first floor were barred. I thought it was hermetically sealed at first.

But one night I wanted some one to help me get my boots off, and as my three roommates weren't about, I went out looking for some one else. And I couldn't find a soul in the place! Not even the staff officer.

I went down and had a look at the gate. It was locked tight. I walked around the court. High stone walls six feet thick. Well, it was no business of mine to tuck them in bed after the gate was locked, so I went on back and slept with my boots on.

All cadets were required to wear white hatbands, but there were several squadrons of American mechanics at the airdromes on the outskirts of town, and of course the Colonel couldn't stop them. The white hatbands were detachable, so the Colonel lived in peace awhile.

We began to like the British ideas and customs after we were allowed to pick them up for ourselves instead of having them shoved down our throats. Most of the men took to carrying gloves and canes. Some of them even learned to swear in English.

Now, that is fairly hard to do. Your pukka Englishman has only one cuss-word in his vocabulary. The art in his profanity lies in the number of times he can use it in a given sentence and the emphasis he can give it. The word may be only "bloody," but he can get more service out of it than an Irishman can out of two centuries of saints. I remember once I overheard two Tommies on the street.

"'I, Bill," says one, "what's the bleedin' time?"

"'Alf past bleedin' four," says the other.

It is the custom in all British officers' messes to drink the health of the King once a week. When we found out that we were supposed to participate in this at Christ Church, some of the men were overcome by a burst of democracy and refused to join in this ritual. But after we moved to Exeter and had our own mess, where it was not required of us, the men by unanimous vote decided to perpetuate the custom and drink the King's health every Thursday night. I imagine most of them still do it when they get a chance.

In spite of the Colonel, his staff spoiled us. Many a time I dashed up to some room to stop the noise, only to find that the noise was being made by some member of the staff. They were fine fellows, but they weren't used to mixed drinks.

When I would interrupt one of them giving a demonstration of a trench raid down the hall, I would either have to retire in defeat or join the attacking forces. One night, in the dark, I found myself bawling out a major for kicking wash-pans around the court. I had to apologize and help him kick a few.

THEN one day the Colonel sent for me and my worst fears were realized.

"Look here, Sergeant," he said to me, "it has been reported that one of your men was seen kissing a barmaid. Now, that won't do! It's not cricket! Bad example to my young cubs! I can't pass up such a thing. Yes, I know that the barmaids are really young ladies of the town and quite our equal socially, but, damn it, they are barmaids, and officers do not kiss barmaids. That's a job for enlisted men.

"I am trying to make gentlemen out of sows' ears—temporary gentlemen, at any rate. You American cadets are the best your government had to send over, the pick of your manhood. But these cadets of mine are only what's left over after three years of slaughter.

"And, another thing: your men must stop chaffing my instructors. One man was sent to me last week for not paying attention in class. Just because he designed some of the planes we are now using, is no reason why he should not listen to my corporal lecturing on aerodynamics. I didn't put him in the army as a private, but if he stays here, he's got to listen.

"Our classes are arranged for the youngsters that we have to train and not for university men such as yours. The man who kissed the waitress must be punished. I leave the matter to you. If you can't find the guilty man, I shall be forced to take a hand and report the matter to your headquarters."

I went back and lined up the outfit with a heavy heart.

"Listen here," I told them, "there's another strafe on, and this time the Colonel is right. One of you men has been seen kissing one of the barmaids. The Colonel has got hold of it and wants a scalp. He says he's either going to have the man or take it out on the whole bunch. Whoever did it ought to be man enough to own up to it and take his medicine. So, whoever is guilty, step two paces to the front."

There was a deep silence for a full minute, and then fifty-four men stepped two paces to the front.

I went back to the Colonel for more details. On the way I ran into Major Adlai.

"Ah, I say," he began, "haven't you some jolly boxing talent among your jolly fellows?"

"Yes," I admitted; "there's an amateur heavyweight champion that is supposed to be pretty good, and there're a couple of pretty good lightweights. I used to do a little boxing myself. Why?"

"The Colonel, jolly old chap, you know, is a bit balmy on boxing. He wants to get up a tournament, you know, but he's got no jolly talent. Get him up a jolly good fight, and, by Jove, he'll jolly well eat out of your jolly old hand."

"Thank you very much, sir," I said, seeing a great light through the heavy fog. So I put the matter up to the Colonel.

HE took hook, line, and sinker at one jolly gulp. When I told him of the professional talent we had, he forgave me all fifty-four kisses in a paroxysm of joy. According to my story, we had every fighter that had ever won a fight except Jack Johnson. So the Colonel and I buried the hatchet and got out the boxing-gloves.

The next thing to do was to find some boxers. I put the matter up to the men, and they turned it down flat. But when I told them what the prizes were going to be, they changed their minds and I got thirty entries. The winner in each class was to get leave over the week-end and expenses to London and back—that is, necessary expenses.

After cracking up the affair so much, I had to enter myself. I didn't think much about it until I went to weigh in. Then I got an awful shock. I found that I had gained so much during those two weeks of stuffing on the boat and a month's guzzling at Oxford that I was no longer in the 155-pound class, where I used to box, but in the unlimited.

And, worse still, I drew the amateur heavyweight champion of the United States in my second bout. It was then that I paid for my sins. My first bout was easy, because I drew a cripple who had never done much boxing.

When the champion and I got in the ring,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

HE dashed up to a group and demanded a look at their passes.

Colorful Rubber Coats

At the big game . . . or wherever you are on wet, gloomy days . . . you'll look smart and keep dry in a Raynster

that brighten the darkest day . .

SMART, DISTINCTIVE, these rubber coats bring a touch of brightness to the rain . . . liven up the gray mist with spots of color.

Fashion no longer yields to gloomy weather. That's why Raynsters made in so many popular hues are so widely worn on the campus and along the avenues.

Only genuine Raynsters have the brilliant, permanent lustre obtained by a patented United States Rubber Company process—which has caused Fashion to accept this rainy day apparel. And Raynsters—from the raw materials to the finished garment—are made by the United States Rubber Company and are guaranteed by that Company.

Should you prefer something other than a colored coat, there's a Raynster for every wet weather need. A dealer near you has them. Be sure the label says: "Raynster."

Distributors for Canada, Ames Holden McCready Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

United States Rubber Company

Also manufacturers of NAUGATEX Sport Garments

"U.S." Raynsters

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

[CORNWALLIS, WE ARE HERE!]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

we got a good laugh. Some one yelled at me, "Hey, David, where's your sling-shot?"

The Colonel was referee and gave us instructions.

As soon as the round opened, we both took a swing at each other. The champion missed and, as I landed, his foot slipped and he fell flat on his face. Every one cheered wildly because they thought I had done it. I had an awful sinking spell, for I knew what had happened and I had a hunch what was going to happen next—I saw Nemesis climbing over the ropes.

The champion arose, scowled at me, and took a long, right haymaker swing. I saw it coming a block off and had my guard up when it arrived, but my guard was about as useful as an anti-aircraft battery in an air raid. He knocked me right over the ropes.

He didn't catch me during the rest of the round, and I was still leading the race in the second when the Colonel stopped us.

"Come, come," said he, "no stalling. Fight! You must fight! You are both being too good to each other!"

Then the champion knocked me under the ropes on a long skid across the ring. In the third round he knocked me through the ropes.

He got the trip!

AFTER that the Colonel was our friend. Every bout was won by an American, and he had three nice evenings of gore. He sure was bloodthirsty. He was so pleased by our performance that he actually let us graduate without taking any examinations. And he not only gave all the winners a trip to London, but all the participants as well. I was too bruised to go.

Then somebody gave the Colonel a brilliant idea. He couldn't get rid of us by saying how bad we were; why not try it by saying how good we were? He reported to the brigade that we were so good there was nothing more to teach us. The brigade fell for it and ordered us up to a machine-gun school.

A hundred and thirty left one afternoon, and twenty were to go with me the next day.

That afternoon, after the big bunch had gone, Bob Kelly and Jake Stanley came to me and announced that they had arranged a little party with the waitresses at a road-house, and, now that I was relieved of the job of being a good example, I might as well come out and cavort a bit. This seemed entirely in order to me, and I accepted with pleasure.

IT was well after midnight when we wandered back to the college.

"How'll we get in?" I asked.

"Follow us," they told me.

There was a large tree growing in the Rector's garden on the inside of the wall, and one limb grew out over the wall. Jake mounted our shoulders and grabbed the limb and pulled himself up on it. Then Bob stood on my shoulders and got up. Their weight pulled it down low enough for me and I pulled up and got my legs around it. All would have been well, but Jake got to laughing and shook the limb.

It broke! I landed in a sitting position on the flagstones with the limb across my stomach and Bob sitting on top of the limb. Jake had caught another limb and was yelling for help, while I was struggling to get my breath. He finally fell, but on the inside of the wall.

Bob and I got our breath and finally got in and sneaked through the Rector's garden.

That explained all the dirty looks I had been getting from the Rector.

We found the British staff officer sitting in our room finishing up a bottle of port.

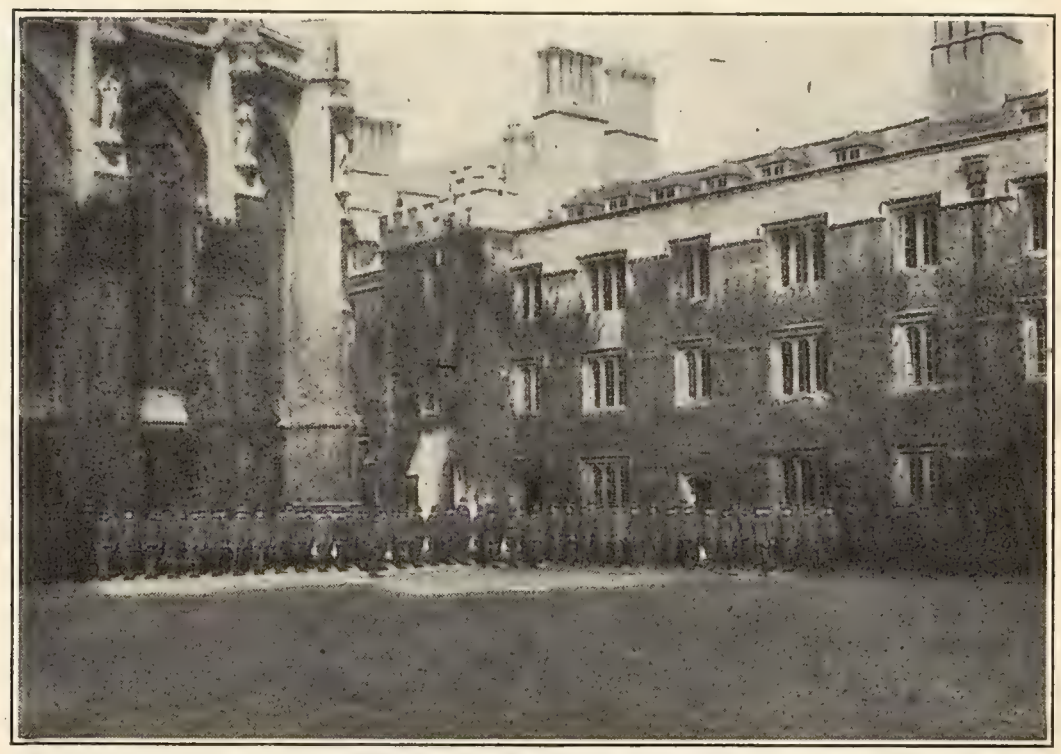
"Hello!" I greeted him. "I've got good news for you. You won't have to worry about any more of your young cadets getting out at night. We just broke the limb, and ingress and egress by that route will henceforth be impracticable!"

"My God," said the officer, "you don't say so! Now how in hell will I get in at night?"

I couldn't tell him.

The next time I took a bath I noticed that a couple of ribs were busted loose and floating. Floating in port? No, you damn fool!

THE END



The cadets on parade at Exeter.

When JOHN D'S GRANDSON *Slid Down to His* Last Dime

An Article by
LIN BONNER

Pictures by W. P. COUSE

(Reading time: 10 minutes 20 seconds.)

A ROCKEFELLER in overalls isn't easy to visualize. But a Rockefeller of today in extremity, down to a last thin dime, such as the patriarch of petroleum gives out as tokens, homeless and actually hungry, is even less conceivable.

In January, 1920, the namesake grandson of the world's richest man was broke, tramping icy Boston streets. He might easily have been arrested as a vagrant—"vagged"—because he had no money, no home, and no visible means of support.

Today the young man, John Rockefeller Prentice, twenty-four years old, is a night cashier in the New Haven General Hospital, and a senior at Yale University by day.

He is there because he is determined to pay for his own education, after a mysterious break with his father. On a salary he keeps secret, and room and board, plus occasional prize-money and a tuition scholarship, he is doing what he refused to do for his father six years ago—striving for higher education and culture.

Paradoxically, this adventurer is an ultra-conservative who takes life, lessons, and himself very seriously. He is as full of mystery and surprise as boarding-house hash.

John Rockefeller Prentice is the eldest child of E. Parmalee Prentice, New York corporation counsel and author of books on legal affairs, who came from Iowa to capture the heart of Alta Rockefeller, second daughter of John D. Rockefeller. Prentice is rated as a millionaire and the personal fortune of Mrs. Prentice is in excess of $50,000,000.

AT seventeen, he tramped icy Boston streets without home, money, or visible means of support.

It has been the dream and purpose of the elder Prentice to have his son become the perfectly educated gentleman, and from infancy the boy was a subject of instruction. Instead of baby talk, he was taught Latin phrases. History and legends replaced fairy-tales.

Almost as soon as he could walk, the boy had a tutor. At seven he could read, write, and converse in Latin, German, and French. Today, Latin similes roll from his tongue as readily as his native English.

In 1919, when he was sixteen, Prentice was graduated from Taft School at Watertown, Connecticut, and matriculated at Yale, winning the Samuel Galpin Prize of fifty dollars for passing the best entrance examination in Latin. He was one of the youngest freshmen in the college records.

Four months later—January, 1920—he had been "kicked out" of Yale, suspended for six weeks for overcutting his classes.

Wide World photo.

THE oil magnate's namesake, John Rockefeller Prentice, who is working his way through Yale.

What caused young Prentice to "cut" classes has never been revealed, but it is said that he had been ambitious to go to West Point instead of Yale—to be a soldier instead of a scholar.

That there was a definite break between him and his father is certain, though the mother finally brought about a reconciliation.

The effect upon the elder Prentice of his son's debacle can be pictured easily. He is a tower of conservatism and was accustomed to being obeyed.

In his son, however, he met a determination as stiff-necked as his own, and, if there is basis for the theory that girls inherit the traits of the father while sons inherit those of the mother, he found himself in combat with a full-fledged Rockefeller.

With the momentum given him by the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble" lather

makes shaving simple

COLGATE bubbles are wringing wet; and water softens beard, says science. Because they are so small these tiny bubbles get down deep where whiskers sprout out—soak them soft at base—razor whisks them off. See lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

FREE—A WEEK'S BETTER SHAVES

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-J2, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

[WHEN JOHN D'S GRANDSON SLID DOWN TO HIS LAST DIME Continued from Page Thirty-five]

authorities of Yale, young Prentice kept on going until he collided headlong with Life.

He went to Boston and assumed the name of "John Jones." He was seventeen years old, untrained for work, and a stranger to hardship. Getting a job was hard, and the wintry blasts sweeping over Boston Common were cold.

With scanty funds dwindling, he turned to the Salvation Army and in its hotel worked as a bell-hop.

Then, one snowy day when he was hungry and tired, his eye fell upon a sign in the window of Chase, Parker & Co., Wholesale Hardware:

BOY WANTED

He went in and applied to Frank Chase for the job. Chase happened to have a hobby for giving a friendly hand to young men. He surmised that young Prentice was lying when he said his name was Jones, and put questions to the boy which resulted in the revelation of his identity.

Chase made him office-boy and sent him to the Y. M. C. A. to live, meantime writing to the Prentices in New York to check his story. Receiving confirmation, he soon took his new employee into his home, and in time advanced him to a position as salesman.

For a long time, however, Prentice worked as office-boy and eked out a small weekly wage by working as a snow-shoveler. On Sundays, when the Rockefellers and the Prentices were at worship in magnificent churches, the boy was battling snow-piles at South Station, Boston, for four dollars and eighty cents a day.

EARLY in his commercial career he had resumed diplomatic relations with his family, and his mother visited him at intervals. It is not of record that his father relented to that extent.

After almost five years with the hardware firm, Prentice acceded to the plea of his mother and in 1925 re-entered Yale University, but elected to pay his own way. He got a job as night telephone operator in the hospital, working from 11 o'clock at night until 7 in the morning.

He studied during the slack hours of his watch and was in chapel at 8 o'clock every school morning. Forty minutes later he was in class, and about 3 o'clock each afternoon went to bed.

Quite a harsh program for a boy whose mother has more than $50,000,000.

Perhaps with the idea of showing his father, Prentice has made a brilliant record at Yale, maintaining a scholastic average of 92 since his return. He has captured almost every prize carrying money and honor for a student.

He won the Lucius Robinson Sophomore Latin Prize of seventy-five dollars; was given the philosophical oration, a high collegiate honor given to students making better than 90; landed second prize and fifty dollars in the Ten Eyck Oratorical Contest; and in 1925 was awarded the James J. Hogan Scholarship.

Established in memory of "Jim" Hogan, famous Yale football star, who died in 1916 in the hospital where Prentice now labors, this scholarship is reserved for any youth "of strong character, personality, good standing with his classmates, fair scholarship, and who is in need of funds." In other words, to assist worthy poor boys.

WHEN Prentice was given the scholarship, it was protested that he was usurping the place of a poor youth; but he satisfied the faculty of Yale that he was paying for his own education, despite his family connections, and he is now finishing his college course with its aid. He will be graduated in the class of '28.

Additionally, he was rated a scholar of the First Rank in both terms, 1924-25; scholar of the Second Rank, first term, 1925-26; scholar of the First Rank, second term, 1925-26.

A scholar of the First Rank, in the Yale computation, must make 90 per cent or over; of the Second Rank, between 85 and 90. There usually are from six to twelve scholars of the First Rank, and Prentice in his freshman year (1924-25) stood second in a class of about 850 men in both terms.

In March, 1927, young Prentice was one of forty-six Yale men elected to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, membership in which is based solely upon high scholastic ability and by which social prestige is ignored.

Closely following this honor, Prentice was selected as representative of the Yale undergraduate body at the annual dinner and initiation of the Sigma Xi fraternity.

Thus, he is fulfilling the wish of his father and substantiating his own gesture toward independence at the same time.

Though he is devoted to his studies, young Prentice is not a recluse. He is popular with his fellows, takes part in athletics when he can, and is of a genial disposition. He does not drink or smoke and has little time for girls. A dance given by Dean Walden is the only social affair connected with the college that he has ever attended.

HE was down to a last thin dime, such as the patriarch of petroleum gives out as tokens.

Self-confidence and earnestness, with the poise and easy manner of good breeding, are his most noticeable characteristics.

"I went to see him in the oratorical contest," a New Haven reporter told me, "to see how he wore a dress suit.

"He looked like he belonged in one, but some of the other fellows wore theirs like a masquerade costume."

He is very human in his reactions. The day I saw him in the office of the hospital, his roommate had undergone an operation.

"I think I had a harder time over it than he did," said Prentice. "I see lots of blood around here, and have grown somewhat accustomed to it. But—I—somehow, it's different when you see a friend's blood."

At first glance, the young man reminds you of his uncle, John D., Jr., especially in profile, although his nose tilts at a higher angle than that of the younger Rockefeller.

His mouth is large and full-lipped, his complexion clear, his teeth white and sound. His light-brown hair is brushed straight back from his forehead and parted in the middle.

He has clear-brown eyes, but wears large gold spectacles, probably as the penalty for too many years of reading. He is about five feet seven or eight inches in height and scales around 150 pounds.

Young Prentice is well made, with wide shoulders, slender waist, and tapering limbs.

KNOWING something of his history and his almost slavish application to study, I was surprised to learn that he goes in for athletics.

His choice is running, in the mile and half-mile distances.

"I've gone out for track several times," he related. "In fact, I have my running-things in a locker out at the college now. I'm not much good at it—but good runners can be developed by training and coaching. Whenever I get to going good, my studies crowd in on me, and then I have to quit the track. I won some intramural races at Taft."

Prentice will discuss any subject save that of his disagreement with his father.

"I have brought my father and mother enough painful publicity," he declared, "and will not knowingly humiliate them further.

"We are at a perfect understanding, our relations are fine, and I visit at home just as often as opportunity offers.

"If I were not the grandson of John D. Rockefeller, there would be no curiosity regarding me. People are not interested in what I am; they are interested in who I am."

The young man is a great admirer and follower of his famous grandfather.

When I compared his reticence to the celebrated silences of John D on subjects he did not care to discuss, Prentice chuckled and said:

"He's a champion at it. I wish I were more like him—or my

father. My father—honestly, he can say 'no' in a tone that absolutely freezes you solid."

There is nothing of the socialistic radical in young Prentice or his move for self-assertion. He is just as much a conservative as John D himself, and unquestionably is preparing to take his proper place in business and society.

The trend of his mind is perhaps best indicated by his selection of theme and title for the oration which won him the Ten Eyck Prize:

"Leadership."

Taking for his text the Spartan legend of Thermopylæ, "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we died here in obedience to their commands," he made an argument for efficiency, obedience to authority, and blind devotion to the organization.

His own course in returning to Yale, even though he earns his own way, is vindication of parental discipline.

IN closing his oration, he took Yale and his fellow students to task; but the powers of the university, seeing nothing in his words but the usual outpourings of an undergraduate viewing life through serious eyes, awarded him the prize notwithstanding.

"It is the responsibility of our colleges to produce our leaders," he contended. "Is Yale true to her trust?

"If we are abandoning every principle that has produced our leaders of the past; if, for the last fifty years, there has been a growing tendency to infringe on our all-too-short period of preparation; if the influences of the outside world, the pursuit of pleasure, the selfish seeking of personal ends, is lessening our devotion to this preparation which was to be given apart from the all-absorbing struggle for existence; if we come here to justify our neglect of the advantages Yale offers on the ground that the surroundings of the college offer more than the college can give—Yale must truly be said to have failed her trust."

"Just what did you have in mind when you prepared that statement?" I asked him.

"Conditions at the university," he replied. "Too much athletics, too much pursuit of pleasure, and too much devotion to outside affiliations to the detriment of scholarship.

"I'm in favor of athletics in proper proportion, but oppose its being made a god.

"Many men go out for football or track for the prominence and publicity they get; others go out for 'news,' become newspaper correspondents; and others for other alien purposes.

"Ask the 'news' men or other specialists why they are obsessed with their subject and they will tell you that they are fitting themselves for postgraduate careers. I tell them that if that is all they have on their minds, they are wasting time at college and should go at once into their chosen fields and obtain real training for their future activities.

ON Sundays young Prentice battled snow-piles at South Station, Boston, for four dollars and eighty cents a day.

"There is too much of this outside interest at Yale. The school should be the prime thought of every student."

Asked if he intended to keep up his own grind until graduation, Prentice said:

"I've only a year to go."

So, apparently, he is going to match his determination against his father's to the end.

In this strange contest, the young man seems to have the amused support of the two John D's, for he is a favorite of the elder, and the younger has said of him:

"He has it in him. He is the kind of chap who doesn't want to see himself fail. He gets what he goes after."

But young Prentice, who was dropped from the *Social Register*, was not a guest at the wedding of Miss Abby Rockefeller, daughter of John D., Jr., although his parents, his sister, and younger brother were there.

This does not seem to have worried him much, and he goes about his tasks cheerfully. He seems to revel in being called "John" by the hospital employees and in turn calling them by their first names.

Frank Chase said he never had seen a young man with a better business head, and that Prentice could have a job with him at any time. That business caution was revealed in a little incident in the hospital while I was with him.

A MAN appeared at the cashier's wicket with a bill involving an overcharge of four dollars and something. He demonstrated to John that this was an error and the latter agreed with him; but when the man asked for restitution, the boy told him he'd have to fix it up with the day bookkeeper. He was taking no chance in settling the man's claim of an error that might reduce his own pay envelop.

Incidentally, Prentice took no vacation this year, but stuck on the job at the hospital while other Yale men from far less wealthy families were frolicking at home and abroad.

As to his plans for the future, he said:

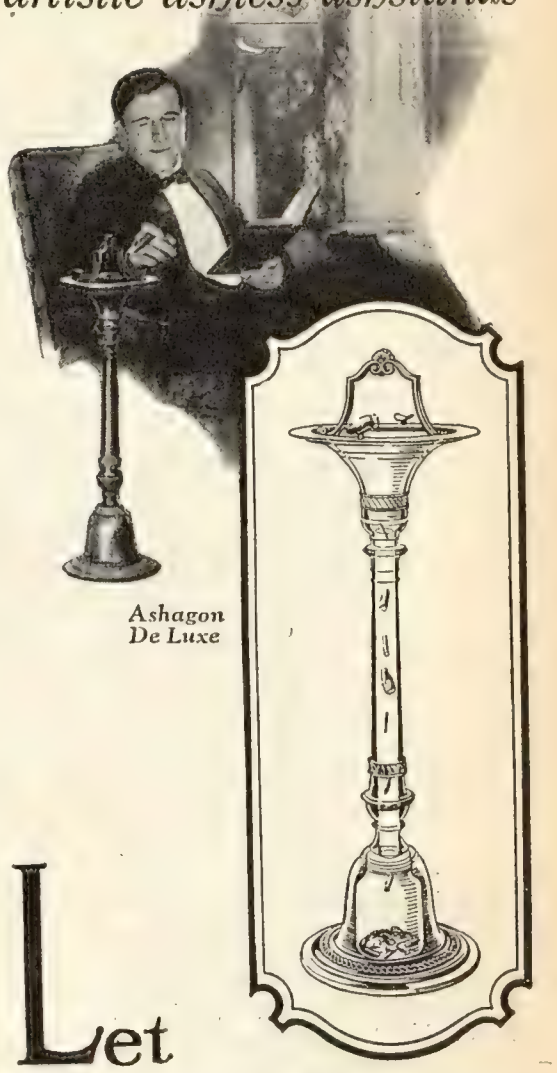
"I have given consideration both to a business career and a professional one. I like business life very much and may return to it. I also have considered, since coming to the hospital, going in for medicine, but if I decide upon a profession, it will be law, most likely.

"I incline to the law because I think my natural aptitude is toward this profession, which also appears to me to be a broader one than medicine."

Which calls to mind the fact that the law office of E. Parmalee Prentice is located in a skyscraper in the financial district on lower Broadway, New York, with Wall Street and the Standard Oil Building as part of the surrounding scenery.

THE END

artistic ashless ashstands



Ashagon De Luxe

Let *Beautiful* Ashagon Rid Your Home *of* Messy Ashes!

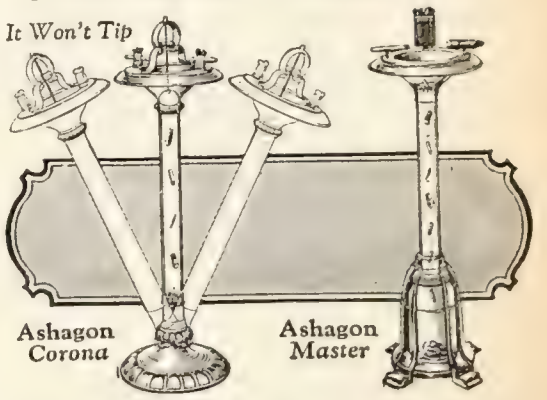
JUST drop your ashes into an Ashagon! Then the *ashes are gone!* Unsightly stubs and matches, too. They all shoot down the hollow tube, and are safely *imprisoned.* Out of *sight!* Out of *smell!* Out of *danger!*

The drawings in this advertisement tell the *inside story* of Ashagons, and how *easy* they are to empty: the De Luxe and Master, by simply tilting the stand and unscrewing the glass jar hidden in the base; the Corona, by just slipping out the inner tube.

But the extraordinary way in which Ashagons get rid of ashes isn't all. They're *beautiful!* Look at the vase-like lines of Ashagon De Luxe. Never before has such beauty and utility been combined in an ashstand. Its artistic lines and delightful color make it welcome in the finest homes and offices, in the smartest clubs and hotels.

An Inexpensive Servant —within the Reach of All

You may choose from three fine models* and five beautiful colors: Antique Gold, Green Gold, Statuary Bronze, Verde Green, Chinese Red. Ask your dealer to show you Ashagon *artistic ashless ashstands.* If he can't supply you, order direct. De Luxe, $15.00; Corona, $10.50; Master, $8.50—50c more west of the Mississippi. Write us for free pamphlet showing beautiful Ashagons in color.



THE TUBULAR PRODUCTS COMPANY
Southington Connecticut

TRADE MARK
Ashagon
artistic ashless ashstands

* Patents Pending. Copr. 1927, The Tubular Products Co.

A REBEL Director

Rex Ingram

The Story of Rex Ingram and His New Version of The Garden of Allah

A Film Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

FROM Rex Ingram's studio at Nice, France, comes a new film version of Robert Hichens' The Garden of Allah, that twenty-three-year-old study of a young monk in combat with sex.

Since Ingram has declined to obey the commands of the movie moguls of Metro-Goldwyn, The Garden of Allah will be his last film to be released by this company.

ONE of the colorful scenes in The Garden of Allah. (Left) Alice Terry, star of the picture, and the wife of Rex Ingram, on location in the Sahara Desert.

Ingram was ordered to return to Hollywood—and refused.

He prefers to make his pictures in Europe for several reasons. He declines to work in proximity to Louis B. Mayer, one of the powers of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (in fact, his contract has specified that the name of Mayer must not appear in any connection with his productions).

Then, too, Ingram's health was seriously threatened. By working in southern France he has won it back. He intends to take no chances with it amid the hectic celluloid politics of Hollywood.

The Garden of Allah is the best film Ingram has made in his Continental isolation. Willis Goldbeck's script is straightforward, Ingram's direction has taste and beauty, and the Hichens novel remains intact, a colorful story of the flight of a young Trappist monk from his monastery. He meets and marries, seeking to forget in the Sahara—and finally is forced back to the monastery by the tightening bonds of his conscience.

The picture is a pattern of Christian morality upon a tapestry of Mohammedanism.

Ingram has contributed a number of fine photoplays to the screen, among them The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Prisoner of Zenda, Scaramouche, and Where the Pavement Ends. Moreover, he brought to light Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, ill-fated Barbara La Marr, and, of course, his wife, Alice Terry.

Miss Terry plays the Hichens heroine, *Domini Enfilden,* with restraint and distinction. The runaway Trappist, *Father Adrian,* is excellently done by a young Serbian actor, Ivan Petrovitch, who gives a sensitive and noteworthy performance.

Ingram was born in Dublin, Ireland, the son of the Rev. Francis Hitchcock of the Irish Established Episcopal Church. Oddly, an uncle is a Trappist monk. Ingram, then known as Reginald Hitchcock, attended Trinity College in Dublin, where he won local fame as an athlete. Then he came to America, first working in a New Haven freight-yard.

Ingram earned his way to Yale, where he studied sculpture under Lee Lawrie. (He has the Yale honorary degree of B. F. A.)

Motion-pictures caught his interest and he got his first job at old Edison, acting bits and writing scenarios. He was employed in the same capacity at Vitagraph when Universal gave him an opportunity to direct.

Ingram had done nothing to attract attention when, in 1917, he joined the British Royal Flying Corps as second lieutenant, seeing service in France.

After the Armistice, Ingram returned to Universal. One film, Black Orchids, showed possibilities. He went over to Metro, where he directed The Four Horsemen, thereby making Valentino and himself famous overnight.

The leading feminine rôle of *Marguerite* was played by Alice Terry, found in the ranks of Metro's extras by Ingram. Her name was Alice Taafe, and Vincennes, Indiana, was her birthplace. Ingram married her during the making of his next film, The Prisoner of Zenda. She has been the heroine of his productions since and the marriage has remained intact for eight years, one of Hollywood's domestic records!

The Garden of Allah has many moments of superb photographic charm, and Ingram's penchant for freak humanity still gets its play.

Miss Terry's film work is usually described as placid and phlegmatic. Perhaps the blond wig always worn over her reddish-brown hair gives this quality to her personality. In real life, Miss Terry is a shrewd business woman and the possessor of a keen sense of humor.

She not only has played her husband's heroines, but has acted as his business representative by making frequent trips to America.

Ingram, on the other hand, is moody and temperamental, gloomy and high-spirited by turns. He still cares more about his sculpturing than his directing, and threatens to quit the films altogether.

Ingram also threatens to become a Mohammedan. Anyway, Hollywood isn't likely ever again to glimpse the intense young Irishman in action.

Incidentally, the backgrounds of The Garden of Allah are authentic, Ingram having taken his cameras to the shifting sands of the Sahara.

Do you know that—

They say Ben Lyon is to play *Harold Teen* in a film version of the comic strip? . . . Lon Chaney's next is to be The Big City, a New York gangster story? . . . Ramon Novarro is to play Louis XIV of France in The Sun King? . . . Lillian Gish is leaving Metro-Goldwyn and nobody seems to know her future plans?

Fit as a fiddle *and* rarin' to go

AT the blow of the whistle he's off. Trained to the very pink of condition . . . . a good sportsman because he *feels* so good, because he has energy to spare.

Take a tip from his training diet. He drinks Borden's Malted Milk every day.

Active, red-blooded men and women everywhere make Borden's a daily habit. For it has real food value . . . . builds muscle . . . . gives energy . . . . *replaces* energy . . . . satisfies hunger. Easily digested . . . . puts no drag on body or brain.

Don't just envy the trained athlete. Drop in at the nearest Diamond Sign fountain today and see if a Borden Special doesn't make *you* "fit as a fiddle".

Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages, 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you *~at your favorite fountain*

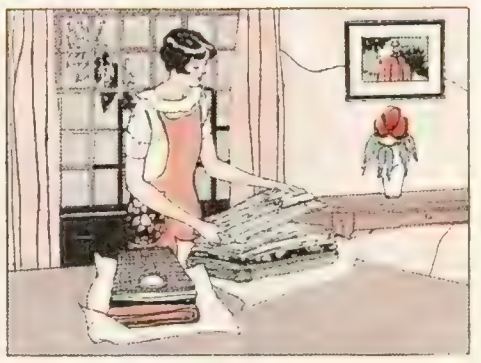
for

Best Letters on ~

"WHY *the Laundry*

There's a laundry service for every family need

MODERN laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now — let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.



$50,000 IN CASH PRIZES

and 12,000 *valuable awards*

You can win $10,000 by writing the best 300-word letter on "*Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing.*" . . . Think of the fairyland of enjoyment and pleasure in $10,000! It may mean a new home; a car; college for the boy and girl; a trip around the world with a liberal balance left over . . . $1,000 a year extra spending money for ten years, or $600 a year continuous income at six per cent interest.

Certainly worth working for . . . and not hard to win! Because this is not a literary competition. Merely tell in your letter the best reasons for abolishing wash-day in your home . . . and tell it just as though you are talking it over with your neighbor. All that you need do is set down in an interesting and sincere manner the most common-sense advantages the modern laundry offers over the drudgery of home washing methods.

How to Begin

To win this splendid $10,000 prize, or to share in the many other awards in this $50,000 competition, start in a systematic way.

Jot down in a notebook every reason why you should send your washing to the laundry. Then rearrange your arguments in the order of their importance.

With this start, call for suggestions from your family, neighbors, friends. Best of all, visit one of the modern laundries in your city. *See for yourself* how carefully they sort your clothes; how different fabrics are washed in waters of different temperatures; how your clothes are rinsed in clean, soft water from nine to twelve times. Get all the facts so that you can intelligently determine the outstanding reasons why the laundry should do your washing. Then write your letter . . . just as naturally as you talk . . . and be sure to mail it before midnight of December 1, 1927.

What would You do with $10,000

HERE ARE THE NATIONAL PRIZES

Here are the National Prizes—well worth your putting a great deal of time and thought in your letter.

1st prize	$10,000.00
2nd prize	5,000.00
3rd prize	2,000.00
4th prize	1,250.00
5th prize	1,000.00
6th prize	700.00
7th prize	500.00
8th prize	400.00
9th prize	250.00
10th prize	100.00

HERE ARE THE STATE PRIZES

In addition to the National prizes, the ten best essays in *each* of the forty-eight states and in Canada will win prizes as follows:

1st prize	$225.00
2nd prize	125.00
3rd prize	100.00
4th prize	50.00
5th prize	35.00
6th prize	25.00
7th prize	20.00
8th prize	10.00
9th prize	5.00
10th prize	5.00

For full details of the 12,000 valuable service awards, consult the booklet "*Ask Me Another About The Laundry*" obtainable at laundries *everywhere*.

© 1927 Laundryowners National Association of United States and Canada. One of a series of advertisements to promote a better appreciation of modern laundry service.

Read These Rules Carefully—
They are Important!

1. This is a competition for best letters (not more than 300 words) on: "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing."

2. Competition starts October 1. Your letter must be mailed to *$50,000 Competition Judges, Century Building, Indianapolis, Indiana*, by midnight Dec. 1, 1927.

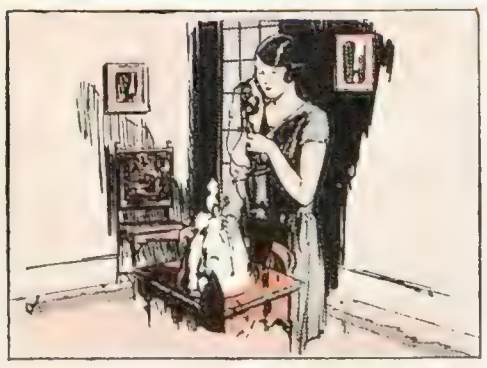
3. No one directly or indirectly connected with the laundry industry is eligible to compete.

4. Write only on one side of sheet. Put full name and complete address in upper left corner of each page.

5. Your entry automatically permits Laundryowners National Association to use all or any part of your letter.

6. Laundryowners in each state will select ten prize winning letters and the 240 state service awards. Prize winners from each state automatically compete for national awards. A committee will select the ten national prize winners from the state prize winners. Canada will be considered as one state. In event of a tie for any state or national prize, each tying contestant will be paid full amount of prize.

should do my washing"



Delivered to you — this helpful book

TELEPHONE any laundry in your town and request a copy of the "*Ask Me Another*" booklet. It will be delivered to your door. Or better still, call for it in person, and while there make an inspection of the laundry's facilities. The book and the tour together will help you write a better letter — perhaps the *very* letter which will win the $10,000.00 Grand Prize.

BENRUS

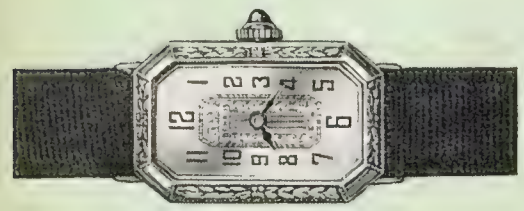
THE WRIST WATCH OF FASHION

On the alluring wrist of
CONSTANCE TALMADGE,
the watch of your dreams!

The radiant star of "Breakfast At Sunrise" knows the secret of setting off her gracious personality with jewels as lovely as herself. ★ ★ Quite appropriately, she has chosen for her wrist watch the loveliest of all—a Benrus. ★ ★ You can have, for your very own, an exact reproduction of this "Constance Talmadge" Benrus. It is the newest of a distinguished series of Benrus creations. Each of them, exquisitely tiny as it is, has been made an enduringly accurate timepiece by the art of the world's greatest watchmakers. ★ ★ These charming Benrus wrist watches are at your jeweler's—priced more moderately than you would think possible for such loveliness.

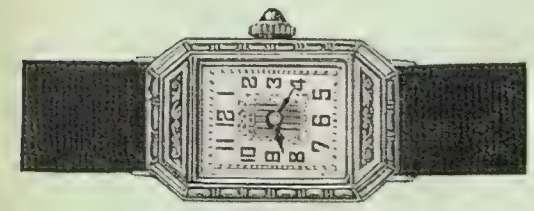
BENRUS WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

BENRUS CORRINNE
15-jewel movement $22.50

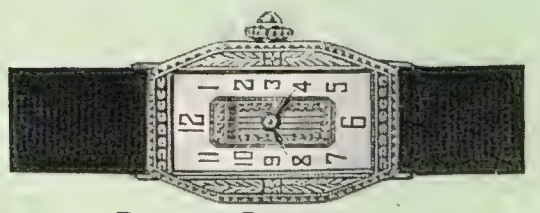


BENRUS PATRICIA
15-jewel movement $28.50

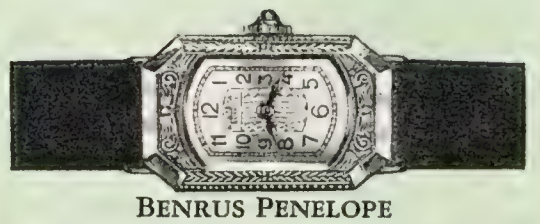
BENRUS BLOSSOM
15-jewel movement $30.00



BENRUS WELLESLEY
15-jewel movement $30.00

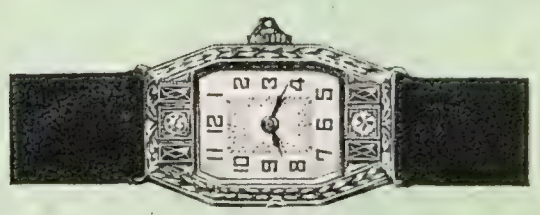


BENRUS CHARMANTE
15-jewel movement $30.00



BENRUS PENELOPE
15-jewel movement $30.00

BENRUS PRIMA DONNA
15-jewel, small size $40.00



BENRUS MARCELLA
15-jewel, 2 diamonds, 4 sapphires, $49.75

BENRUS IS ALSO THE EXCLUSIVE MAKER OF "THE STRAP WATCH OF SPORTSMEN"

The Last of the LIGHT BRIGADE

The Final Chapter in the Story of the Famous Charge at Balaklava

An Article by

STEUART M. EMERY

(Reading time: 7 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE last survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade has ridden into the Valley of Death.

The last trooper of England's immortal Six Hundred, who on an October morning seventy-three years ago, went storming down the plain of Balaklava against an entire Russian army, while

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered,

has gone to join his comrades.

The roll-call is complete; the shot-torn guidon of the Light Brigade is furled forever.

Just three years short of the century mark, Sergeant-Major Edwin Hughes, sole survivor of the charge by official records, died not long since in Blackpool, England.

His saber was out, his knees gripped the flanks of a plunging mount, he saw the forms of his mates pitching from their saddles all around him, as a mile of Russian artillery and musketry fire ripped the Light Brigade to pieces from three directions on its ride to fame and destruction.

Tennyson immortalized that ride in one of the best-known war poems of the English language.

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

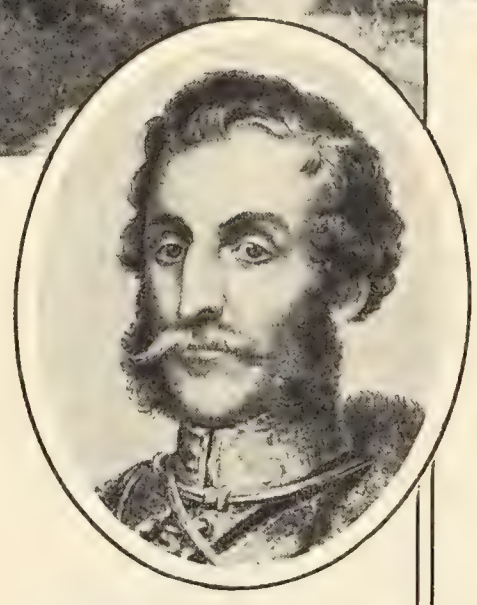
Time rolls back, somehow, as the word comes that in this year of 1927 a survivor — the last one—of that distant day of tragedy has passed. The Crimean War, between England, France, and Turkey against Russia, was fought seven years before our own Civil War. The men of the Light Brigade have long been little more than legendary figures.

The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava not only gave to the world an epic of courage and soldierly obedience in the face of certain death, but the blunder which sent a single brigade of cavalry against a host has produced tremendous controversy. The mystery probably never will be fully explained.

Picture a long, green valley near the great arsenal-city of Sebastopol, to capture which the allies invaded the Crimean Peninsula on the Black Sea. At the upper end, on the Chersonese slopes, British and French troops are massed.

Hills run along each side of this valley of Balaklava—Causeway Heights and the Fedukhine range—their crowns bristling with enemy batteries and gray with Russian infantry. At the lower end of the valley, a mile and a quarter from the allied lines, stands a battery of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THE Charge of the Light Brigade as painted by R. Caton Woodville and (in oval) Lord Cardigan, who was wounded while leading the charge.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By Alfred Tennyson

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

Constance Talmadge is appearing in her new motion picture, "BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE." *Don't miss it!*

THAT flashing smile—red lips curling on the edge of laughter, revealing perfect teeth, lustrous white. In "Breakfast at Sunrise," her next and best, "Connie's" smile was never so adorable. Dentyne Gum is famous in Hollywood — and favored everywhere. It keeps teeth polished white and makes your smile more charming. You'll love the delicious flavor and smooth texture. Chew Dentyne — filmland's favorite gum.

· KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE ·

[THE LAST OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE]
Continued from Page Forty-three

twelve guns, and behind it lowers a cloud of 2,300 Cossack horse, reforming after being routed by the British Heavy Brigade. The day is October 25, 1854.

Since dawn the Battle of Balaklava has been on. The raiding Russian army of 22,000 infantry, 2,300 horse, and seventy-eight guns, after seizing Causeway Heights and the Fedukhine Hills, is menacing the town of Balaklava, British headquarters, a few miles away.

The Light Brigade sits its horses at the upper end of the valley, burning for action. So far—11 A. M.—it has done nothing.

Lord Lucan, leader of the British cavalry in the Crimea, already has received three orders from Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British forces, stationed on the hill above; but they have been worded so indefinitely, he has taken no action.

Now, down from the plateau at breakneck speed rides Raglan's aide, Captain Nolan—vehement, impetuous soldier and daredevil. A historic paper flutters in his hand, the famous "fourth order":

> Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.

Guns, captured in the Russians' attack, stand on Causeway Heights to the right. Guns are drawn up at the far end of the valley. Which guns does Raglan mean?

"Where?" Lord Lucan asks the eager Nolan. "And what to do?"

Is there bad blood, as has been charged, between Lord Lucan and Captain Nolan? Nolan sweeps his hand and seems, as Lucan says later, to be pointing directly down the valley.

"There is your enemy! There are your guns!"

Lord Lucan canters back to Lord Cardigan, leader of the Light Brigade. Cardigan is the warrior *de luxe.* He sleeps each night aboard his yacht in Balaklava harbor. He is the perfect *beau sabreur*—aquiline in face, carrying his fifty-seven years like a youth. He rides a chestnut hunter with white stockings.

LORD CARDIGAN looks down the valley that Lucan indicates—a mile and a quarter of ground flanked by the fire of thousands of Russians on the hills to either side, and with a twelve-gun battery and twenty-three squadrons of Cossack horse to face at the other end.

This is a valley of Death. It is destruction to ride down it with one brigade.

"There is no choice but to obey," says Lord Lucan to Cardigan, his own brother-in-law.

Lord Cardigan draws his sword. The bugle of Balaklava, today one of England's most sacred relics, blares with brassy throat.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"

"Trot, *gallop,* CHARGE!"

In two lines—the Thirteenth Light Dragoons and Seventeenth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ranks High!

New Model

Pocket Ben

The New Model Pocket Ben ranks high among good watches. That's because it combines good looks with correct time-keeping.

Sold everywhere for $1.50. With night-and-day dial $2.25.

Built by the makers of Big Ben and other Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Patrick
DULUTH
BIGGER THAN WEATHER

Smart Overcoats of Distinctive Cloth

Smartness in design, unsurpassed fit and extremely careful, hand-tailoring have placed Patrick-Duluth Overcoats in a class by themselves.

Of outstanding excellence however is the distinctive Patrick-Duluth cloth—an exclusive fabric of exceeding richness, beautiful colorings and pleasing designs. It is nationally famous for its abundant warmth and almost unbelievable wear.

Patrick cloth is truly different. It's as distinctive to America as friezes are to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland, and tweeds to England and we weave it from choice, long-fibre Northern wool.

Patrick-Duluth Overcoats reflect character. They have approved style and in addition, their wonderful cloth offers such stubborn resistance to Wear and Weather.

Handled where good clothes are sold.

F.A.PATRICK&CO. Duluth
MAKERS OF BOTH CLOTH AND GARMENT
"from sheep that thrive in the snow"

F.A.Patrick & Co., Desk L, Duluth, Minn.
Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated booklet telling more about these good overcoats also your complete line of "Bigger than Weather" Virgin Wool Products.

Name.....

City.....

State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

Lancers led by Cardigan in front, the Eighth and Eleventh Hussars and Fourth Light Dragoons led by Lord George Paget, in support—the Light Brigade roars down the valley.

Six hundred and seventy-three mounted men are charging a hostile army of more than 20,000. Aghast, the spectators on the hillsides watch them go. A French officer murmurs a sentence which becomes a classic:

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!"

A company cook in the British lines catches a horse and joins the charge, brandishing a cleaver.

Out in front of the Light Brigade gallops a desperate horseman—Captain Nolan—apparently trying to turn the charging lines toward the guns on the heights. A fragment of shell strikes him full in the chest.

Erect in his stirrups, but a dead man, Captain Nolan is carried back through the first line. The Light Brigade thunders past.

The terrific Russian cross-fire is raking the first line. Every instant saddles are emptying. But not once does Lord Cardigan turn his head. He knows by the thunder of hoofs that the Light Brigade follows fast.

Only, he murmurs to himself: "Here goes the last of the Brudenells!"

With the Light Brigade rides a young recruit, Trooper Edwin Hughes, who is to become, as long years pass, the sole survivor of that charge. A stunning crash and he is down, his horse kicking in agony. He tries to rise, and falls back. For him the day is done.

And now the battery at the end of the valley is belching its clouds of smoke and flame, directly in front. A scant 100 men are left in the first line. Now there are seventy. Now—fifty. Five out of six are down.

Faster and faster the pace, wilder and tenser the faces of the riders who remain. There was never a charge like this before in history; nor will there ever be such a one again.

The battery in front blasts out a last salvo. No power on earth can stop the remnant of the Light Brigade now. They are on top of the guns, in a storm of sabers and lances. Lord Cardigan bursts clear through the battery.

THIS drawing of the historic charge was made by William Simpson for an English book, The Campaign in the Crimea, published in 1855, one year after the battle.

ON he goes, a single Hussar against the thousands of Russian horse behind the guns. He reins up and coolly surveys them; but a lance enters his thigh. Smoke rolls to right and left. Not a sign can he see of the fighting fragments of the Light Brigade—only a chaos of disabled men and horses retreating up the valley. He sweeps aside the lances, wheels his hunter, and rides back the long mile and a quarter to the British position.

The second line of the Light Brigade, headed by Lord George Paget, has whirled down upon the guns. Through the smoke they see Cossacks limbering up in haste. From the throat of an officer bursts the shout:

"Tally-ho!"

It is the cry of the hunting-field in the pit of death.

The incredible has been accomplished. Here and there, in bands of fifteen and twenty, in groups of three and four, and even singly, the remnants of the Light Brigade are flinging themselves on the thousands of Cossacks. The Cossacks can not fathom this fury of a handful against a host. They roll back. A bare 200 desperate

SHOWING the location of the Balaklava battle-field, as that section of the world was then divided.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY who should be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They hear so many fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they become awe-struck, and entirely overlook the fact that $25, $50, $100, or more can be very conveniently and frequently earned for material that takes little time to write—things that they might turn out in spare time if they tried.

Do your friends say:

"One who can write such interesting letters as yours ought to take up writing for profit"?

"If you could only write that as interestingly as you tell it, you could sell it for publication"?

Your friends may be nearer the truth than you think. Telling good stories—or writing good letters—is only one step removed from writing salable stories and articles. It's all a matter of technique and confidence.

Sold two stories in one month

"After only a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the *American Machinist;* the other was for a humorous story in the *American Merchant Magazine.*" F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo.

You can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers an intimate course in practical writing—a course as free from academic "isms" and "ologies" as a newspaper office—a course as *modern* as the latest edition of this morning's paper.

Week by week, you are mailed actual assignments—just as if you were being broken in on a great metropolitan daily. Your work is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are co-operating in this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing.

How You Start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. Newspaper Institute of America, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit.

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)

8J267

CANDY
for Hallowe'en

Witching Time Is Candy Time

There is a witchery in candy that makes "Witching Time" perfect. ∾ It is the witchery of delicious taste—of cheer—of love—of good fellowship.

Make your Hallowe'en perfect by adding to it the winsome witchery of the world's nearest approach to "food for the gods"—CANDY. Enjoy the Hallowe'en candy custom.

EAT CANDY FOR ENERGY

© 1927 N. C. A.

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, 1627 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

[THE LAST OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE]
Continued from Page Forty-five

and scattered men are routing ten times their number.

Agonizedly, the men of the Light Brigade look back up the valley. Will no support be given them? None comes. The Heavy Brigade, following down the valley, has been halted by Lord Lucan to save it from a similar destruction.

Slowly the survivors draw themselves out of the mass of Cossacks, and there begins the terrible re-

LORD RAGLAN (left), whose mistaken order caused the disastrous charge, conferring with Turkish allies.

treat to their own lines. The French *Chasseurs d'Afrique* have stormed the Fedukhine Hills, but the fire from the Causeway Heights still strikes them on their return. Squadrons of Cossacks are out in the valley. Seventy men of the Light Brigade burst through three squadrons of Russians.

Cheers ring out from the British lines as, one by one and in groups, the survivors stagger in. The captain of a horse artillery troop hears Lord Cardigan remark:

"These Cossack lances are deuced blunt. They tickle one's ribs."

Lord George Paget, one of the last out of the valley, meets the leader of the Light Brigade.

"Hello," he inquires; "weren't you there?"

"Wasn't I, though!" retorts Lord Cardigan.

FOR years Lord Cardigan is to put up a fierce defense of his procedure in returning with the wounded of the first line. Lord Lucan, recalled to London, demands a court-martial to clear him of any hint of inefficiency. The court-martial is refused.

No further light is cast by survivors on how the blunder came about. It remains still in the realm of controversy.

The tragic roll is called on the field. In an action which took between twenty and twenty-five minutes from start to finish, the Light Brigade, out of 673 men, lost 127 killed, 104 wounded, and 73 prisoners, almost half its strength. Nearly 500 horses were killed. These seem to be the most reliable figures.

The Battle of Balaklava is practically over with the charge of the Light Brigade.

The Russians are allowed to hold their ground.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

EARN $75 to $125 WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME

A STENOGRAPHER earned $1000 during lunch hours. A STUDENT earned the money to pay his tuition at the University. A busy MOTHER earned $800 during spare time selling Hertel

Christmas Greeting Cards

These and countless other men and women in all walks of life have written their money-making experiences in our Free Illustrated Booklet—"How Men and Women Make Splendid Incomes."

A $100,000,000 BUSINESS

It is estimated that this amount will be spent for Greeting Cards this year. That means an average of $1.00 for every man, woman and child in the United States. Share in this profitable business.

$10 Sample Book Free—Get Details Today

No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Weekly pay. Our close co-operation insures your success. Start NOW.

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318 Washington St., Dept. 991—CHICAGO

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

$250.00 Monthly $500.00

Johnson Earned $90 in a Day

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

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The Process Engraving Co., Inc.,
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Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

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NATIONAL EVENTS
Let
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be your eyes & ears

IN the world of sports, athletics, music, politics—you are always abreast of the times with a B-T Counterphase Radio.

The locale of the event matters not—having a B-T Counterphase is just like being there.

Priced from $110.00 up—there is a model to fit your purse.

Write for catalogue.

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UNSEEN
RAZOR CUTS

invite infections!

You give antiseptic care to the occasional cuts of the razor that you *see*.

But even the sharpest of razors makes countless nicks in the skin's wave-like surface that you *cannot* see. These invisible breaks give infections their chance.

A tingling dash of Pinaud's Lilac after each shave—infections can't start! And the clear glow it gives to your skin is a delight!

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store today. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S
LILAC
[*Lilas de France*]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

"Never mind," rises a voice from the ranks of the survivors. "We're ready to go again!"

The troopers of the Light Brigade curse vigorously because their sabers were so dull they would not cut through the thick coats of the Russians.

In far-off England a Poet Laureate reads the Crimean dispatches from the front and draws a sheet of paper to him. One incident of the Battle of Balaklava is to be chronicled in enduring lines:

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

THE END

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

Sally in Our Alley

By Henry Carey

[Henry Carey (born about 1692, died 1743), English poet and musician, wrote several musical dramas and ballad operas. He is remembered chiefly for the hymn, God Save the King, and the ballad printed below.]

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley. . . .

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dressed all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley. . . .

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VOX POP

"Help! Murder! Football!"

NEWARK, N. J.—Jess B. Hawley's article, Football *versus* Suicide, would be more appropriately titled, Murder *versus* Suicide. That "athletic" game of which an ambulance is always a part of the equipment, and a hearse too often the result, is a fine mixture of brutality, insanity, and snobbery.

Will Hawley dare publish the statistics as to the collegiate suicides, and the collegiate football deaths—more properly, murders—for the last ten years?—*H. Williams.*

Naval Preparedness

WINNIPEG, CANADA—In your Twenty Questions you published this question: "Why does a sailor have

thirteen buttons across the top of his trousers?"

The published answer was, "They represent the thirteen original colonies." This is incorrect. They wear them to hold up their trousers, even as you and I.—*Wally Blake, sailor.*

A Statement that Didn't Hold Water

SEATTLE, WASH.—Good Lord! After playing nine holes of golf in the rain, and on a holiday, too, I had to come home and read in LIBERTY that it doesn't rain in Seattle. And the water is still running off me!—*Jack.*

The Story of a Story

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Allow me to congratulate Miss Rita Weiman on the authenticity of her story, Toboggan, published in a recent number of your magazine.

Happening to be the friend who told Miss Weiman the story of the original episode, I was, naturally enough, intensely interested in the evolution of the original theme. It is accurate and vitally true in every way, and that such a thing could *actually* happen, as it did, on Fifth Avenue, proves again that truth is indeed stranger than fiction—though perhaps not so well constructed, nor so interesting.—*M. O. K.*

Man—A Sex-Legged Animal

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—"Fair-player," in Vox Pop, says you can't go anywhere nowadays without seeing girls' legs. Well, for heaven's sake, what of it?

Boys would get along a lot better if they learned to quit this silly habit of attaching a lot of sex significance to legs. We all have them. They are to walk on, and have nothing whatever to do with sex.

I, for one, do not wear short skirts for sex appeal. I wear them because they give me decently comfortable freedom of movement.—*Ruth.*

Pat for Pats

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—If that Vox Popper, R. C. R., from Norfolk, Connecticut, thinks that *Pats Schuyler*, the heroine of A Ride in the Country, was nothing but a mess of current catch phrases about the younger generation worked up in a character, she's got another think coming.

I wonder where R. C. R. has been all her days, that she hasn't seen a girl of *Pats'* type anywhere. And she thinks that girls like Pats haven't any souls! Whew—my bunch and I must be mythical.

Three cheers for *Pats*, in spite of R. C. R.; and long live LIBERTY, with more stories like A Ride in the Country.—*A Friend of Pats.*

That Poor Old Nail

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Say, Rebecca West is the best carpenter yet. In The Confusion Which Is This Life she really hit the nail on the head, and hit it hard enough to split the board.—*Rycharde.*

Artists, Take Note!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Illustrations have ruined so many stories for me that at last I am going to protest.

You published, not long ago, an interesting story, The Skylight. One could not read many paragraphs in it without knowing almost just how it would end, because of the illustration showing the woman being led over to the wall to see her bloody finger-marks.

It was like having the keen edge of your appetite taken off by eating a piece of pie or cake just before dinner.

You would not select stories for your magazine that make the outcome or climax obvious to the reader from the start—and yet you pay money for illustrations that do that very thing.—*Ethel M. Mills.*

We'll See

PHŒNIX, ARIZ.—I would like to hear about Frank Luke, Jr., the American flier—that two-gun balloon-bustin' kid from Arizona. Will the objectors howl about a story from the American side of the fence?—*Leo R. Leaden.*

Expert Comedy

NEW YORK, N. Y.—No articles of prize-fight literature have given me such enjoyment as Edward Doherty's Fair Fight or Foul?

They are the biggest laughs on the "experts" that I have ever read.—*Old Jim Bowman.*

As for Instance

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Yes, and so do I think your magazine from cover to cover, with the exception of Vox

Pop, is very, very foul and degrading. The Vox Pop page is, however, interesting, educational, and all in all generally for intellectual readers.—*Theodeous Brae.*

This Age of Unbelief

OCALA, FLA.—I am sending you a letter I received, together with a copy of my reply. Here they are:

DEAR SIR:

In the September 10 issue of LIBERTY I note you are the winner of the $25 cross-word puzzle prize. Will you kindly inform me if you actually received the money. There has been considerable discussion as to whether or not these contests are genuine and that prizes are actually awarded.

Enclosed stamped envelope for reply. Very truly yours—*(Mrs.) L. F. H——.**

DEAR MADAM:

On September 5 I received $25 in payment for my cross-word puzzle appearing in LIBERTY MAGAZINE for September 10.

If you would stop to reflect a moment, I am sure you would see that no publication so large and successful as LIBERTY could or would do otherwise than keep faith absolutely with its readers. Yours truly, *Charles S. Painter (P. O. Box 412).*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Returning good for evil, we omit the name of the skeptical writer.

Shocking Truth

ALLIANCE, OHIO—As a former member of the A. E. F., I can not keep my peace of mind until I express my opinion of the comments caused by your publication of The Red Knight of Germany.

The editorial in one of your recent issues stated that you had received many protests against the publication of the photograph of a certain slain British officer's body, and each week, in Vox Pop, are many who call Richthofen a fiend, butcher, etc. All of which proves to me that about 85 per cent of the population of the U. S. A. still regard war as a glorious, flag-waving, drum-beating melodrama, and they are shocked and indignant when they learn the truth.

I say, shock them some more! Not until all the people fully realize just what war is, will war ever be outlawed.—*W. E. Harmony.*

The Harshness of Youth

KELLY FIELD, TEX.—A fellow in Vox Pop asked if Richthofen played safe. He played safer than all h—, the dog. There was no lump in my throat when I learned he bit the dust.—*Joe Murphy, Flying Cadet, Army Air Service.*

Go on Home, Satan!

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I like LIBERTY. Stick to your policy. *Avoid continued stories* as you would the devil.—*Dr. C. S. Wasweyler.*

Perfect Judgment

MASSILLON, OHIO—I am a cartoonist by profession. I have yet to see better cartoons and illustrations than in LIBERTY.—*Francis F. Davis.*

Reads Us for Dessert

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I used to eat a sandwich for lunch and spend five cents for chocolates for dessert. Now I spend the nickel for a LIBERTY—and find it a better dessert!—*J. Street.*

Does He Stop to Think?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I note with interest that you are putting the reading time of articles at their head. But why not be honest about it? I figure that you credit the average person with reading 300 words a minute, which in my humble opinion is about double what the average person reads.—*J. D. L.*

Culture While You Cook

BAYOU LA BATRE, ALA.—Since you have been giving us the reading time of each article, and since I possess no

clock, when cooking—candy especially—I time myself by reading one of your articles. And if I do say so myself, the candy's *good.*—*(Miss) Gunhild Jernberg.*

Send Him a Case, Mike!

CHICAGO, ILL.—The most amusing moments I've had in years were when I read The Love Letters of an Interior Decorator. Print more of them and print plenty.—*L. T. Bernes.*

BEG PARDON

LIBERTY'S cover for October 8 showed Lil peering down from a stair-landing at Sandy (invisible in the picture) who had come in "late from the Lodge." Beside her was their dog, Bow-Legs.

We have had numerous inquiries about this cover, the gist of them being: "What is it—a cat or a dog? It has a cat's crouch, a cat's body, and a dog's head."

We admit that, although the preponderance of characteristics is on the dog side, it *is* a queer-looking animal. But, after all, it is Lil that counts most in the picture.

LITTLE Things

A Short Story Proving that Wives Are Unreasonable

By RUTH RIDENOUR

(Reading time: 8 minutes 50 seconds.)

"YOU have substantial grounds for divorce. I will have the papers drawn up tomorrow."

The lawyer's coolly efficient words struck through the surface defenses of the young woman consulting him. She held the disturbance tightly within her and watched the lawyer's calmly moving lips until he had finished, then nodded and left his office—every force of her body and mind intent on controlling the wild emotional clamor within her.

She hurried down the street, straining to increase the distance between herself and the man with the cold eyes and the businesslike manner who had so blandly promised to complete the destruction of her happiness—which already lay like a pile of junked iron on her heart.

The distance to the place where she had parked her car seemed interminable. It had seemed too short, going from the car to the lawyer's office. But now she thought she could never make it before the agony in her broke loose and the disturbing things flowed forth for every one to see.

Her muscles were contracted to hold the things which were like live beasts within her, and she could not hurry, desperately though she tried. Her heels clicked out a persistent rhythm on the sidewalk, like some useless metronome, making no progress. Each click penetrated her whole being and struck with sharp force at the sensitive spot within her heart. It was as though she had been physically wounded and the gentlest contact caused acute pain.

She had gone to see the lawyer in hurt pride and angry determination; but below the surface emotions she had vaguely expected that he might be able to repair the wreckage and by some miracle fit together the pieces of her life that Billy, her husband, had knocked and torn apart. But instead—"Grounds for divorce."

She reached her car. Some one had parked close behind her.

Cars bound her in front and back; and beyond them tall buildings closed in on her; and the sky pushed down on everything. She was crushed to a tiny atom of pain, numbed with the intensity of it.

She started the engine and began to break her way out. Reverse until she bumped the car behind. Forward until she bumped the one ahead. Back crash, forward crash. Bumping the other cars ruthlessly was some sort of relief.

A newsboy on the sidewalk was laughing. A man was attempting to be helpful. He raised his hand. "There, whoa! That's far enough. *Whoa!*"

Bang! She looked at him blankly as she shifted gears.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by O. F. SCHMIDT

Billy drunk — Billy drunk. She repeated it monotonously to herself.

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[LITTLE THINGS
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

"*Whoa!*" Bang!

She had worked the car out of its prison. Big buildings were slipping behind her, no longer binding her. Something broke, and fire came rolling out of her eyes. No, it wasn't fire. It was cold and wet as it ran down her cheeks, and pain streamed into the vacuum left by the tears.

The car carried her swiftly away from the business streets, and then along a boulevard where there were lovely homes set back in trees—each one a creation of that strange unity, family. The foundations of those houses were not stone: they were of that firmer composition, husband and wife.

The clamor of pain intensified. She had been a foundation, and now—scrap-iron. The foundation of something new and terrifying and vacant. "Grounds for ——"

"Oh, no-o-o!" she sobbed with the motor.

Why had that man thought she was the foundation for that hideous structure, divorce? She had told him about Billy. About Billy drunk. Billy striking her.

She had submerged all of her real feelings and told him in a cool, calm voice, as though she were reciting a lesson, of all those ugly things which had torn up her happiness into painful, sharp little bits—the happiness which she had tried to protect and cherish against the awful destructive force, Billy drunk.

BUT she had not told him about the other Billy—the tender, kind, charming Billy who made up for the hideous times by wonderful times when he looked at her with love and reverence in his eyes, cared for her, adored her, and made her infinitely happy.

The lawyer did not know that she was married to two men named Billy. There was the one whom she had loved and married. He would do anything in the world for her and would kill himself rather than hurt her.

But there was the other Billy who interfered with and usurped the place of the right one. He was Billy drunk, Billy tottering in at dawn, his hair and clothes disordered, his face and eyes flushed and distorted and ugly. He would strike her when she tried to help him into bed and tried to prevent him from upsetting the rock-crystal lamp, or from putting his shoes on the lace bedspread.

In that awful hour of dawn when she had lost Billy, she would try pitifully to rescue the little relics that had been associated with her happiness with him—lamps and pretty dishes—from the demolishing attacks of the stranger, Billy drunk.

Her fingers suddenly gripped the wheel tightly. The tightening extended up her arms into her head and down through her whole body. She was approaching her apartment. There was the little balcony where she put the ferns in summer, where she and Billy sat during the warm, starlit nights—where she sat alone, miserably, watching for him to come home.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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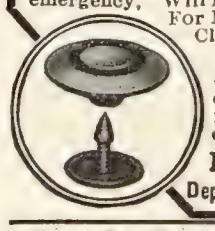

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LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

The windows gleamed, complacently guarding their emptiness. The ruffled dimity curtains of her bedroom ironically beckoned her. Her breath came in painful gasps.

She pressed her foot violently on the throttle. Hurry—hurry! Mother, with her practical, unemotional views, would anesthetize her again.

But the engine had stalled in front of her apartment and she could not move. The ruffled curtains beckoned, beckoned. Her foot suddenly would not press on the starter.

Slowly, dizzily she entered the building, mounted the steps to her door, and unlocked it with her key, as she had done innumerable times before.

THE living-room was familiar with an intimacy that hurt. Soft rugs, lamps, chairs, pillows. Dead roses in a bowl were dropping their withered petals on the shining surface of a table, petals brown and crumpled and neglected.

Billy's pipe, spilling white ashes, lay on the little table by his chair. There were the hollows in the cushions where his body had worn them on the many nights he had stayed at home and read. . . . Funny, she thought, the way a man always selects a certain chair in a room full of them, like a squirrel chooses a certain tree in a whole forest full of trees.

She picked up the newspaper which Billy had dropped beside the chair in a heap like a little tent on the floor. She went in the bedroom. Everything was scrupulously neat, as he always left it.

She made the bed, using reverent, gentle movements in the familiar process. It was a satisfaction, almost like touching Billy himself. She wished he were not so neat. She wanted to putter around, doing many little services for him, touching everything he had touched.

In the kitchen one coffee-cup stood in the sink. She washed it and put it away. He had gone to work without his eggs and toast. Poor Billy—No. She couldn't feel that! . . . Billy drunk—Billy drunk. . . .

She ran into the living-room and stood there, clenching her hands. Billy drunk. She mustn't love him. The peace and beauty of the little apartment were only temporary, artificial. They really did not exist. They had been destroyed by Billy drunk, and she could no longer keep up the pretense.

If she remained there the whole place would go down to destruction, like the lamps and dishes he had periodically destroyed. And she too would be broken so that she could never be repaired.

Shuddering, she dashed blindly to the door and down the steps. Shaking and dizzy, she jumped into the car and drove to her mother's house.

Her sister had company. People. Words. Laughter.

"Won't it be too cute to have a divorcée in the family? We've never had one" . . . "Oh, I am so glad you're doing it at last! Billy was a brute to treat you that way." . . . "There are so many attractive men in the world, every bit as good-looking as Billy, who don't drink!"

She mingled her laughter artificially with theirs and accepted their kisses. She must only see it this way, with the eyes of these girls.

But they didn't know the sweetness of Billy. No one knew that. Pain again. They only knew the horror of Billy drunk—Billy drunk. She repeated it monotonously to herself, and concentrated on the alluring picture of the future they were painting for her.

Words — music — laughter — music—words—laughter. It must mean something or it couldn't fill the room like this. Emptiness can't fill. Listen to them. They mean it. Believe them. Life isn't all Billy.

Billy drunk, she chanted. But underlying the refrain was the motif, Billy is life. Sweet Billy, my Billy. Their chatter, their music, their laughter couldn't drown it out.

Laughing hysterically, she ran upstairs to her mother.

"My dear, at last! I have to go out and I wanted to talk to you before I left. Sit down."

Words, more words. Details. Businesslike, matter-of-fact words like the lawyer's. Mother's words bathed her cool and clean and left no place for feelings.

The divorce as soon as possible. . . . A trip afterward. California. Europe. Soon be forgotten. Lots of nice men. . . .

Then her mother was gone, leaving her feeling very silly, and all those things which had been so poignantly, painfully alive were a heap of dead leaves on her heart, with no place in the practical business of life. Dull anesthesia was creeping all over her again, so that she could not think nor feel. External things were all that mattered. Feelings didn't.

SHE took a pile of magazines to her old room and read as fast as she could, straining to concentrate on the words of the pages.

They all passed through her brain, arousing no response to her dried-up emotions. Occasionally a story of marriage, of husband and wife who had their little troubles but adjusted them successfully in the end, stirred something alive in her; but she quieted it with a bitter, mocking smile and read on.

Dinner. A dry mouth and dry, burning eyes and a big ache filling her. Conversation—polite, restrained, considerate of her. Words, smiles, words. Nothing. Every one acting as though nothing had happened.

After dinner every one drifted about the house, all following their usual evening habits. She wandered aimlessly and restlessly around. Upstairs to her room.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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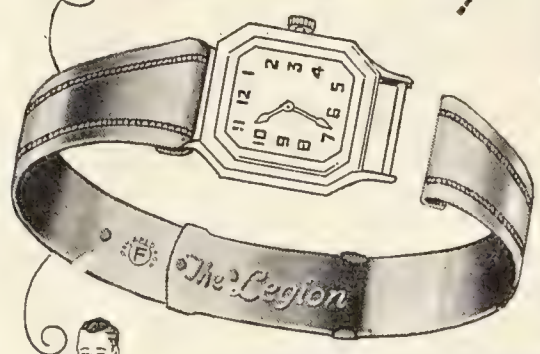

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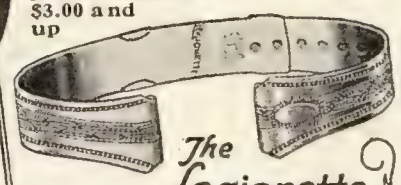

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[LITTLE THINGS
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

But she couldn't be alone. Downstairs to the living-room.

Her father was reading, and she curled up on the couch across the room and tried to read also. From the corner of her eyes she could see his legs stretched out like Billy's. . . . Billy! Perhaps he was sitting like that at home. She would never see him sitting near her in the rose lamplight again.

But no; he wouldn't be at home tonight, the third night she had left him. He would be out drunk some place tonight, because he had been at home last night. She must not think about him.

Her gaze wandered from her father's legs to the lamp beside him. It cast a pale-green light. Her rose lamp cast a prettier glow than this one. She wished she could see the glow of her own lamp again—for the last time. She wanted poignantly to see the whole apartment just once more before it became a heap of debris—scrap-iron, like her life.

She did not want to see him. . . . But of course he would not be there. He couldn't stay home alone two successive nights. She wanted to see the rooms and all the pretty little things that had been intimate with them in their happiness. . . . Those little things, after all, had contributed most of the beauty to her life with Billy. She needn't sacrifice them along with Billy.

Just a few blocks away stood all of the dear things of her life, alone, guarded by those blank curtained windows. . . .

SHE slipped quietly out of the room and out of the house. She coasted her car out of the garage and drove it flying down the dimly lit streets. . . . She didn't look up at the windows. Breathlessly; silently, she flew up the steps and opened the door.

He was sitting in his chair, his pipe spilling white ashes on the little table beside him, his newspaper fallen in a little heap on the floor, his head sunk on his chest and a brooding misery drawing the skin tightly across his cheek-bones and twisting his mouth down.

His eyes raised with a startled wonder in them. Love and a sudden incredulous happiness drove the shame and contrition and misery from his face as she knelt before him, and he clasped her closely in his arms. Everything ugly and painful flowed gently out of her and an ecstasy and peace filled the vacuum.

"I thought you had left me for good this time. Never, never frighten me like that again," he murmured brokenly.

"Promise me you will never, never leave me again?" he asked, lifting her face up to his.

"I promise—if you will promise never, never to drink again."

"I promise."

And they both sighed as they clung close to one another with the glorious delight of their sudden release from pain, and sighed again because they both remembered how many times those same promises had been made before.

THE END

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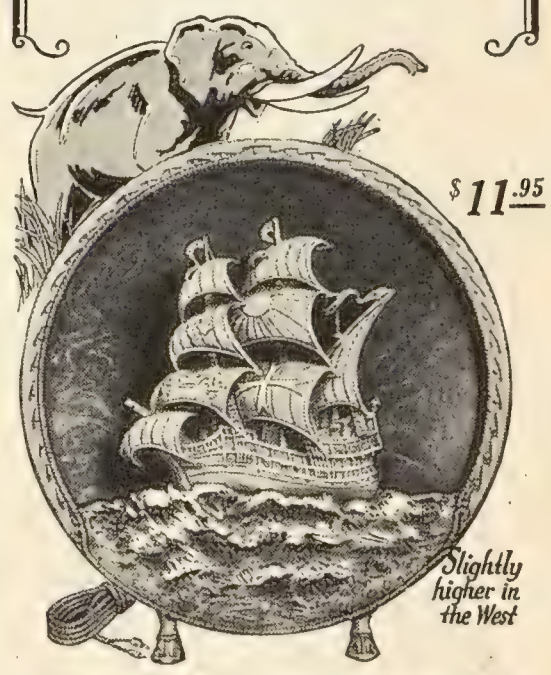

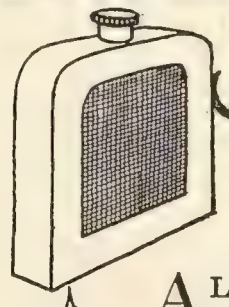

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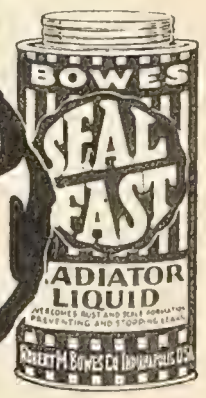


WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

The Red Knight of Germany

A CAMOUFLAGED British battery of anti-aircraft guns operating on the coast of France early in 1918 to repel German bombing planes. An exhausted gunner is sleeping in the foreground.

Richthofen "Shoots a Triple" and Gets Another Medal—The Luckiest Man Alive Tells His Tale

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: On March 21, 1918, the Germans launched their last great drive for the Channel ports, and three days later the British retreat began. The ground battles resulted in new demands upon the fliers. Hundreds of pilots patrolled the sky. Fighting increased between large and carefully organized groups of planes. Beginning on March 24, Richthofen shot down four adversaries in three consecutive days and brought his score of victories to seventy.]

PART TWENTY

RICHTHOFEN'S aim and ammunition were proving particularly disastrous in the big push. Having shot down two planes on March 26, he followed it the next day by bagging three more.

There's a mother who lives in Hertfordshire, England, who knows more about Richthofen's seventy-first victim than any one else in the world. Here is a summary of the boy's life written by his mother:

Herbert William Ransom, the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ransom of Newlands, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, was born at Hitchin, July 6, 1896, and educated at Woolton Preparatory School and also at Leighton Park School, Reading, and was entered for Pembroke College, Cambridge. The war prevented his going into residence at Cambridge.

From his earliest childhood he had drawn and designed all kinds of engines and later on rather especially airplane engines. These were all original. He also designed and had built a motorcycle which was of the greatest interest to him, just as the war began. He was given a special prize for the design at his school.

This led him later to go to the Automobile Association and enlist as a motor-dispatch rider with the armored-car division early in October, 1914, when he was just eighteen years old. In a very short time he found himself in German Southwest Africa.

After the conclusion of that campaign, he, with five other motor-dispatch riders, was sent around to the British East African fighting, and it was not until the close of hostilities there that he was able to return to England in 1916, and take up his commission in the Royal Flying Corps.

That long period of stress, privation, monotony, and action in Africa had a great effect upon his character, making him self-reliant and dependable. He passed his Flying Corps examinations and tests with great success and found himself, in February, 1918, in France with the Seventieth Squadron, R. F. C. They came in for the very worst part of the air fighting, and on March 27 he gave his life for his king and country.

Here are the details of Ransom's death by Richthofen:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-first Victory.
Date: March 27, 1918.
Time: 9 A. M.
Place: River Ancre, one kilometer north of Aveluy, north of Albert.
Plane: Sopwith one-seater.
Occupant: Englishman. Burned.

With five machines of Staffel Eleven, I attacked at a low height an English one-seater plane and brought him down from a very near distance with 150 bullets. The plane fell into the flooded part of the Ancre.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Ransom's plane was the only Sopwith that failed to return that day. "Missing" is the only information on the English casualty lists.

For his second victim of the day the flying Baron jumped on a low-flying two-seater plane of the Bristol Fighter type. He brought it down smoking, and described it as burning. Richthofen wrote:

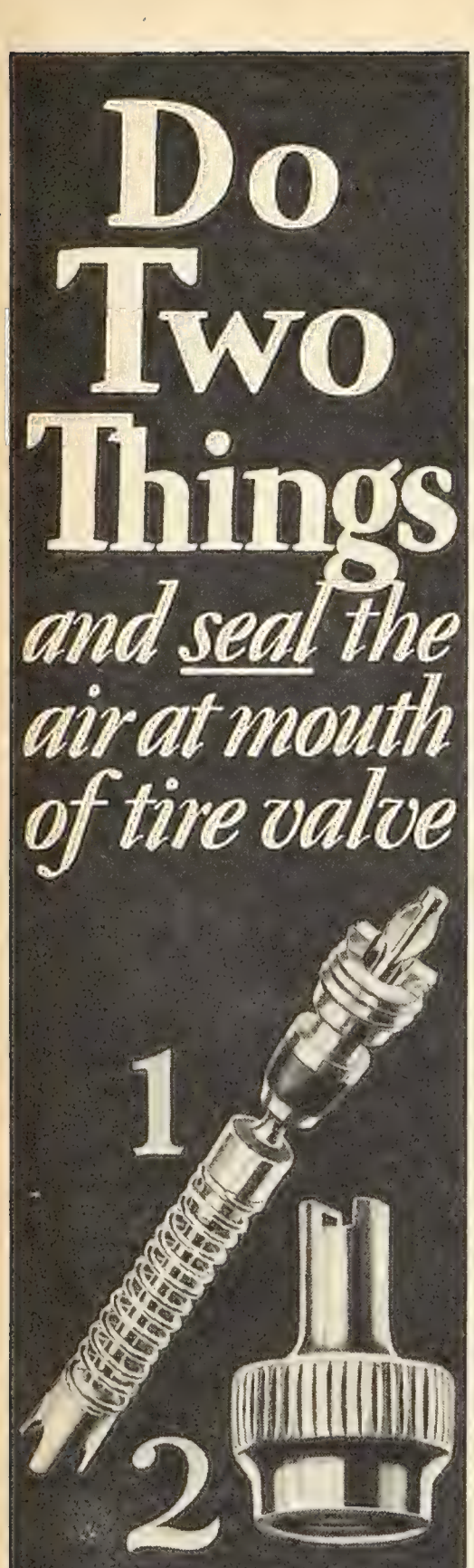
Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-second Victory.
Date: March 27, 1918.
Time: 4:30 P. M.
Place: Two kilometers west of Foucaucourt.
Plane: Bristol Fighter, two-seater. Burned.

With six machines of Staffel Eleven, I attacked some enemy infantry fliers who were molesting our advance movements on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do Two Things

and seal the air at mouth of tire valve



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TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

ground. I managed to approach unnoticed to within fifty yards of a Bristol Fighter and succeeded in shooting it down with 100 shots. The machine went down smoking and touched the ground near some German columns.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The English casualty records for that afternoon indicate that the occupants of Manfred's seventy-second plane were Captain K. R. Kirkham and Captain J. H. Hedley.

Nobody got hurt and a delightful time was had by all, according to Hedley, who, although he was born in England, has lived long enough in the United States since the war to know how to tell a story with an American twist.

Kirkham is somewhere in Burma, according to the best information obtainable. Hedley was run to earth in Chicago and interviewed by mail. Here's what he has to say about his fight with Richthofen:

"I WAS born July 19, 1890. I am a lawyer and a certified public accountant, practising in Chicago; member of the Chicago Bar Association, the Executives' Club of Chicago, the High Noon Club of Chicago, Home Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Chicago; the American Society of Certified Public Accountants, the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, London, England.

"And that's that.

"My military service, I am afraid, was not very commendable. I had a strong dislike for the traditional British army red tape, and on several occasions was placed under both open and close arrest for doing things when they were required to be done, without waiting two or three days for the necessary orders.

"You most likely know the procedure whereby a request passes through all the available adjutants, quartermasters, etc., etc., acquiring a tail like a kite on its journey:

"'Passed to you, please.'

"'For your information, please.'

"'This should be recommended.'

"'Recommended that this request be granted.'

"'Request granted.'

And so on, to the end of the journey, with the same calls and similar appendages on the return trip.

"However, let me add, I never was court-martialed: they always released me as mysteriously as I was placed under arrest. The reaction came along later, in that all recommendations for promotion beyond the rank of captain were turned down when they reached the War Office.

"Also, on the two occasions that I was recommended for British decorations, once for the Military Cross and once for the Distinguished Service Order, both were turned down.

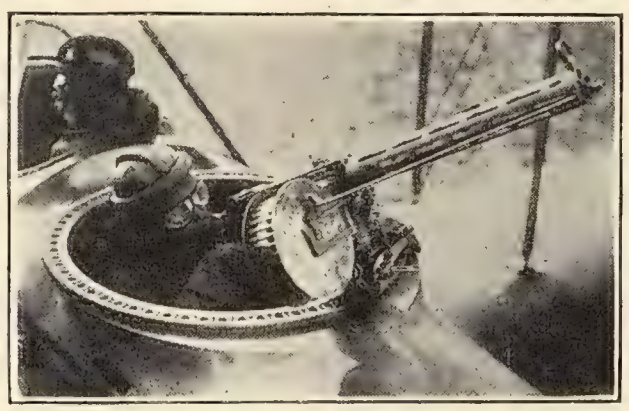
"On the latter occasion the recommendation apparently had to pass through the hands of one of my superior officers with whom I had had an altercation some time previously. At this time I was in the Vimy Ridge sector and had my company of infantry billeted alongside some Canadian troops. To accommodate the Canadians, I moved my men into different billets that were available about 500 feet away.

"When my colonel found out that I had moved without first obtaining the 'necessary official authority,' I got hell, and in retaliation told him: 'This is a battlefield, not a picnic ground.' My recommendation for the D. S. O. was returned to me marked: 'Decorations may look well on a picnic ground, but this is a battlefield. . . . Not recommended. R. H. D. THRING, Colonel, Commanding.' I'll bet old Colonel Thring tells this story of his 'strategy' to this day.

"My military service started the moment war was declared by Great Britain: midnight, August 4, 1914. I was a sergeant in the Northern Cyclist Battalion, a Newcastle-upon-Tyne unit, which was soon dedicated to home service.

"AFTER the German navy raided Hartlepool and Scarborough—about September, 1914, I think—some sections of my battalion (in all seriousness) squatted on the beaches at both places, and fired every available round of ammunition at the German ships.

"This ammunition consisted of .303 bullets fired from the short Lee Enfield rifle. This was the first case of rebellion within me. I felt that we were 'playing' soldiers. Calling a meeting of the boys, we drew up a petition to our commanding officer, politely requesting to be transferred to a 'fighting unit, preferably in France.'



THIS photograph, taken several thousand feet in the air, shows a German gunner-observer defending his machine against British attack.

"For this I was placed under arrest and reprimanded. To cut a long story short, I deserted on December 31, 1914, and joined the Northumberland Fusiliers (Kitchener's Army) on January 1, 1915.

"After many moons of a dog's life in the trenches, and after two prior attempts to be transferred, I was released to take up my duties with the Royal Flying Corps early in 1917. My career in this unit ended when I was taken prisoner on March 27, 1918.

"Officers transferring from a unit in France were required to go straight to a flying unit in France and serve some time as aerial observers before being allowed to go to England for training as pilots. The reason is obvious. So I served

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lemon Juice *for Hair Beauty*

A LEMON rinse gives your hair the beauty of absolute *cleanliness*. The mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of the lemon cuts the curd formed by soap and water, leaving each separate hair faultlessly clean. No amount of rinsing with plain water can remove this curd.

Try it after your next shampoo and feel this delightful fresh cleanliness for yourself. Your hair will be silky, fluffy and soft, and full of a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Thousands of women are following this one best method of insuring the complete beauty of their hair. Whether they wear it bobbed or long they know that a lemon rinse gives the shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

To get the best results, wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

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Street_____

City_____ State_____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 54]

my apprenticeship as an observer before going to Oxford for the pilot's training course.

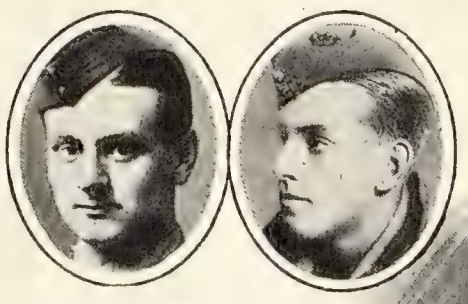
"It has just occurred to me: I *was* court-martialed once. It was on my return to England in December, 1918, charged with having allowed myself to become a prisoner of war. About fifteen generals sat around the table, examining all the unfortunate *Kriegsgefangenen* (if I recall the word correctly).

"I must give those guys full credit—they exonerated me from all blame, and I was presented with a very nicely worded address of welcome from King George.

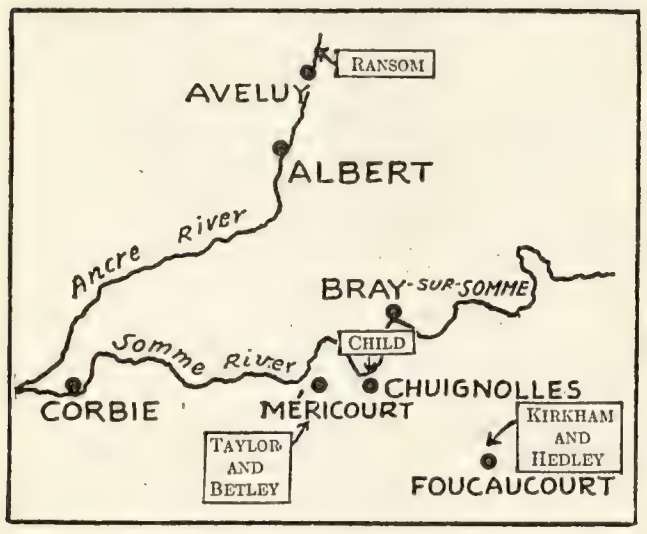
"I was confined in the famous prison camp at Holzminden, whose commandant was none other than Charlie Niemyer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, whom we called 'Milwaukee Bill.'

"Young Cecil Ball, brother of Captain Albert Ball, V. C., was in prison with me, and my dearly beloved friend, Captain W. Leefe Robinson, V. C., who brought down the first Zeppelin at Cuffley. He died shortly after his release from prison.

"I haven't any alibi to offer for the calamity which happened on March 27, 1918. I must admit I was outgeneraled by a better man than I, but if I could have had my choice in the matter I would have chosen none other than the great German ace, Baron von Richthofen, to give me a licking.



Second Lieutenants H. W. Ransom (left) and J. B. Taylor.



THIS map shows where the Red Knight shot down four planes, killed four men, and took two prisoners.

"My record with the flying corps up to the time I was defeated consisted of fifty-three combats, out of which I was officially credited with bringing down out of control or destroying twelve enemy aircraft, and destroying one enemy captive balloon. I was decorated by the French and Belgian governments.

"For six months prior to my capture, I had seen service with Number Twenty Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, the most famous flying unit in the British outfit.

"WE had Bristol Fighter machines, fitted with 275-horse-power Rolls-Royce engines, and how those birds could go. If you recall the weather around March, 1918, when the last great German offensive had got the Allies on the run, the clouds were so low that we had to 'do our stuff' at a height of 500 or 600 feet, whereas the machines were built for duty at about 15,000-feet altitude.

"At 15,000 feet the plane would respond to the slightest touch on the controls, but at 500 she was slow and clumsy and like moving a truck around. That looks like an alibi. I think it's a darned good excuse, because when both petrol-tanks had been riddled, the height wasn't sufficient to enable us to get away. We were about twelve miles on the German side of the lines at that time, I imagine.

"All this took place somewhere in the neighborhood of Albert and Bapaume. I had already been over the lines, road-strafing, that morning. And, on going over, I noticed the British were still in possession of Albert. When my machine was making its last mad rush to earth, I was over Albert, but it was occupied by German troops.

"We came down in No Man's Land, and after a bombardment from a field-gun brigade which practically destroyed what was left of the machine, myself and observer were surrounded, manhandled, relieved of everything but our coats and shirts, and then made prisoners of war.

"From that moment on we had a great many occasions to protest against inhuman treatment, but always got the same answer: 'This is war.'

"Some strange experience, too. For instance, in making the trip from Southampton to New York in October, 1920, I made friends with the doctor and purser of the ship, the S.S. Finland of the United States Line.

Second Lieutenant E. D. Jones, killed in the ace's seventy-fifth victory.

"ONE night the purser was telling me how his friend, a Canadian flying officer named Makepeace, while engaged in an air fight, had thrown his observer into the air by making a sudden vertical dive, and of how that observer fell several hundred feet in direct line with the machine—probably suction or a vacuum had something to do with it—alighted on the tail, and was brought safely to earth from a height of some 10,000 feet.

"I went to my cabin, took out my log-book, and showed the purser an entry, authenticated by Lieutenant R. C. Purvis, Recording Officer of Twentieth Squadron, R. F. C., which read:

January 6, 1918. Mach. No. 7255. Height, 15,000 ft. Lieutenant Makepeace, M. C., reports Captain J. H. Hedley accidentally thrown into air, afterwards alighted on tail same machine and rescued.

"In those days, of course, observers were not strapped in the machines, nor did they carry parachutes.

"From then until we landed at New York, I was the hero, and my glass was never empty."

"THE luckiest man alive": Captain J. H. Hedley of Chicago, who was thrown out of a plane 15,000 feet in the air and, after falling several hundred feet, caught the tail of the machine and was landed unhurt. The diagram (above) shows how he did it.

HEDLEY'S commentaries on his experiences have a rollicking, care-free rhythm, as well becomes the stride of any man who can recount having fallen out of a plane nearly three miles in the air and having fallen back into it. One wonders whether there is any thrill left to which such a man can look forward.

Five minutes after the Baron had vanquished Hedley and Kirkham, he put down his third plane for the day. For this one the record on the English casualty list reads: "Never heard of again." It was a kill.

Much difficulty surrounded the identification of this adversary, but the closest examination of the records indicates that he was Captain H. R. Child, a pilot of Squadron Eleven.

Child's civilian address was the Royal Air Force Club in London, but the records of the club show that he was never heard from again after that night when he lifted his last glass

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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☐ Enclosed find $1.35. Send me trial AIRID Air Valve.

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☐ Send me your booklet "The Little Things That Make The Big Difference" containing valuable heating suggestions.

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Address _____

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

in the club smoke-room and returned to his squadron in France.

Richthofen's report on the fight reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-third Victory.
> Date: March 27, 1918.
> Time: 4:35 P. M.
> Place: One kilometer north of Chuignolles, south of Bray-sur-Somme.
> Plane: Bristol Fighter, two-seater. (Seat of observer was closed.)
> Passenger: Only one Englishman. Burned.
>
> Soon after I had shot my seventy-second victim, I attacked once more with the gentlemen of my staffel. During the fight I saw one of my gentlemen being attacked by a Bristol Fighter.
>
> I put myself behind the machine and shot at it from a distance of fifty yards until it burst into flames. I noticed there was only one passenger. The observer's seat was closed and presumably filled with bombs.
>
> I first killed the pilot and then I shot at the plane until it broke into pieces. The biggest piece of the plane fell near a wood, burning.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

THREE in one day was a pleasant reassurance to the flying uhlan that he was getting back into his old form, but it could not wipe out the fact that the total German air losses for the previous three days had been much larger than those of the British.

On the following day he knocked out another home run for Death and closed his books for the month of March.

His victims were another team of nineteen-year-old second lieutenants: Joseph Bertram Taylor and E. Betley. Richthofen accounted for them as follows:

THE collection of medals which rivaled the Kaiser's. Richthofen's twenty-six decorations, mounted as shown here, are preserved in a glass case in his mother's home at Schweidnitz.

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-fourth Victory.
> Date: March 28, 1918.
> Time: 12:30 P. M.
> Place: Forest near Méricourt.
> Plane: Armstrong two-seater.
> Occupants: Englishmen. Burned.
>
> Flying at a very low height, I saw shells exploding in the air near the scene of our victorious advance on the ground.
>
> Approaching the spot, I recognized an English plane flying homeward at 1,500 feet altitude. I cut off his retreat and gained on him.
>
> After 100 shots the enemy plane was burning. Then it crashed down, touching the ground near the small wood of Méricourt, where it continued to burn.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

There is a noticeable absence of names and identifying numbers on Richthofen's reports during the days of the big German push. This is quite understandable in view of the fact that the Germans were advancing daily. The ground they captured was battle-torn and difficult for safe landing, and communication between the rear and the advance areas was almost impossible.

Three English Armstrong planes were shot down that day, but two of them fell behind their own lines. The only one unaccounted for was that occupied by Betley and Taylor, who were reported lost over the enemy lines.

Betley's relatives have not been located, but Albert W. Taylor, the father of the other victim, lives today in London and has written his thanks to LIBERTY for

> —the only information we have received since our son was reported missing. I think it is quite possible that it was his first flight overseas, as he had left England only the previous Sunday, and it took probably two or three days for him to reach headquarters of the Eighty-second Squadron.

That day of Richthofen's seventy-fourth victory marked the opening of the first battle of Arras in 1918.

While the fighting on the ground continued with intensity, there appears a lull of four days in the records of the German ace's conquests.

Another decoration was the reward granted to Richthofen at the beginning of the last month of his life.

It was the Kaiser himself who signed the citation on April 1, 1918, by which the Red Knight of Germany added another and the last ribbon-hung bauble to the collection that adorned the breast of his dress tunic.

This accumulation of highly prized and well earned symbols of courage represented twenty-six special citations for bravery and service, and included among others the *Pour le Mérite*, the Order of the Red Eagle, the Iron Cross of the First and Second Class, the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, the Bulgarian Cross for Bravery, the German and Austrian Pilot Badges, the separate and highest orders of the states of Mecklenburg, Bavaria, Guttenberg, Coburg, Saxony, Hamburg, and Bremen, and three Turkish decorations.

As the most decorated fighting man in the forces of the Central Powers, he had almost as many medals as the Kaiser. He seldom wore the full set, but he liked the possession of them. He felt that he had earned them, and he had.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Does not depress the heart

That raging headache, that cold coming on, that sharp neuralgic pain—stop them with Puretest Aspirin Tablets! Absolutely true aspirin—tablets so skilfully made that their beneficial action begins in 15 seconds. Never irritate or burn. Sold only at Rexall Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you

You will recognize it by this sign

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

He had won all the martial distinction there was to win except that last and highest one which is conferred on Christian soldiers by a simple burial detail. The French called this decoration the *Croix de Bois*.

Manfred's last medal was granted in recognition of his seventieth victory—the late afternoon party on March 26 when he shot down Leggatt and Reading in flames. The citation did not reach him until after he had added five more to his bag.

The ace's seventy-fifth victory was paid for with the lives of nineteen-year-old Second Lieutenant E. D. Jones and Second Lieutenant R. F. Newton. It happened April 2.

Eddie Jones enlisted in the British Army Reserve when he was seventeen years old. That was in January, 1916. Another year, and he managed to get into the officers' cadet wing of the Royal Flying Corps at Farnborough. He reached the front as a full-fledged pilot before his nineteenth birthday, which he celebrated on March 6, 1918.

Richthofen killed him four weeks later.

Eddie's mother, Mrs. M. Jones, lives today in Wales, where nine years ago she received the telegram announcing that her son was missing.

The comparison of Richthofen's report on his seventy-fifth victory with the British air casualty lists for that day establish in the uniformity of time, place, type of plane, and other circumstances that Eddie Jones and his observer Newton, both of the Fifty-second Squadron, were the victims. They left their airdrome at noon on April 2 in an old R. E. plane, engaged on a low-flying bombing expedition.

Richthofen officially reported:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventy-fifth Victory.
> Date: April 2, 1918.
> Time: 12:30 P. M.
> Place: Hill 104, northeast of Moreuil.
> Type of plane: R. E. two-seater. English. Burned.
>
> Around 12:30 P. M., above the woods of Moreuil, I attacked an English R. E. at an altitude of 2,400 feet and directly under the clouds.
>
> As my adversary only saw me very late, I managed to approach within fifty yards of him. From a distance of ten yards, I commenced shooting into him until he began to burn.
>
> When the flames shot out, I was only five yards away from him.
>
> I could see how the observer and the pilot were bending out of their plane to avoid the flames.
>
> The machine did not explode in the air, but gradually burned down. It fell unsteered to the ground, where it exploded and burned to ashes.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Newton, the observer, was highly praised, not by name but by reference, on the afternoon of his death, when Richthofen sat over a late lunch at the squadron's advance quarters and related the story of the killing for the benefit of an unexpected guest, Lieutenant Lampel.

The scene was an abandoned English hut of elephant iron. Richthofen's officers sat on the four sides of a long table. The ace was seated on a wooden box at the head.

He was wearing a heavy gray woolen sweater, which, being open in front, exposed a leather vest beneath. He wore a pair of yellowish-brown riding-breeches and leather puttees.

ALL that remained of a Fokker triplane after a British flier shot it down behind the English lines. This type of machine was used by the German ace in 1918.

Other members of Staffel Eleven, including Lieutenants Weiss, Wolff, and Gassman, had donned the coats of their gray service uniforms. Some of the fliers still had smears of oil on their cheeks. They were all young and tingling from the last flight over the line.

LAMPEL, the visitor, was meeting the famous ace for the first time. He was shy in Richthofen's presence.

"Take a seat with us," Manfred invited, with a wave of the hand toward a vacant place. "Orderly, another plate and some lunch. It's not much, but you are welcome to the hospitality of our English bungalow."

Lampel asked what success the squadron had had in the air that day.

"I have just brought down my seventy-fifth enemy plane," Richthofen replied simply.

While Lampel babbled congratulations, Richthofen was looking silently out of the door. The obsession of the burning planes was again in his mind, refreshed by the hour-old memory of Jones' and Newton's plunge earthward in fire.

"Queer," he began slowly, "but most of the last ten I shot down burned. The one I got today also burned. At the beginning it was only quite a small flame, under the pilot's seat, but when the machine dived, I could see that the seat had been burned through.

"The flames kept on showing as the machine dashed down. It crashed on the ground with a terrible explosion. It was a two-seater, but its occupants defended themselves well."

"You almost touched him in the air," Gassman interrupted. "We all saw you fly so close to him that it seemed a collision was inevitable. You scared me stiff."

"Yes, it was close," Richthofen replied with a smile. "I believe that observer, whoever he was, was a tough party—a first-class fighting man. I flew within five yards of him until he had enough. But in spite of the fact that I believe I had hit him before, he kept shooting at me even to the very last moment. The slightest mistake and I should have rammed him in the air."

THE tale was interrupted by the appearance of a slim young officer in the doorway of the hut. He held a telegram in his hand.

"Congratulations, Captain, I congratulate you!" he shouted.

Then, drawing himself erect, he announced formally: "His Majesty the Emperor has graciously conferred on you the Third Class Order of the Red Eagle with Crown and Swords on the occasion of your seventieth victory."

The mess rose, the fliers pushing forward to shake Richthofen's hand. The ace accepted the boisterous felicitations with a blushing boyish smile and lips that found no word other than "Thanks." Then he spoke.

"Funny about that Third Class," he said. "I don't recall ever having received the Fourth Class of the Red Eagle."

He took the official telegram from the officer and prepared to leave for his quarters.

"Listen, everybody," he said, standing in the doorway. "I won't be with you in the air this afternoon, but I will be watching you from the ground, and I'll know whether you are doing your best or not. I must go forward and inspect a new flying-field for the squadron. Good luck to all of you."

Under the spur of their leader's parting remarks, the fliers of the circus took the air that afternoon and brought down three more English planes.

One each was bagged by Wolff and Weiss, thus completing a credit of 250 planes for Manfred's original Staffel Eleven. This record was the highest of any staffel in the German air service at that time. The third victim fell to another staffel under Manfred's command, making its total record 100 victories.

Richthofen shoots down his last "double." How the ace's comrades celebrated his eightieth victory on the night before his death is told in next week's instalment.

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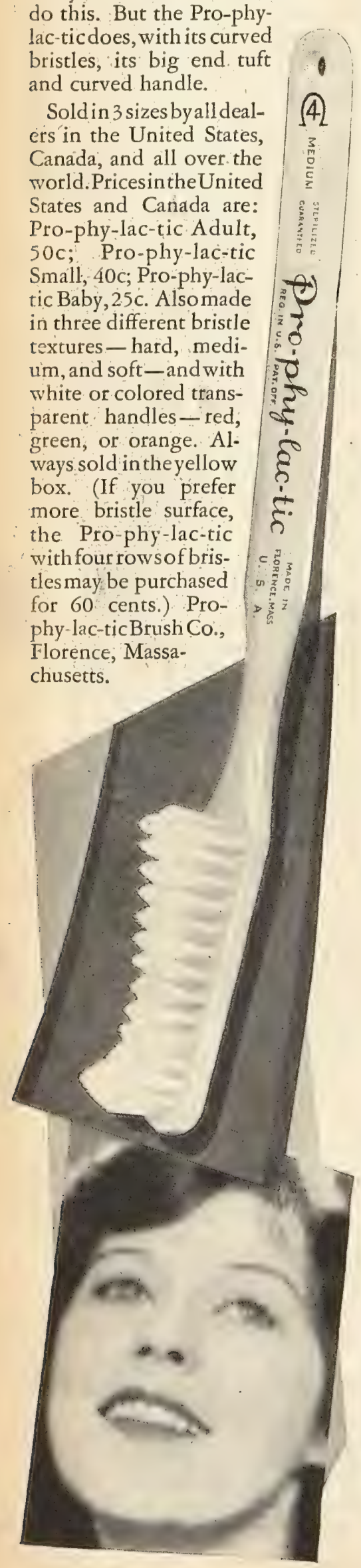


Hallowe'en Housewarming

An' the Gobble-uns'll Git Sandy ef He Don't Watch Out!

A Hot Time in LIBERTY's Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

ELKTON TERRACE was now the newlyweds' Home, Sweet Home! They'd finally moved out of the Morses' house, much to Ma's joy and to their own budget's poignant gloom.

The apartment was a new one-elevator-three-room-with-bath-lovely-view-walk-to-the-office affair. But, so far, the only privilege Lil and Sandy had experienced was the walk-to-the-office part of their realty slogan; the one elevator had sojourned for three days in the basement, and Lil thought the surrounding beauty of barren building-lots wouldn't be exactly a joy forever.

"Beeeeeee!" This was a combination buzz and toot from the Jenkinses' door-bell.

"Oh!" Lil gasped. "The guests are coming, and look at me!"

"You look O. K.," Sandy said, pushing the door-button.

Tonight was their housewarming—a Hallowe'en party! Thirty stacked-up chicken sandwiches in the pantry, four dozen biscuits covered with melted marshmallow and cherries, and a keg of cider!

"Don't encourage people to take more than two sandwiches," Lil warned Sandy. "And don't get foolish on the hard cider!"

"Charmed!" an English voice a-ah-ed. It belonged to Dot Sumner's fiancé, a young man whom, she claimed, she was marrying for his accent and good-looking family tree.

"Yes, so am I," Lil replied. "Isn't our little home darling?" She said this with a hostess air, implying that as a millionairess she did enjoy personally supervising her estate and stables.

"And your cards were so cute," Dot effused, making a *faux pas* by sniffing Lil's artificial sweet peas on the little hall table.

Lil blushed modestly as she led her guests into the sitting-room. In the midst of dictation and filing, it had taken all one morning at the office to compose her Hallowe'en invitations:

Spooks and gobble-uns wait for you
At the Jenkinses' brand-new flat;
It's a Hallowe'en housewarming—but
Look out for the witch's cat!

Sandy didn't see what the cat had to do with it, because he and Lil had a dog. But he mailed the cards without comment.

By 11:30 the people downstairs began to fidget. What kind of new neighbors were these Jenkinses, anyway? There was a great deal of pounding on the floor, and wild laughter, singing, and radio conglomeration made a dreadful din.

But even at that they didn't know the half of what was going on. One of the men had brought Prue Wilson, a peppy black-bottom dancer from the Bijou Theater, who soon transformed Lil's quiet little housewarming into a real hot affair. Prue evidently always carried her baby stare and her flask, and Sandy seemed quite smitten!

"Gosh," Lil thought, watching the little vamp flick her cigaret ashes into the fish-globe, "if I acted like that leech, he'd divorce me!"

She invited her guests out to the pantry to duck for apples.

"Who'll be the first goat?" Sandy asked, smiling in his most winning manner at the theatrical queen clinging to his arm.

"You'll be!" his wife laughed. And she ducked his face up to the ears in the wash-tub.

Gurgle-gurgle! Ugh-ugh! Blub-blub-blub!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Mother Goose's Influence

Three-year-old Polly was visiting in the country. She ran indoors to her grandmother, crying that she was afraid of the cow.

Her grandmother replied:

"Polly, the cow can't hurt you; it is on the other side of the fence."

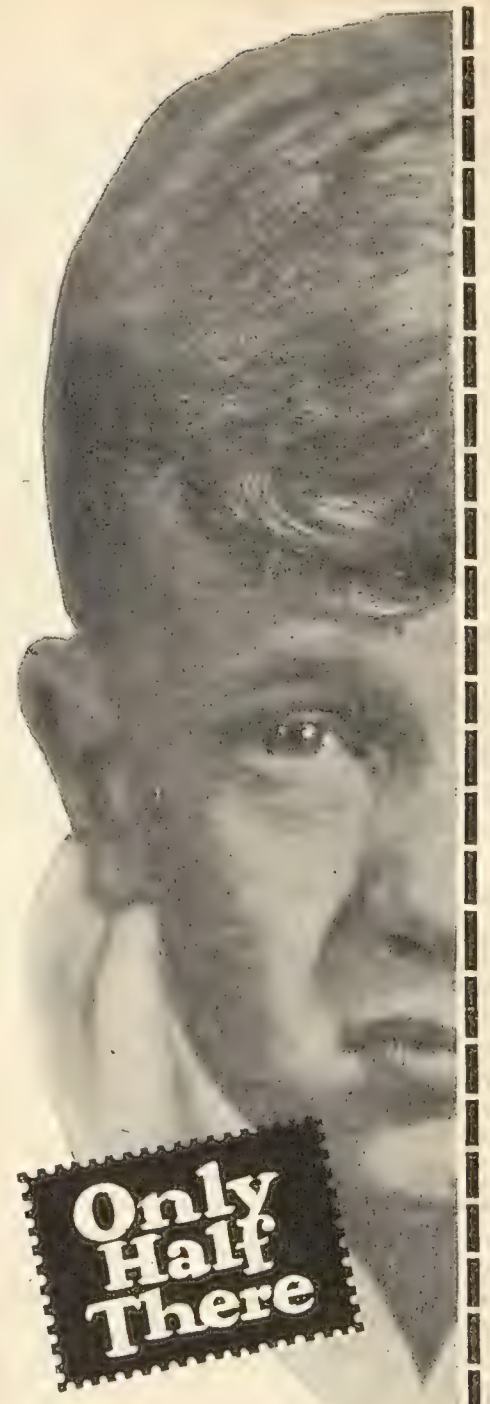
Said Polly:

"If a cow can jump over the moon it can jump over that fence."—Suzanne Edelen, 110 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Born Salesman

A few days ago a little boy about eight years old called at my door soliciting subscriptions for a daily newspaper. When I explained to him that I was taking a daily paper, which was all I had time to read, he replied:

"That's all right, lady; you can just lay these away and read them when you have time."—Bessie Smith, 206 West Santa Barbara Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.



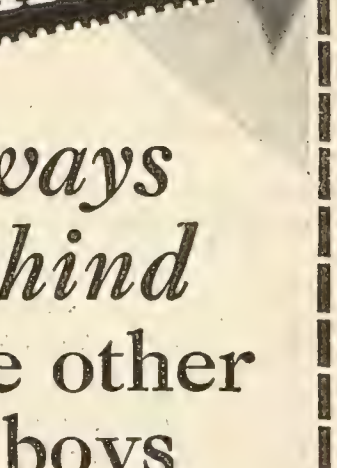
Always behind the other boys

a victim of cachexia (run down condition)

That boy of yours—is he thin, listless, sallow, underweight and understrength—at work or at play always lagging behind the other fellows?

Give him yeast; pure yeast in tasty little tablets that he'll like—Yeast Foam Tablets. Let him eat all he wants. Then watch the youngster come into his full mental and physical powers.

5c for the daily supply at all counters or 50c for the big 10 day bottle.



On Counters Everywhere

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Rain or Shine BE SMART

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ONE of the distinguished artists of France remarked at a dinner party in Paris the other evening that he thought Mme. Chanel was the greatest woman of her day, even outclassing Mme. Curie. When we asked him why, he answered, because she had accomplished the stupendous task of putting all of her sex into sweaters, even for evening costuming!

As he spoke with a certain amount of annoyance and disapproval, he set the whole gathering to analyzing why Mme. Chanel had been able to achieve this feat.

During the sparkle of conversation that followed, a French essayist ventured that Queen Mary of England is the only woman of her day who would dare go to a big afternoon sports event and not be costumed as if she could descend into the arena able to take Suzanne Lenglen's place on call.

This called to mind how perfect a picture out of the past the Queen presents, and we commented on how almost necessary it is now to be actually able to play the golf and the tennis for which one is costumed.

A third brilliant guest at the dinner brought the new French steamer, Ile de France, into the conversation, and said how inappropriate it would be to carry the dashing young sweater-clad women of the period across the ocean in a boat decorated in anything but the austere and straight-line art of the present, as this one is. Pink-skinned ladies lying pronely across tapestries, and bulging tables with curved legs, would not make suitable backgrounds for our travelers of today.

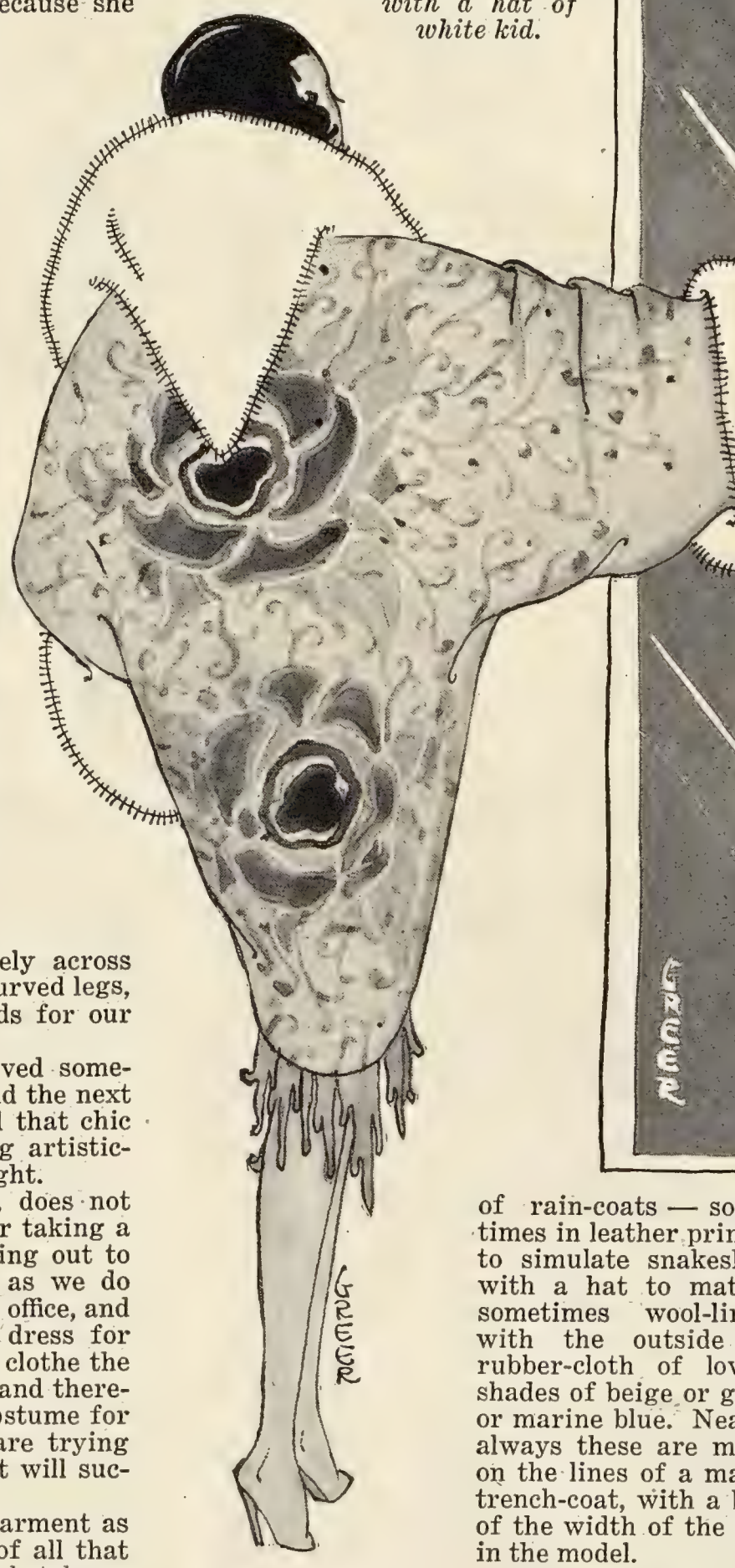
By this time we had almost arrived somewhere in our dinner conversation, and the next moment the clever essayist observed that chic consists in adapting one's costuming artistically to one's environment and thought.

Sports costuming, by that token, does not mean merely the manner of dress for taking a golf-ball round a course, but for going out to face the world, and to conquer it, as we do today. Hence our sports dress for the office, and sports dress for travel, our sports dress for dinner and for the afternoons. They clothe the modern girl in her modern attitude, and therefore have not made a hard type of costume for her to adopt. Whether those who are trying assiduously to persuade her out of it will succeed, is a subject of interest.

Whether she will discard such a garment as the rain-coat on this page in favor of all that the other wrap, which is for evening, betokens, is the tense question of interest in styles today.

For long years, through the rainiest of rainy seasons in Paris, we have all watched the French lady clad, not in such a day coat as the one here presented, but daintily, elegantly gowned in chiffons and satins and lace, going about in the wet and slush, all the while ignoring her lamentable climate. Now no shop-girl is so poor that she can not afford the most chic

A RAIN-COAT by Lucien Lelong, of white rubber-cloth, worn with a hat of white kid.



THIS evening coat is of gold-and-silver brocade, ornamented with clusters of rhinestones and pearls.

of rain-coats — sometimes in leather printed to simulate snakeskin, with a hat to match; sometimes wool-lined, with the outside in rubber-cloth of lovely shades of beige or gray or marine blue. Nearly always these are made on the lines of a man's trench-coat, with a belt of the width of the one in the model.

This, with its perky umbrella, is the offering of Lucien Lelong. It is of white rubber-cloth, and has a hat to accompany it of white kid, which is made with the new, upturned double brim that lies close to the cheek in helmet fashion. The umbrella is of pomegranate taffeta.

As for the evening coat—which is an exhibition of an extremely different ideal in costuming—the artist remarked that even with such an elaborate piece of gold-and-silver brocade as it is made of the designers were dissatisfied. They re-enforced the big metal designs of flowers with threads of gold and clusters of rhinestones and pearls, which spread all over the material.

HOW much in spirit it is like the elaborate garments of the time just after the war; yet how different it is, and withal how modern! In luxury there is probably no equal to it in any of the maharajas' wardrobes, with its collar of ermine, which falls to the bottom of the coat in front, and ends in a V in the back.

The sleeves, edged with fat cuffs of ermine, have been made twice as long as any normal sleeve, and are gathered to the proper length in three different places.

Such are the two extremes in costuming—the former of the present and the latter of a possible future—that Paris is striving for.

Pursuing Youth
Along New Lines

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, October 2.

WOMEN generally have a complex about sports clothes, which accounts for the continued vogue of this style. The root, core, and rock foundation of this complex is the idea that sports clothes mean youth, in appearance at least. They do. No less powerful charm than this could have kept the ladies in sweaters and plaited skirts for such a long, long time. Several years, each one with 365 days, and each day just one sports costume after another.

Yes, sports clothes are perfectly safe and reasonably sure producers of the youth illusion, but a fixation on this one type of fashion is a dangerous complex. It causes stagnation of appearance, and this is opposed to youth, which is always demanding and getting change.

Doctor Paris has dragged this special sports-clothes complex out into the air this fall, proving to everybody concerned that sports clothes aren't the only elixir of sartorial springtime. That knowledge puts them in their proper place, which is sports clothes for sports.

And what is Paris giving us in the way of styles for daytime that are just as young and more alluring? Plenty. The secret of youthfulness in clothes is dual. It lies in lines and in an effect of simplicity. These two qualities are retained intact in new daytime fashions, and to them have been added a variety of things that could not be used for any sort of sports clothes. The youthful lines that lead to chic are new lines. New fabrics, too, are used, and color helps to make the new clothes new.

The all-in-one dress will be one of the important features of the daytime mode as distinguished from the sports mode. One of the new fabrics for the dress of this sort is a new kind of jersey. Jersey has always been a strictly sports material, but the new jersey is not at all so, because it is as thin and pliable as crepe de Chine, and has a decidedly lustrous surface.

Our model from Premet shows a one-piece frock made of this jersey. It is a perfect demonstration of the changing fashion that casts sports clothes for a minor rôle. The bodice of this frock is smocked from shoulders to hips, a novel treatment for jersey, and the fulness from this smocking makes a very wide but slender skirt having an outside hem. The sleeves, too, are smocked from wrist to elbow. A narrow belt of brown sets off the pinky beige of the frock, and the brown taupe hat from Maria Guy is the necessary "repeat" of this contrasting color note. This frock is loosely molded to the hips and has a flowing slender line below.

Black satin trimmed with white lace and rhinestone buttons and buckle makes a smart daytime dress from Paris.

Huge muff cuffs of brown marten give this coat of blue wool moiré from Lanvin a different air. The blouse is of shaded blue georgette.

A more marked version of the same line is shown in the coat-dress from Bernard et Cie. The bronze-green mixed woolen is cut to follow the curves of the upper body, but not too closely, while the skirt flares at the left side front and back, giving a line which is indeed different from those of last season. The diagonal closing of this one-piece dress marks a waistline that is youthfully high, by a big triangular cut-out. The tailored collar is made of broadtail, and the large buttons are of green bone.

When the jumper blouse of sports fame is retained in the new fashions it is usually treated in some new way to take away its sportslike aspect. This is done in our ensemble from Jeanne Lanvin. Here a jumper blouse of georgette, in bands shading from the palest of blue to a deep huckleberry blue, has only the line to remind you of its relationship to the sweater. Lanvin puts an apron front on the straight skirt, which is of deep blue crepe marocain, so that it isn't at all like the usual sports skirt except in its youthfulness.

THE coat of this ensemble for daytime gives us a new coat fashion in its sleeves, which are one of the featured items of Lanvin's new collection. No coat line could be more delightfully young than this, with the slender body falling loose from the shoulders, and the sleeves finished with elbow-deep rounded and flaring cuffs of brown marten. At the shoulders, front and back, Lanvin makes a deep yoke by placing narrow bands of the blue wool moiré, of which the coat is made, in rayed lines from the neck.

Satin is more often worn now for daytime than any dress of the sports persuasion. Our one-piece model (from Bernard et Cie) is made of black satin, fitted at the hipline by a series of vertical inlaid tucks that give fulness to the skirt. A satin sash on the right side is attached under a buckle of strass, or rhinestones, and the buttons between the double lace jabot are also of strass. Tucks on the shoulders give a slight fulness to the bodice.

(At left) The coat-dress, cut on new lines and with novel detail, supplants the sports costume for town.

(Below) The smocked bodice of this one-piece frock from Premet gives a flowing line to the slender skirt.

H A V E A C A M E L

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Festive HALLOWE'EN Entertainment

By ETHEL SOMERS

HALLOWE'EN parties are always popular. They never fail to provide fun for all, and the hostess who would be ultra-smart will do well to book some of her fall entertaining for Hallowe'en. At this season appropriate decorations, refreshments, and games may be had in manifold variety at slight cost.

IN making pop-corn balls, use only part of the hot syrup, adding more after the balls are shaped.

FESTIVELY similar to dressed pop-corn balls are decorated lollipops. These are easily made and shaped and mounted as pictured above.

Hallowe'en Dinner Menu

Iced Green-Pepper Cases with Oyster Cocktail
Baked Beans **Cabbage Salad**
Chilli Sauce
Raisin Brown Bread **Hot Corn Bread**
Fortune Apple Cobbler
Whipped Cream
Festive Pop-corn Balls

Pop-corn Balls

1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar
3/8 cup corn-syrup or molasses if preferred
½ cup water
½ tablespoon butter
1½ pounds of shelled pop-corn, popped

COMBINE the sugar, water, and syrup. Stir until the sugar is completely dissolved. Cover and boil 5 minutes to steam off any sugar crystals which may have adhered to the sides of the pan. Remove the cover and insert a thermometer and cook to 240° F., or until the syrup when dropped into cold water forms a soft, firm ball. Add the butter, but do not stir. Cook to 242° F., or until the syrup spins a *long* heavy thread when dripped from the tines of a fork. Pour a small quantity of the syrup at a time over the popped corn which is still hot from the popping or which has been kept warm in the oven. Stir well and then mold the pop-corn which is coated, dipping the hands in cold water if the skin is too tender to stand the hot syrup. Press firmly into balls and proceed by adding some more syrup. Mold a few more balls, and so on until the corn is completely used. This recipe will make from 15 to 20 balls.

Nutted Pop-corn Balls may be made by adding ½ to 1 pound of crisp roasted peanuts, with their brown skins rubbed off, to the syrup before adding it to the hot popped corn.

Coconut Pop-corn Balls may be made by adding 1 to 2 cups of shredded coconut and ½ cup of nutmeats to the hot syrup before adding it to the popped corn.

Fruited Pop-corn Balls may be made by adding 1 cup of raisins, chopped dates, or candied fruit to the syrup before pouring it on the hot pop-corn.

Pop-corn Figures—Pop-corn dolls may be made by shaping the larger units as described for pop-corn balls, and gently, without stirring, dipping the kernels of pop-corn, one at a time, into the hot syrup and putting them together to make the nose, eyes, mouth, legs, etc. Additional features may be put on with melted chocolate, and attractive hats may be made from gum-drops or chocolate creams.

Puffed Cereal Balls may be made by using crisp puffed cereal in the place of pop-corn.

Lollipops

2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon cream of tartar, or 1 tablespoon lemon-juice or vinegar

MIX these ingredients and stir until the mixture starts to boil. Wash down any crystals that form on the sides of the pan with a dampened cloth wrapped on a fork. Insert a thermometer and cook rapidly, without stirring, to 330° F., or until very brittle when dripped into cold water. Remove from the fire and let stand without jarring until the bubbling stops. Plain lollipops are called barley-sugar candy and usually are not flavored, although any desired flavoring or coloring may be added at this stage. Pour on to a buttered platter or heat-proof glass plate. From time to time turn in the edges with a knife as they start to cool, so as to keep the entire mixture uniformly warm and permit shaping. Before it is firm and yet is cool enough to handle, cut off lollipop-size pieces with the shears, as pictured, dipping the hands in cold water before taking the candy in the hands to shape. Insert the wooden meat skewers as you shape it.

Butter-Scotch Lollipops

1 2/3 cups granulated sugar
1/3 cup corn-syrup
½ cup water
1½ tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon New Orleans molasses
Few drops lemon essence, or ½ teaspoon vanilla

STIR the sugar, corn-syrup, and water until the mixture is completely dissolved. Insert the thermometer and boil to 270° F., or until slightly brittle when dropped into cold water. Add butter and molasses and cook to 280° F., or until brittle enough to snap and crack when broken under cold water. After the molasses and butter are added the mixture is likely to burn, and therefore the spoon should be gently run over each part of the bottom and sides of the kettle in turn. Remove from the fire, add the salt and flavoring. Drop from a tablespoon on to a buttered heat-proof plate, leaving room to insert the skewers. Insert skewers and pour on a second layer of butter-scotch mixture, or shape as described in the lollipop recipe.

Fortune Apple Cobbler

2 eggs
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon soda
¼ cup milk
1 tablespoon melted butter

Apple Filling

6 medium tart cooking apples
½ to 1 cup brown sugar as desired
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon nutmeg

PEEL and quarter the apples. Stack *loosely* in a buttered, deep baking-dish. Sprinkle with the sugar and scatter with the butter and nutmeg seasoning. Place in the oven and adjust the flame, or set the temperature control to heat at 425° F.

While the apples are cooking, beat the eggs well. Continue the vigorous beating while adding the brown sugar a little at a time. Roll out all brown sugar lumps. Mix the dry ingredients and add these alternately with the milk to which the melted butter has been added. Beat the whole vigorously for one minute. Then add the miniature fortune symbols well wrapped in wax paper. Pour the dough over the *hot* apples. Heating the apple mixture tends to seal the lower layer of the cobbler cake and thus prevents sogginess. Bake 20 minutes, or until browned. Serve either cold or while warm with unseasoned whipped cream.

YOU'LL find many new, different, and tempting menus in LIBERTY'S recipe books: 100 Standard Recipes (meals for every occasion); Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks (light luncheon guide); and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes (suggestions for parties, teas, luncheons). Each book is 10 cents—but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use coupon, please.

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10-29-27

Thin ICE

Willoughby Finds Love Stronger than Fear

A Serial by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE tragedy lies in the fact that we have outgrown each other," Willoughby Chamberlain told her husband. "And for two persons to hang together just for the sake of appearances—to me that is simply a—a sort of prostitution."

"That's what every woman says when she wants to get free," Tom Chamberlain answered.

Willoughby did want to "get free" and the answer was: find the other man—in this case a delightful bachelor, Andrew Fernald, a Philadelphia architect.

She had met Andrew when her husband was abroad. Tom had gone to Europe in answer to a summons from his mother. Mrs. Chamberlain, the elder, was not only ill but had a further claim on her son. It was she who furnished most of the funds for his charming California house, his car; who made possible a splendid Chinese cook, Kitty the nurse, and the lovely clothes his wife and children wore. Moreover, Tom, indolent and easy-going, was in need of a maternal calling-down.

Six months later he returned unexpectedly. Tom was no fool. It was only a matter of hours before his wife's manner convinced him that, as he put it, she had "a beau."

Willoughby admitted this very cold fact—made it clear that what she wanted was a divorce.

Tom was equally clear on the subject of his willingness for her to have it—on one condition. Baby Richie, as well as Patsy and Willa, aged eight and nine, would thereafter be *his* children, who might visit her occasionally.

Herself without the children! Her dream of love—of happiness—broke. She knew she must write just one more letter to Andrew—a letter to say good-by.

Part Three

"BUT what petticoats are these, then, Willa? What are these petticoats, Kitty?"

"Those are mine, mother. But now we can give them away!"

"Give them away!"

Willoughby sat back on the floor, before the children's big mahogany chest of drawers, and eyed the maid with the wearied and exasperated expression of one who would like to burst into tears.

"Kitty, I got Willa four beautiful new petticoats the other day," she said sharply. "Did she have these perfectly good petticoats all the time?"

Kitty, who was an angel ninety-nine-hundredths of the time and an infuriating idiot the other hundredth, laughed nervously, and was heard to murmur offhandedly, as she left the room:

"I'm to blame, I suppose, if the children put things in there!"

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"It really is enough to exasperate a saint!" Willoughby said under her breath to her sister Mary, who was a sympathetic spectator. "I go in," she muttered, gathering up a handful of the little girls' linen and carrying it into her room—"I make a special *trip* into town, because Kitty tells me—petticoats—four perfectly good new petticoats— Cold as a tomb in here!"

"HERE, I'll light your fire," Mary Menzies said hastily, bending her splendid bigness toward the fireplace, scraping a match.

She looked anxiously at her sister, out of the corner of her eyes, as she did so. Willoughby was nervous and excited, half ill; indeed, today, she was almost in tears.

"That's better; is there anything like a fire!" said Mary, straightening herself and speaking in a heartening tone. She pushed a chair nearer to the slowly kindling blaze.

"Get your mother her sewing-bag, dear," she directed Willa in an undertone. "Sit down here, Bill, and I'll help you with those buttons and strings."

"For ten days at least," Willoughby said, still in the same constrained, quivering tone, "Kitty tells me that Willa hasn't a decent petticoat. Willa here, who is *quite* big enough to be taking an interest in her own things—"

"Now, listen," Mary Menzies said good-naturedly, soothingly. "You don't care a rap about the petties; Tom wants the children to have ten times the clothes they need, and you're simply letting a rainy day, and Richie's cold, get on your nerves!"

She stretched a small white sock on her fine, big hand, and reached for needles and yarn.

Willoughby was suddenly very still in her big chair. Outside the window the rain dripped and trickled; noisy little runnels sang under the swish of wet leaves. It was mid-morning—gray, damp, dismal.

"You're quite right, Mary," she said in a tired, lifeless voice; "it isn't the petties."

And after a dreadful pause, during which Mary Menzies, darning absorbedly, had felt her heart stand still with apprehension, she added dully, her elbow resting on a chair-arm

MARY watched her uneasily as she called a club number and gave a name; saw the color flicker and fade in the beautiful face.

and her face dropped into her tightly pressed fingers: "Oh, my God—my God—my God, I don't know that I can go through with it!"

Silence. Mary Menzies was a nerve doctor, ten years older than her only sister, used to handling hysterical women, used especially to Willoughby's nature and need. She knew better than to speak.

"Light that light beside Aunt Mary, dear," Willoughby said, after a few minutes, to Willa. "And run down to the kitchen and tell Foy that Aunt Mary has come in to have lunch with mother, and please to have the soft corn bread."

"Mother, may I have raisins?"

"Yes, a few. And bring Patsy a few. But don't let Richie see them, because his cold— Shut that door, Willa!" Willoughby said.

"Mary, I'm sorry to have to treat you to this kind of thing," she presently went on, forlornly apologetic and dignified. "I'll get through it, simply because I have to. It's just—" Her throat thickened. "It's just that I have been almost mad the last five days!" she said, with a painful effort to speak lightly.

"You gave me a hint in your note that Tom was frightfully up-stage."

"He simply doesn't speak. Dressing, breakfasting, in the evenings—simply not a word."

"That must be cheerful!" said Mary. And as Willoughby neither spoke nor looked up from her mending, she added, more seriously: "That's *ghastly*, Bill."

"It's frightful," Willoughby conceded drearily. "I've made every concession," she presently added—"promised everything, of course. I had no choice.

"Mary," she broke out vehemently, "doesn't it amaze you that men *want* women, want to go on living in the same house with them, when they know that the appearance of a happy marriage is all a pretense? Tom *knows* that I want to leave him—he knows that I care for another man. And yet he'll go on, day after day, in grim silence, getting *no* satisfaction out of it himself, and almost killing me!"

"That's a man for you," Dr. Menzies said, almost triumphantly.

She had been a leading suffragette in her day, a rich widow; successful in her profession, she could afford a cheerful contempt for the entire sex.

"It's a man's world, my dear," she reminded her sister. "*They've* made the laws—they've got the say! Why, the idea of a man being able to decree what shall be done with the children that cost him nothing—nothing but the happiness of being married to the woman he loves!" she went on, warming, "and that cost his wife months, years of physical discomfort, pain, responsibility, anxiety, and all the rest of it!

"Now, my daughter," Mary pursued, reaching the one sore spot of a fearless and independent record, "my Mimsie—twenty-three and just going to have a third baby, and married to a little country doctor who's dragged out of his house just as the soup goes on the table—"

Willoughby listened, half distracted, a whimsical smile touching the corners of her sad mouth.

"No divorce for Mimsie!" she said.

"Never," Mimsie's mother answered, a little disgruntledly. "There—there's another complete pair for His Majesty!" she added, rolling up the socks that bore Tom's *T. P. C.* in careful cross-stitch embroidery at their tops.

"But, Mary," Willoughby submitted timidly, "you don't believe in divorce?"

"Divorce is a confession of failure," Dr. Menzies said promptly. "Nobody believes in failure!"

"COULDN'T it" — the younger woman submitted doubtfully— "couldn't it be like a regular dissolution of—of business partnership; just a sensible agreement between two reasonable human beings?"

"Apparently it couldn't," Mary answered briefly. "It never is."

Willoughby, stretched on a chaise longue, her mending lying neglected in her lap, pondered this, her narrowed eyes on the fire.

"Bitterness gets into it," Dr. Menzies said. "Each side suffers. And where people are suffering they've got to strike out. Why, a couple in Sacramento, just this week," she added, "have started the whole place laughing.

"They were going to have one of these chummy divorces, as I call them, in which both were going to think the world of each other, and be the best friends possible—they'd been married seventeen years! And, my dear, the first fight was over the daughter, and then a fight over the house, and now she's suing him for a case of champagne she said her father sent her—"

Mary Menzies interrupted herself for a cheerful laugh, and glanced for sympathy at her sister.

But Willoughby's face was dark and bitter.

"That's disgusting, of course. But what I resent," she said in a proud, cold tone, "is that it has to be made disgusting! I don't want to drag my personal disillusionments through the newspapers; the laws force me to."

"But, my dear, if they didn't drag in the law, you'd just take your children and walk off from Tom! And in these days, when the fathers, half the time, are really more devoted

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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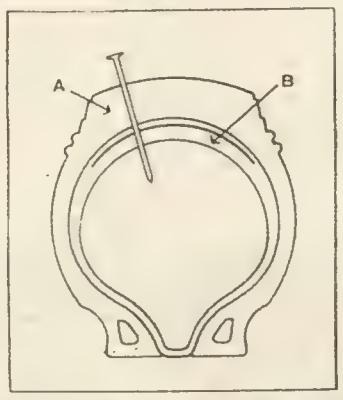


(A) Outer casing, or "shoe."

(B) Air Container, (inflated) in place of ordinary inner tube. Note the compressed rubber on inside, which closes holes and holds them closed like a giant pair of fingers. When the nail is withdrawn, the hole closes and no air can escape.

THE CORD INNER TUBE

AIR CONTAINER

FOR PNEUMATIC TIRES

[THIN ICE Continued from Page Sixty-five]

to their children than the mothers are—"

"No, I wouldn't walk off from Tom," Willoughby said, offended. "I've never done a mean and cruel thing in my life; I don't know why I should begin with Tom! Tom's had a beautiful home, his wife, and his children here for six months, and he's been tearing around Europe—"

"But his mother was ill, Bill, and of course she thought you were coming over!"

"Oh, I know, I know; there's every excuse—and perhaps the best of all," Willoughby said, "is that neither one of us cared one bit about the long separation! It's all—" Her face grew darkly resentful again. "It's all so absurd!" she said impatiently. "This sudden talk of Tom's devotion to his children—of course he loves his children, and I love my children! There's no talk of doing anything but what's right for them.

"After he left, I met this other man," she went on, her voice softening and somewhat lowered. "I felt that here was everything—more than everything—I had ever wanted. He understands me, Mary. He lifts me up—makes me feel that this is the atmosphere, this is the mood, in which I am my best!

"My life here bores me. You can't *know* how it bores me—ordering creamed chicken for the children, answering the telephone, playing bridge, meeting nothing but morons—morons all the time! And now, because before I was twenty years old I married the sort of man who satisfied me *then*—when I didn't know anything about anything—I'm bound for life!"

"WELL, it's a puzzle—marriage," Mary conceded mildly.

"It's ridiculous!" Willoughby exclaimed.

"Ridiculous or not, my dear, you can't change it."

"Well, it *ought* to be changed!" the younger woman said hotly.

"Isn't it possible, Willoughby," Mary suggested, after a space, "that Tom is using the children as a disguise for the fact that he really *does* love you?"

"No, it isn't!" Willoughby answered quickly. "Oh, love!" she repeated the word fretfully. "We *like* each other—we give each other Christmas presents!" she said. "I tell Tom at dinner what Richie said, and he asks me if I saw the editorial in the paper. We discuss going to the Judsons or staying home. We talk about Foy and the girls' school and the weather, and I read him your letters. That's not *love*. We never quarrel, if that's what you mean! This horrible silence now is the nearest thing to a fight we've ever had."

"And how long has this been going on?"

"Oh, my dear, since the day after he got home—a week tomorrow. We had a talk about the whole thing then. I explained to him that, quite without any realization of where I was drifting, I had come to find in Andrew Fernald a friend—a friend—" Her voice thickened treacherously.

"I told him," she recommenced after a minute, quite composedly, "that I had told Andrew that our marriage had reached a perfectly platonic, passionless sort of state when we were just—just excellent friends; and I said—for I really believed it!—that I thought Tom would be absolutely reasonable about giving me my freedom. I can't see *now* that it's anything but perfectly idiotic for him not to!" she finished warmly.

"But that sounds like a pretty cold-blooded proposition, dear," Dr. Menzies said mildly.

AND she looked over at the figure stretched on the chaise longue in some surprise. Willoughby, who was always so generously concerned with the needs of others, must be desperate indeed to fight thus for her own way.

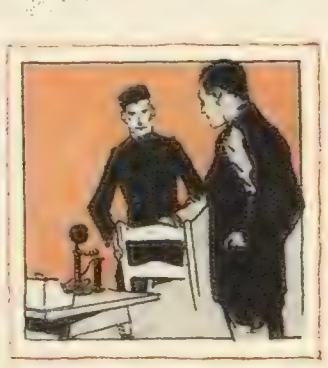
"I didn't make it so, Mary, I assure you!" Willoughby said sensitively.

"My dear, in suggesting it at all you made it so," Mary said. "Marriage isn't like anything else. What would be a perfectly reasonable solution for any other contract doesn't work with marriage. Men—men have age-old prejudices about their women."

"You make us sound like a lot of bushy-headed savages in skins!" Willoughby exclaimed.

"I think I am a little surprised to discover any of the cave feeling at all in you, Bill," her sister countered. "You've always been so wonderful—such a picture of happiness, and capability, and unselfishness. I think I have worried more about you in the last twenty-four hours," confessed Mary, who had, indeed, deserted her practise in Sacramento to come down to see her sister—"than in all the rest of your life!"

With a swift movement, Willoughby rose from her pillows, scattering small garments unnoted to the floor, and came with one sweep to her knees beside the older woman's chair, and arrested the busy hands with her own fine, nervous fingers.



"Mary dear," she said penitently, "I'm not giving way to mere crazy selfishness in this! I've told Tom that it's all over; that I'd make no more engagements with Andrew, write no more letters. But it was a glimpse of heaven to me, Mary—it was *living*—after being starved and stifled for so long. I reached out for it—I never thought of hurting anybody!

"Tom," she said—and paused for a perceptible second—"Tom," she went on, "has the whip-hand. I don't know why he should have; I don't know why a—a gentlewoman, seriously deciding that she wants to do a thing, shouldn't have the right to do it. But that's past. I'm beaten. I'm not going to keep

up the quarrel; I'm going to do my best—my best—"

Her lip trembled, and she put her face down on her sister's shoulder, crying.

Mary was silent, amazed and frightened. Willoughby crying!

"Tom," Willoughby gulped presently, drying her eyes and raising her head again, "Tom asked me to write Andrew that I would never see him again, and he saw the letter—a *beast* of a letter! Just that: that I would neither write to him nor see him again. I sent it—and Andrew answered it—three lines!—and said that he was leaving for Pennsylvania tomorrow. Tomorrow! I'll not even say good-by to him; I'll not have a chance—"

Willoughby pushed the hair from her forehead feverishly.

"Just to have spoken to him!" she said breathlessly, in a low voice, her eyes far away. "Just to have seen him — for ten minutes—one minute!"

"Willoughby," her sister said, in a tone of troubled sympathy, "couldn't you have asked Tom for even that?"

The tenderness of it set Willoughby's tears flowing again. Her lips trembled.

"No, no! You could ask Tom nothing! He gave me only that choice: never to see the children again — *never* — to have nothing to do with them, or to drop Andrew, without a word of explanation, without a good-by—"

"H'm!" Dr. Menzies commented, frowning. And for a full minute she sat thinking. "As a nerve doctor," she murmured dubiously, "I think *I* should prescribe for you an hour in the presence of Andrew Fernald."

"Oh, my God!" Willoughby whispered, the color rushing to her face.

"Does it mean so much to you, dear?" the other woman asked, impressed.

"If I could have one talk, one hour, with Andrew, to go forward on!" she murmured.

WILLOUGHBY simply brought to her sister's gaze the level, steady look of her own drenched eyes.

"You love him so?" Dr. Menzies said, struck.

"Oh—sis!" Her voice was suffocated.

"Poor child," Mary murmured softly. "Isn't it a pity—isn't it a pity!"

"I never should have let myself care—I could have saved myself," Willoughby said presently. "But I thought—if I thought at all—that in a world full—*full* of women getting divorced, mine would—mine would only be one more!"

"YOU know, Bill," Mary said thoughtfully, after a silence, "my marrying at eighteen and going off to Texas with the Doctor was a bad thing for you! You were eight when I was eighteen, and—living out there on the ranch with Uncle Joe, you really had no-bringing up, as far as a woman's influence was concerned. Uncle Joe was a saint, of course, and perhaps he took it for granted that you would absorb the—the rules, the code—"

"What code?" Willoughby asked as the other woman paused.

"Well, the unwritten code of marriage, Bill. That—that men don't make love to other men's wives," Mary Menzies said bluntly, with a keen, almost apologetic look.

The scarlet rushed into Willoughby's face.

"Mary, I know that as well as you do," she said quickly. "I've always despised the way women dress, and perfume, and go about playing with fire, accepting attentions from any one — any one except their husbands! You know that I've lived here year after year," Willoughby went on, "realizing that my marriage was a mistake—in a way—" She hesitated. "In a way," she said again, in a softer tone; "for Willa and Patsy and Richie aren't mistakes!" she amended it, with a rueful smile.

"This friendship," she began again presently, "took us both—Andrew and myself—by storm. It's not—not like anything else that has ever come into my life, Mary. It makes everything else seem—I can't tell you how pale and dull and uninteresting! It lifts me up. I'm different when I'm with Andrew. I'm *alive!*

"However," she went on in a chilled, repressed tone, after a moment, "if I was dreaming, I'm awake now. Tom Chamberlain understands the situation. If he's satisfied with the letter instead of the spirit, I will be, too. I've given him my promise that I'll not make any engagements with Andrew again. I'll stick to the letter of my promise. For the sake of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THIN ICE Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

children, and his mother, and society, I'll go on—fixing flowers, and ordering dinner, and putting strings into the girls' petticoats!"

Half laughing, half sorrowful, her sister turned the cold, stern young face toward her own.

"And getting some pleasure—some happiness out of it, Willoughby!" she pleaded.

Willoughby brought a mutinous, smoldering gaze to bear upon her.

"Oh, I suppose so!" she conceded, with an infinitely weary sigh. "I suppose Andrew will leave for the East tomorrow," she said, in a tone of agony, covering her face with her hands; "and that weeks will go on, months will go on, we'll go up to the Lake, and Mrs. Chamberlain will come back from Paris—

"And some day I'll see in a newspaper that Andrew Fernald has designed the college here or the hospital there—and it'll mean nothing to me, nor my name to him! Perhaps he'll come to Patsy's wedding, married himself to some rich Philadelphia widow—

"Oh, Mary—I couldn't tell him in my note, I couldn't say one word about—about how I feel—I couldn't say that even now—even now—I'm glad it all happened, glad we had this much, anyway!"

DR. MENZIES remained reflective for a few silent moments while Willoughby once more resolutely gulped down her tears, and quite visibly attempted to rally her self-control.

"You see, Bill, a code would help a good many women nowadays," the older sister said, after a while. "No; I know it sounds just the other way!" she conceded quickly, as Willoughby gave her a surprised glance. "I know freedom *sounds* to be the thing," Mary Menzies admitted. "I know it's the fashion, seeing—as we all see—that marriage is a most difficult and unbalanced relationship nine times out of ten! It's the fashion to destroy it, verbally at least, and talk about simpler and easier divorce laws—divorces for every one—no questions asked.

"But that doesn't work. It never will work. My business is dealing with nervous cases, Bill," the kindly, unemotional voice went on, "and half my patients think—and you would think—the trouble is caused by unhappy marriages; by physical or mental mismating; sometimes both at once.

"The real truth is, all this restlessness and flirting and discontent in married life is caused by one thing: the lack of a law, a code, the lack of that something back of the man or woman that makes them feel that the disappointments and discomforts are worth while—are part of the job. A woman thinks she can get away from them, and it drives her almost mad. If she knew she couldn't get free, and the woman in the next house couldn't, and the husband couldn't, and the man for whom she's taken a violent liking couldn't, she'd settle right down into harness and make the best of things—and often it would be an extremely satisfying best!

"Then—for example — you'd say to yourself, Bill, that you have beauty, youth, position, a beautiful home, and beautiful children, and a devoted circle of friends. And, incidentally, a husband who doesn't worry you about other women, who's pulled up pretty well on the alcohol question, and who is—absolutely—just the boy you married twelve years ago!"

"You'd never have divorce, Mary, on any grounds whatsoever?" Willoughby asked in a hard, challenging voice.

"Well, I'm a nerve specialist—" Dr. Menzies offered almost apologetically.

WILLOUGHBY made an impatient sound and got to her feet. She walked to the fireplace, leaned an elbow on the mantel and looked somberly at her sister.

"I'm forty-two," Mary Menzies said cheerfully; "I've been a widow twenty years; and I suppose I am due to become infatuated with a violin-playing youth of twenty-three in a few years more, and take my own medicine. But at the moment it seems to me that *any* marriage has the making of happiness in it, and any marriage the making of bitterness!

"You aren't having any too pleasant a time now," she went on. "In some ways, your life doesn't give you what you want. But in many other ways it does. There are millions of women who would change places with you.

"I often wonder," the older woman resumed, after a pause, "I often wonder if married women would allow themselves these sudden violent affairs if they stopped to think of the cost. They carry them to the hurting point before they seriously ask themselves where they are going to stop—where they *must* stop.

"Now, you, Bill. Suppose yourself to have obtained Tom's consent to everything you asked of him: permission to get the divorce; permission to have the children ten months a year. You let yourself in, in the first place, to infinite discussion with your friends—"

Willoughby shrugged superbly, laughed a little laugh of scorn.

"You take his money, live on it for the six months or eight months before you remarry—"

Color crept up into the younger woman's face.

"After having given him the best years of my life!" she said proudly, reluctantly.

"Oh, that best-years-of-one's-life talk!" Dr. Menzies said. "*Life* takes away our youth, Bill—nothing and no one else does! However—

"You'll have to explain to your children, Willa and Patsy and even Richie, as time goes by, exactly what a despicable person their father was—that no self-respect-

ing woman could manage to live with him."

"Mary," Willoughby interrupted hotly, "I would consider that distinctly dishonorable! I would always—*always* give Tom the credit for being a good, popular, generous—"

"Well, perhaps you would; perhaps you would," the other woman conceded hastily. "But, of course, that might be to sacrifice your children's sympathy. We'll say your job in the next ten years, Bill. It isn't fair to them—it isn't fair to him—to be eternally torn between Richie's having a fever and Andrew expecting you to give a large dinner!

"Then there's the question of other children. You're only thirty-two; you might have another family. It takes exquisite diplomacy, Bill, to adjust the relationship between a man's real son and his stepson—"

"Tom asked me to write Andrew that I would never see him again, and he saw the letter—a beast of a letter!"

that you've explained to them, and they've been made to understand that you are going away from Daddy to live in another man's house—"

"Put so," Willoughby said icily, scornfully, "it sounds an admirable proposition!"

"You take them to Philadelphia, put them in the finest schools," Mary pursued; "you gather other children about them; make a real life for them there—and have beautiful pictures taken of them to send to Tom. Then your husband wants to go to Germany—or the Argentine, or Manila—to build a library; and then what?"

"Then we take them! My gracious, Mary, you make it all sound so difficult," Willoughby said, with an uncomfortable laugh. "We take them, and take a nurse, and have a perfectly beautiful time!"

"My dear, most men don't want to travel with three young children and a nurse!"

"Well, Andrew would. You don't know him. He's the simplest, the gentlest—he adores children, anyway."

"Their teeth, their music, their manners, their faults—all that is

Willoughby laughed confidently. "I think I have it."

"Then why not," Doctor Menzies countered, springing the trap, "why not use it here—in this present situation? Why not win Tom back to serenity? Any woman can do that with any man, especially a man who admires her as Tom always has you, in half an hour. Convince him that you see where the sane and right path lies; tell him this was a hallucination born of his absence—" She paused, expectant.

"Because," Willoughby burst out suddenly, forlornly, "it *isn't*. I'm going to do all you say, Mary," she added. "I'm going to play the game. But—"

SHE walked to the window, looked out upon the streaming gray day of rain and wind and fog; her voice came almost inaudibly over her shoulder.

"But if I could have one talk, one hour, with Andrew, to go forward on!" she murmured, as if half to herself. "If I could see him—tell him just what has happened, just why I am acting as I do!—then, then I think I could go on, reconcile Tom, live for the chil-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Constance Talmadge Says:

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Users of Marmola are not required to adopt abnormal exercise or diet. Moderation aids results, but extremes are not advised. Users depend for the main results on the factors in Marmola.

Take four tablets daily until the right weight is attained, then stop. If again you start to gain weight, take a little more Marmola. Simply use Marmola to supply lacking factors, until Nature keeps the slenderness you desire.

No Secrets

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The factors are known and recognized by authorities everywhere. The complete formula comes with every box, also an explanation of results. This is done to avoid any fear of harm from what Marmola does.

Anyone who suffers excess fat, in any part, should try Marmola. Test it because of what it has done for so many. Also because of the scientific reasons told in every box. Learn why it has held for so many years the top place in its field. Watch the results for a month, then tell others your decision. You can do no greater kindness to friends who overweigh.

Start now. Order a box before you forget it. You cannot afford to stay fat. Beauty, health and vitality forbid it. Learn now how easily Marmola corrects this ill condition.

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Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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Constance Talmadge using Her "Sure-Fire" Thorens

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[THIN ICE Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

dren, and in time make him—you don't believe this, but I know Tom; I know how easy it is for him to forget and forgive!—make him happy."

"Bill," Mary Menzies said irrelevantly, in an odd tone, after a moment of reflection, "you know I have rented Mollie Burke's place."

"I saw that Mollie had gone to Washington," Willoughby answered, surprised, but wearily polite. "It's a darling place, isn't it? Russian Hill?"

"'Way over on Jones Street, on the ramp there. It's an apartment—only three rooms. I sent Hong down three days ago to get it in order for me."

"Oh, Mary, then you'll be here for a while!"

"Well, off and on. I have to go to Berkeley tonight, for a consultation; may be there all day tomorrow, too. But Hong's there. There's no arrangement for him, unfortunately, but he'll get a room in Chinatown, and come up every morning at seven."

"Mary, it's nice to have you round!" Willoughby knelt down again, and rubbed her own against the other woman's cheek. "You're a good big sister to me!" she said whimsically.

"You couldn't—dine—at my little flat this evening?" Dr. Menzies said, in the oddly significant tone she had used before.

THE bewildered, non-comprehending look in Willoughby's eyes lighted suddenly into a wild flame of hope.

"Mary!" she whispered electrically. And then her face fell. "I promised," she said lifelessly.

"You promised—engagements," her sister suggested, with a delicate emphasis on the plural.

"Oh, Mary!" Willoughby whispered again. And, getting to her feet, she walked rapidly about the room. "Mary—it would be taking advantage of the letter!" she said, hesitating.

"Tom knows you are adhering only to the letter," Mary reminded her non-committally.

For a few minutes Willoughby paced the room like a creature suddenly distraught. Presently, sitting down on the edge of Mary's chair, she laid a hand upon the other woman's shoulder, and bringing her eyes, wide and dark in a suddenly whitened face, close to her sister's eyes, she said momentously:

"If I could have that—dine with him, talk to him, say good-by—I believe the rest would be easy; I *know* it would. You think—or perhaps you think—that this would only make it harder. But, Mary, no—*no*—I tell you—" She struggled for words.

"My darling, you frighten me when you take it so hard!" Mary said, really alarmed at her paleness and her agitated solemnity. "I say that, as a doctor, I believe this is the prescription for you," she added, trying to speak lightly.

"You drive me in with you this afternoon, have your dinner—Hong has been forty years in the Menzies family; our secrets are his secrets—and drive yourself home at ten. Or else stay there—I won't be back! You are of age; you aren't a fool; you're entitled to this one last talk with a friend—if it means so much to you—"

"Much to me!" Willoughby echoed, half laughing, half crying. "Oh, Mary—Mary!" And she sank into a high-backed chair, her elbows pressed against her breast, her hands over her face, her whole body swaying gently to and fro.

"Tom is at the club tonight," she said, suddenly looking up with a changed face. "A big dinner. I don't think he wanted to go, but he couldn't get out of it—they made a great point of it, and he said he would sleep there, because he has to be in town early tomorrow. I can stay here until almost five—"

AND instantly she was in the chaise longue again, with the telephone, on its long cord, held against the frills at her breast. Mary Menzies watched her somewhat uneasily as she called a club number and gave a name; saw the color flicker and fade, and burn again, in the beautiful, agitated face.

"Andrew, this is Willoughby."

Then absolute silence, both ends of the wire.

"Andrew," Willoughby said with some difficulty, "could you dine with me tonight—at my sister's little apartment on Russian Hill?"

The room was so still now, Mary's own heart was so still, that she could hear the low, strained voice coming over the wire:

"I would be—I would be glad to."

Directions followed. Willoughby, a faint frown of anxious concentration on her face, got them from Mary, repeated them faithfully.

"And, Andrew, don't send your name up. I'll tell them I'm expecting you—to have you come right up. At seven?"

"At seven."

The receiver clicked into the hook. Willoughby turned a radiant, a glowing face to her sister.

"Willoughby dear—it's dangerous—" Mary reminded her in a sudden panic. "It would give Tom his case—his children—it would change your whole life if he suspected—if he ever found out!"

"Oh, Mary — Mary — Mary! There's no danger! And even if there were—even if there were—" Willoughby half laughed and half sobbed—"we'll have tonight—we'll have our hour!"

An hour. So short a time! But Fate is not to deal with Willoughby in terms of minutes and seconds. The unpredictable thing that happens in that meeting with Andrew leaves an imprint that lasts the rest of her life. Read next week's crucial instalment.

Hallohran

A Short Story of the Cat's Meow

By

GEORGE S. BROOKS

Picture by RICO TOMASO

Hallohran had called for help.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

EVERY night phone operator knew Hallohran well—by ear. He was the capable, cheerful, fearless minority in the Fourth District.

Although, as a patrolman, he could not hope to civilize the neighborhood, at least he was able to quell all open opposition there. He was the Napoleon of Vine, Oak, Cypress, and adjoining streets. He put down revolts and insurrections with one hand, while he extended the other surreptitiously into a speak-easy window for a bottle of cool home-brew.

It was no accident that a sixth-grade pupil in Public School Number Twenty-seven described the Dictator of Italy by saying, "He's some kind of a guinea; but he's a big man like Officer Hallohran, too. His name's Mussolini."

From 8 o'clock at night until four in the morning, Officer Hallohran stood upon his beat like Plymouth Rock and encouraged crime waves to dash themselves against him. His half-hour reports marked the passage of time for the phone operators at Headquarters, so regular they were.

Exactly on the hour, as marked by the clock in Silverstein's Pawn Shop and Loan Bureau window, Hallohran would call Headquarters from the patrol-box at Vine and Oak streets.

"Hallohran o' th' Fourth talkin'. Mark it down. Fine an' quiet," he would announce in a deep bellow that made the switchboard crackle with static. And thirty minutes later, when he had reached Elm and Maple streets, the other terminal of his post, he would call again:

"Mark Hallohran o' th' Fourth. All quiet, except for a few little matters I'll tend to meself on me way back."

He was a combination of police officer, magistrate, house of correction, and parole agent, dispensing his particular brand of justice in his own way. For example, he never arrested wife-beaters, but took offending husbands across his knee under a lamp-post and there administered "a bit o' wagon-pole," as he always called his locust night-stick. There was very little wife-beating along Oak Street.

Nor was Officer Hallohran ever disturbed by accident, crime, or calamity. The gasoline reservoir of the Elite Cleaning & Dyeing Works sprang a leak and emptied into the sewer. A lighted match did the rest.

Excited inhabitants of the Fourth Police District rushed to telephones and in eleven incoherent languages called Headquarters, reporting bombings, earthquakes, still explosions, enemy shell-fire, and the end of the world. The police operators sent five ambulances, the riot squad, the bomb squad from the Detective Bureau, the Commissioner of Buildings, a pulmotor, and the fire department to the scene. In the midst of the confusion, Hallohran phoned.

"Hallohran o' th' Fourth talkin'," he boomed in his usual unhurried tones. "Fine an' quiet."

"Hallohran!" gasped the operator. "Where th' hell are you?"

"On me beat an' duty. Where should I be?"

"We got hundreds of complaints of a bombin' or somethin' on your corner an' we're sendin'—"

"Oh, I know what you mean," the patrolman's voice cut in. "It was right out here. I seen it. Somethin' was playin' tiddiltywinks with th' manhole covers. They was all blown off and one of them knocked me down. I was goin' to tell you t' send down the Gas & Electric Corporation to put 'em back."

Such a man was Hallohran.

At the time of the United Fur Workers' outlaw strike, on the evening that the Mayor called the Governor to ask for National Guard infantrymen to protect life and property, Hallohran voiced an indignant protest.

"If them soldiers come down here," he assured the Deputy Chief, "I can't promise to keep no kind of order down here a-tall. These people keeps me busy an' I got no time to be bothered with soldiers."

It is not strange that a tradition grew up about the man. His "I'll look into it on me way back" was as comforting to Headquarters as a cable, "The marines have landed."

ONE June night, just before Hallohran's ten-thirty call, a woman called Headquarters.

"Police-a-man!" she screamed. "You send help quick. Yah. Send one, two, three police-a-mans quick. Aw, mister, send police-a-mans quick or he get kill—"

"Where do you live, lady?"

She was unable to tell him. Another operator called the city central. "Headquarters talkin'. Trace this call on trunk twelve."

A chief operator traced the call to the rear of a tenement on Oak Street. And when, a minute later, Hallohran's voice boomed over the wire, every one sighed with relief.

"Commandeer a cab, Hallohran. The rear of 639½ Oak. On th' jump, now. Somebody's bein' murdered there."

"Right," Hallohran replied.

Five minutes passed. Then came Hallohran's voice, much subdued. "Listen, Headquarters. You gotto send me some help."

For the first time since Hallohran joined the Police Department, the man's voice seemed troubled, fearful, doubtful.

"Are y' hurt, Hallohran?" asked the operator.

"Just a scratch," the policeman admitted. "Send me some help, quick."

The operator pressed a button to start the patrol-wagon toward the tenement and flashed a warning light in the room where the riot squad was stationed.

"I'm sendin' you help, Hallohran," he assured him. "Hang on for a few minutes, for God's sake. Hang on until they get there."

"I'll try to," Hallohran promised feebly.

"They've got the poor devil," said one operator to the other. There were tears in his eyes. Big, bull-voiced Hallohran, who had stopped a mob single-handed, was trapped in a back room of a tenement.

He yelled to the riot squad and called the reserve inspector. "Hallohran's in trouble at 639½ Oak. In the rear. First time he ever called for help, an' he says he's scratched. I'm sendin' th' squad—"

"Call an ambulance, too!" roared the inspector. "Call in the motor-cycle men. I'll go down myself. If they've hurt Tim Hallohran, I'll bust every head on that street."

Not since an indiscreet pickpocket lifted the purse of the Police Commissioner's wife, had the city seen such concerted activity.

. . . . . .

Over the phone board in the operators' room at Headquarters is pasted a carbon of a report sheet. It tells the story of the night:

. . . OFFICER HALLOHRAN, FOURTH DISTRICT, CALLED FOR ASSISTANCE AT REAR OF 639½ OAK STREET. ASSISTANCE SENT. INSPECTOR KELLY IN CHARGE. INSPECTOR KELLY LATER REPORTS THAT LARGE TOM-CAT AT THAT ADDRESS HAD HEAD STUCK IN SALMON-CAN AND OFFICER HALLOHRAN WAS UNABLE TO REMOVE SAME. (Note to Deputy Chief: Inspector Kelly says Patrolman Hallohran was sober, but is afraid of cats.)

THE END

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Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know
?

THE younger members of the family group, fresh from the old schoolroom, may have an edge on their elders when it comes to answering the following twenty questions.

A wide variety of subjects is covered, and some of the answers to be found in next week's LIBERTY may surprise you. There's No. 8, for example. Unlike most fish stories, though, this one's true.

1—What member of the United States Supreme Court has had the longest term of service?

2—What is the effective range of the present United States army rifle?

3—Why are actors sometimes called Thespians?

4—How many men signed the Declaration of Independence?

5—What is mace?

6—When does the heart rest?

7—What great American university was once called King's College?

8—How long is the longest shark?

9—Where was the Mormon religion founded?

10—Who was the first woman to wear a pair of machine-made silk stockings?

11—When were trade-unions first formed in the United States?

12—What is the largest lake in Europe?

13—What is the greatest number of former Presidents who have been alive at one time?

14—Why was Stonewall Jackson so called?

15—Who said: "If this be treason, make the most of it"?

16—What is "common law"?

17—What great composer became so deaf he could not hear his own compositions?

18—How large a vocabulary was used in translating the King James' version of the Bible?

19—What is the largest library in the world?

20—How many shots can a machine gun fire in one minute?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What is the percentage of college men in Congress?
A.—In the House of Representatives (Sixty-ninth Congress), 69 per cent; in the Senate, 73 per cent.

2—On how many wars is the United States government still paying pensions?
A.—On four, exclusive of the Indian wars. Most of the pensions are paid on account of the Civil and Spanish wars. Twenty widows of veterans of the War of 1812 received pensions in 1926 and nine veterans of the Mexican War.

3—What was the average age of the Americans who fought in the service of the United States during the World War?
A.—Twenty-five years.

4—How many World War veterans are still receiving care in United States hospitals?
A.—On August 1, 1927, 6,350.

5—How many books make up the King James' Bible?
A.—Sixty-six.

6—How deep can divers work?
A.—One hundred and fifty feet is considered the safe maximum; but one dive of 288 feet was made in 1915 to reach the United States submarine F-4, sunk off Honolulu with twenty-one men.

7—How did electricity get its name?
A.—From *elektron*, the Greek name for amber. This was the first substance known to produce electricity through friction.

8—What city has the largest area?
A.—Los Angeles.

9—Who is the only former Vice-President of the United States now living?
A.—Calvin Coolidge.

10—How does a cricket "sing"?
A.—By rubbing its wings together (males only).

11—How long is a tennis-court?
A.—Ninety-four feet.

12—Does sound travel faster through water or air?
A.—Its speed in water is 4,780 feet a second. In air, at ordinary temperatures and pressures, it travels 1,089 feet a second.

13—What was the origin of the marines?
A.—They were first introduced into the British navy to enforce discipline over the sailors.

14—How many pipes are in the largest organs?
A.—About 18,000.

15—Where is the greatest depth in the Atlantic Ocean?
A.—The Nares Deep, near the West Indies, measures 27,972 feet—about five miles. The greatest depth sounded in the Pacific is about six and one-half miles.

16—What present-day sport was invented by the Indians?
A.—Lacrosse. The present name was given it by early French colonists.

17—What early French explorer in America was assassinated by his own men?
A.—La Salle, first explorer of the Mississippi River, was killed in 1687 on the banks of the Trinity River in Texas by disgruntled followers.

18—How many billion-dollar corporations are there in the United States?
A.—Nine. Two of them, United States Steel and Southern Pacific Railroad, have more than two billions invested. The others are the Pennsylvania Railroad, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the New York Central Railroad, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Union Pacific Railroad, the Atchison Railroad, and General Motors.

19—Where did the word "janitor" originate?
A.—It came from Janus, the two-faced Roman god who was the doorkeeper (janitor) of heaven.

20—What nation was founded as a refuge for liberated slaves from the United States?
A.—Liberia, on the west coast of Africa.

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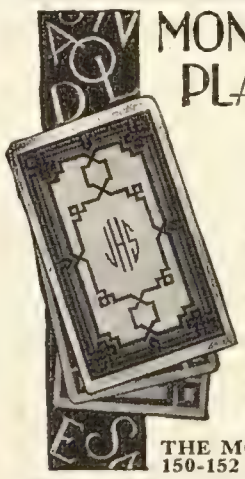

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Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Some Remarks on Creamation by a Dealer in Embombing Flooid

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

EIGHTH SPASM

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

Hotel Aberdaba.

DEAR MARG,—

I wood have written you before this, but I had a terrable hangover. An old buddy of mine dropped in with a bottle of pre war tonsil syrup and believe me dearie it had a jolt like a disaperin gun. Every time you took a swig you would bust write out in flames.

Three drinks and youd neck your wifes grandmother, and HOW. On the levil Marg, Ive seen em take it out of pircerlators, and drink the stuff the barbers use for shampoos, but that hootch would eat away your ants wooden leg.

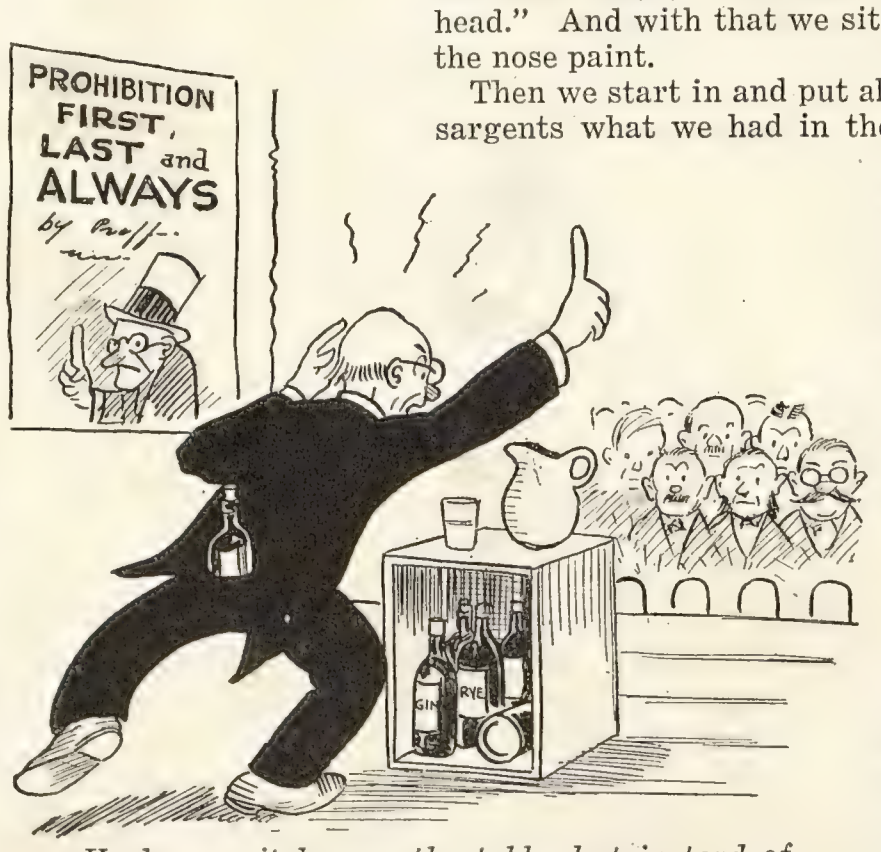
The name on the bottle was OLD EXECUTIONER, but I think it must a bean the soup the yegs use to open safes with. It would take a generil to drink it.

Now I dont want you to get steamed up Marg because I got plastered. I didnt mean to do it, but in this rackit we got to stand for a lot of abuse and besides, if I could hoist as many as your old man I wouldnt say a thing.

Hes about the fastest two fisted drinker I ever seen. Now I aint saying anythin about your old man what aint so Marg, but I just want you to know that I never could drink like him. I think he must a bin baptised in fire.

You kno Im an awful sap when it comes to you. I tell you everything. I guess it must be because I love you so much. Every time I think of you I feel as though I was comin out of an operation. I just get all choked up with remorse and dum like.

Men dont faze me; but YOU—you got me scrambled. Im just goin to write you all what happened because as the poets say "The pen is tougher than the sword," so hear goes—



He has a pitcher on the table, but instead of its bein water—its GIN.

Im sittin up in my room thinkin about writin you and goin over a lot of French post cards when in busts Joe Finnagan what was with me in France. Finnagan takes the hat off the bottle and says, "Here goes the hare off yer head." And with that we sit down and lap up the nose paint.

Then we start in and put all the Captins and sargents what we had in the artillery in the grease. And while we are doin it, a girl friend of mine, I mean HIS, calls up and wants us to come over to her flat as she wanted to have a bit of a party.

So we blow over about 1:30 AM and find three girls and a couple of guys all ginned up playin the piano; and what how. One feller works in a nite club in the orkistra and plays the spare ribs. The tecknickle name is the zylaphone. You know, one of them things what is made of a lot of little boards.

And the other sap played the slide tromboon. Holy smoke, he could blow yer hat off if you stood in Porto Rico. Gee, what a tough egg he was. He could give a hoarse newmonia if he sneezed.

Just a big stuffed shirt. Thats him. And you oughter see him eat Marg. Steaks smothered in chops, thats his dish. He can pack away more groceries than you ever seen. He must a bean the bozo what put the chain stores on the map.

WELL, anyway, while everybody is busy drinking up the giggle soup and dancin and singin who blows in but Pat Hogan with a frail. Gee what a number SHE was. On the square she could take the Prince of Whales without a struggle.

Anyhow, I noticed that Pat was very sad when he came in; so we all tried to cheer him up with the tonsil syrup. But he wouldn't come out of the dumps.

So the frail tells us that he just come back from Filidelphia with his pal Moriarity who died of potomaine poisoning. Then he busts out cryin. So we all start drinkin and the first thing we know the hole works is bellowin like a lotta chumps.

Then he says, "We got to drink to Moriarity." And then he starts in and unraps a can what looked like a tobaco humidoar and puts it on the piano and says, "Here goes to Moriarity." And with that we had another drink.

You see, Marg, the feller was dead and he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

All we did was drink to Moriarity and then start cryin again.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

had him creamated and his body was in the can. So all we did was drink to Moriarity and then start cryin again. Drinkin and cryin, drinkin and cryin, thats all we did.

We had a lotta fun, until the guy that played the spare ribs knocked the can off the piano and poor Moriarity was spilled all over the floor. Then a fight started. We was all fightin.

Somebody throws the zilaphone through the winder and it hits a half a dozen fire escapes on the way down playin the Star Spangled banana. I wish you could have herd the noise.

All the costomers in the air shaft poked there heads outer the winders and were all yellin terrable. Somebody parted Hogans hair with a bungstarter while he was runnin down the stairs after the tromboon player. Gee, everythin would have been alright if somebody hadent put in a riot call.

I had to take the police captain down in the celler and get him cock eyed on the only bottle I had left so I could get out of seein the Bronx from the back end of the patrol wagon. I hate them things.

Well to make a long story longer,—the girls went to work on the sargent and took him up in the flat. They threw a lot of the $1.10 gin under his shirt and told him what nice eyes he had and a lot of gooseberry like that, and the big sap went for the hole dish.

Then they swept Moriarity back in the can and every one starts cryin and drinkin again. Somebody suggested that Moriarity wanted to hear some music; so they put a hand full of stove lids on the fonograph and every body started dancin.

WELL, I dont know how it all ended up Marg, but I sold a lot of stuff, and added another precinct to my list of costomers. And, another thing,—the big blond mama called up and told me she busted her lease. She had been tryin to do it for a long time. So you see I came clean and told you the hole works.

Im always thinkin of you Marg, or my chilblanes. I dont want you to get all heated up just because I was out on that party. Them girls didnt mean a thing to me.

Ive always told you I loved you better than that Polish girl I had over in France,—so you should worry. And another thing; you look just like Delores Costello to me. Beautiful. Thats you.

Its a good thing you live up in Mauch Chunk instead of down here. If I had you hear now, I would take you in my arms and squease you so tight that I would bust every one of your slats. And PLENTY.

Now listen, Toot Sweet;—thats french for sweethart, Dont breeth a word to a sole about my affairs. All this is private stuff like army orders. Be like President Coolidge! You never hear him squark. You cant get nothin out of him with a sponge. Thats why hes always goin to be elected. The people want him. He'll have to put a FOR SALE sign on the White House to get rid of the job.

I WISH you would stop writin me Marg about gettin your brother a position. Just because the corset factory he worked in blew up was no fault of mine. Hes got about as much on his mind as the pigeons on the Library. Hes a Caromel Crusher; thats him.

He couldnt even sink a put if he had it on the end of his fork. I dont want to put him in the pan Marg; but hes a slow ball.

Im not surprized to hear about your girl friend with the crockery eye havin a bust up with her boy friend with the hare lip. I told you when they went for the halter that it wouldnt last! I suppose its bean ringing weddin bills ever since they got spliced. Can you imagine what a sweet pair of lovers they must a made.

The one with the hare lip tellin the other with the china lamp "What nice eyes and hare you got." Thats a laugh. Shes not a bad egg and I feel sorry for her. But if I was married to HIM,—I would buy myself fifteen cents worth of close line and never pay the gas bill.

I just had some new business cards printed Marg, and theyre the nats eyebrows. Im sending a bunch to your old gent to give to the rum hounds he goes with up there in the fire house. Turn the card over and read what it says on the back.

I was down to the theater to listen to a feller what is a candidate on the prohibition ticket give a lecture on Prohibition. It certainly was a pip. He came on with a hangover and couldnt wait till the speech was over so he could get a shot of hootch.

Instead of that, he has a pitcher of water on the table and every once in a while he takes a drink. But instead of it turnin out to be water—its GIN. See America Thurst. Thats him. The only thing whats dry in this country is the Mississippie River.

You remember me writin you about the ELITE FLOWER SHOP we started with the speakeasy in the back? Well, its a gold mine. The money is comin in so fast its brutal. And what do you think? Im thinkin about goin to Europe! The Interior Decorators Peace Conferance meats at the Haig and Haig. We got to discuss this sales resistence business and talk about meetin our quota.

OF coarse, all this is over your head, but if I go Marg, Im goin to write you all what happens on the boat. How the rich guys act, and what the Movie Stars do and all that sort of bunk what wimmen like to read about.

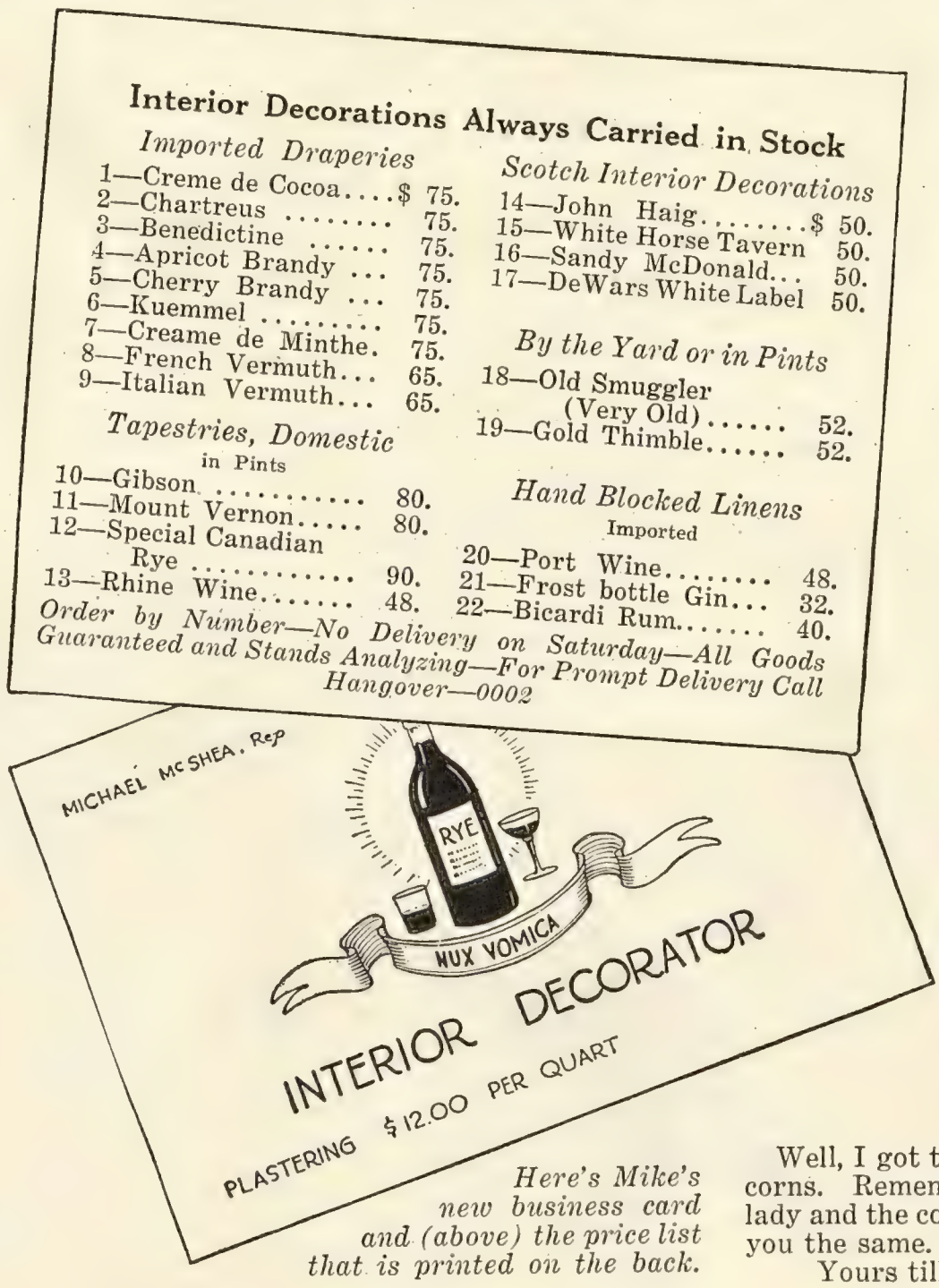
And I may go over to Paris and get some new post cards as the fellers in the hotel got the others all wore out.

Well, I got to go now and fix my corns. Remember me to your old lady and the colored girl. Wishing you the same.

Yours till I say different,
MIKE MCSHEA.

P.S. Tell yer mother to get a leatch for her eye. I know just how she feels livin with a fat head like him.

If Mike stays in love and out of jail Marg ought to get something on the Haig Conferance for an early issue of LIBERTY.



Here's Mike's new business card and (above) the price list that is printed on the back.

AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade—nothing else—that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham-Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—*cutting* your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N.J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. *Sales Representatives in All Countries.*

Special Offer 25c

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25c.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred. Lib. 10

Name.....

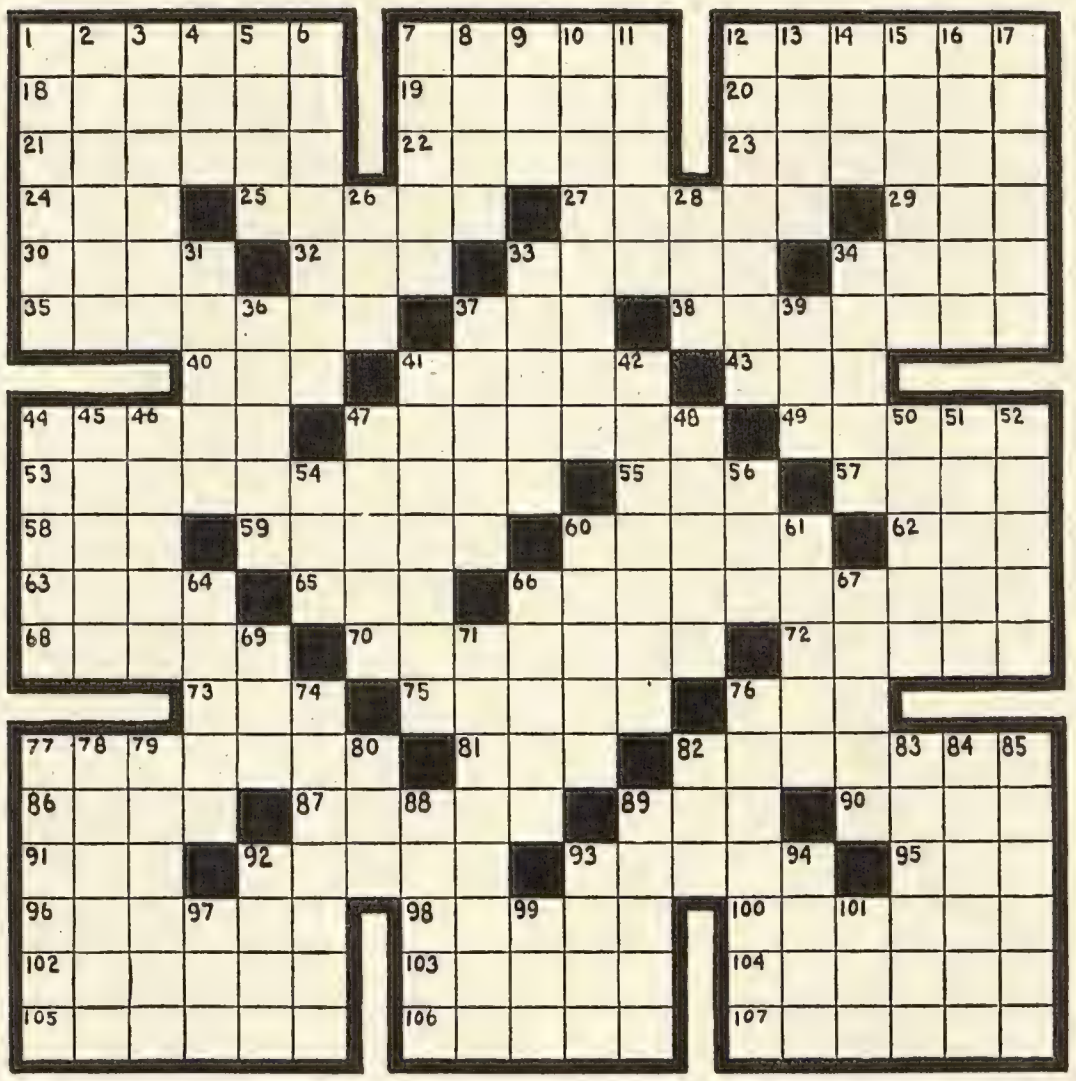
Address.....

Town or City and State.....

I prefer Long-handled Type....Safety Type...

Brains Win $25

LIBERTY'S weekly award of $25 is not for a puzzle *solution*. It is for the construction of a puzzle considered to be the best of those received from time to time. The design must be symmetrical; it must include an all-over interlock; and approximately one-sixth of the total squares may be black. Keep your unkeyed letters at a minimum. If you can devise a design which includes none, so much the better. Abbreviations, prefixes, suffixes, initials, and like forms must be used sparingly and only when they have dictionary authority. Avoid obsolete and foreign-language words. They detract from a puzzle's merit. Trade names, Roman numerals, and possessive forms of nouns are not sanctioned. Puzzles can be returned and inquiries answered only when they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Please do not send loose stamps. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 60

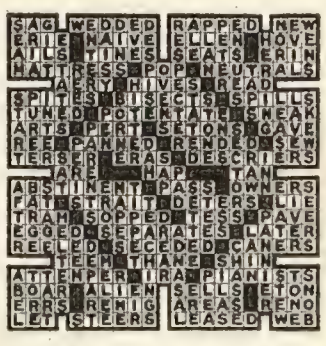
By MRS. W. L. INGHAM, Pawhuska, Oklahoma

HORIZONTAL

1 Spiritual overseer
7 Truths
12 Alarms
18 Pierce with a stake
19 Answer the purpose
20 Progenitor
21 Specter
22 Composition of various selections
23 Fleet of war-ships
24 Cardinal number
25 Exterior
27 Loud, deep cries
29 Breed of dog
30 Periods
32 Free from
33 Animal of the rhinoceros kind
34 Cover with wax
35 Confident
37 Perch
38 Proceeded by automobile
40 Measures of type
41 Plate used in the Communion
43 Conflict
44 Feudal lord
47 Shaped
49 Province in Union of South Africa
53 Presence
55 Morass
57 Crippled
58 Exclamation of contempt
59 Gustation
60 Silenced
62 Serpent
63 Sledge
65 The low of cattle
66 Distressful
68 Eagle's nest
70 Pertaining to a name
72 Deficient
73 Priestly vestment
75 Lowest point
76 Piece out
77 Fascinated
81 Beverage
82 Solutions
86 Depend upon
87 Serious
89 Cavity
90 Break suddenly
91 Tire
92 Bishop's head-dress
93 Prickly seed envelops
95 Bind
96 Established
98 Organ of the body
100 For a short time
102 Civil
103 Dens
104 Coupled
105 Shoots from ambush
106 Poem of lamentation
107 Jeers

VERTICAL

1 Harass
2 Unit of electric current
3 Pertaining to the backbone
4 Substance distilled from organic material
5 Medley
6 Restores
7 Confronted
8 Assert
9 Container
10 Submitted to titration
11 Type of sailing-vessel
12 Bird
13 Vehicles
14 Limb
15 Harvester
16 Bear
17 Produced, as a play
26 Small bird
28 Ambition
31 Prolonged attack
33 Name
34 Skeleton of various sea animals
36 Concerning
37 Dressing
39 Color shade
41 Part of a temporary bridge
42 Nebulous
44 A failing in duty
45 European kingdom
46 Anesthetic
47 Worker in stone
48 Pertaining to dower
50 Forbidden
51 Love-affair
52 Smallest
54 Obstruct
56 Jewel
60 Craze
61 Flat circular plates
64 Journal
66 Beverage
67 Sinews
69 Tree
71 Corporeal
74 Moreover
76 Snares
77 Makes brittle
78 On this
79 Soda ash
80 A speck
82 Tune
83 All
84 Utterer of reproaches
85 Hastens
88 Popular beauty
89 Swelled with pampering
92 Measure
93 Iceberg
94 Aquatic bird
97 Gratuity
99 Contend
101 Hasten



Answer to Puzzle No. 59

Discovered

The Scientific Secret of Caruso's

Amazing Vocal Power

A post mortem of Caruso's throat showed superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle—again proving the soundness of Eugene Feuchtinger's theories of voice production.

Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M., Musician - Scientist, who discovered the function of the Hyo-Glossus Muscle in voice production and a method for developing the singing or speaking voice of any man or woman by strengthening this muscle.

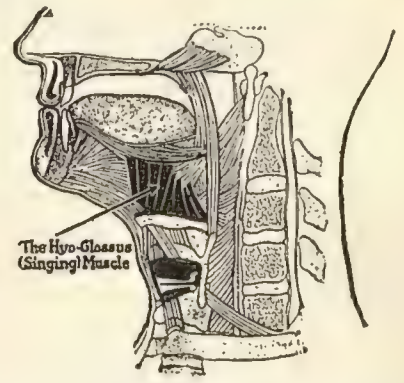


Diagram of the throat showing the superb development of the Hyo-Glossus Muscle in Caruso's throat. Your vocal organ can also achieve exceptional power under proper direction.

WHETHER YOUR VOICE IS strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, you can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glossus Muscle is developed by correct training.

The Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Opera Stars His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America, orators, choir singers, club women, preachers and teachers—over 10,000 happy pupils have received his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are positive.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Physical Voice Culture will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Send for Free Book

Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligation but will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 97-67, Chicago

Please send me FREE your new book "Physical Voice Culture." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering
☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

.....*Age*.....

Five Finger Exercises

By EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by NICKOLAS MURAY

LAST week we outlined the standard method of giving yourself a manicure. As you remember, there were five Don'ts:

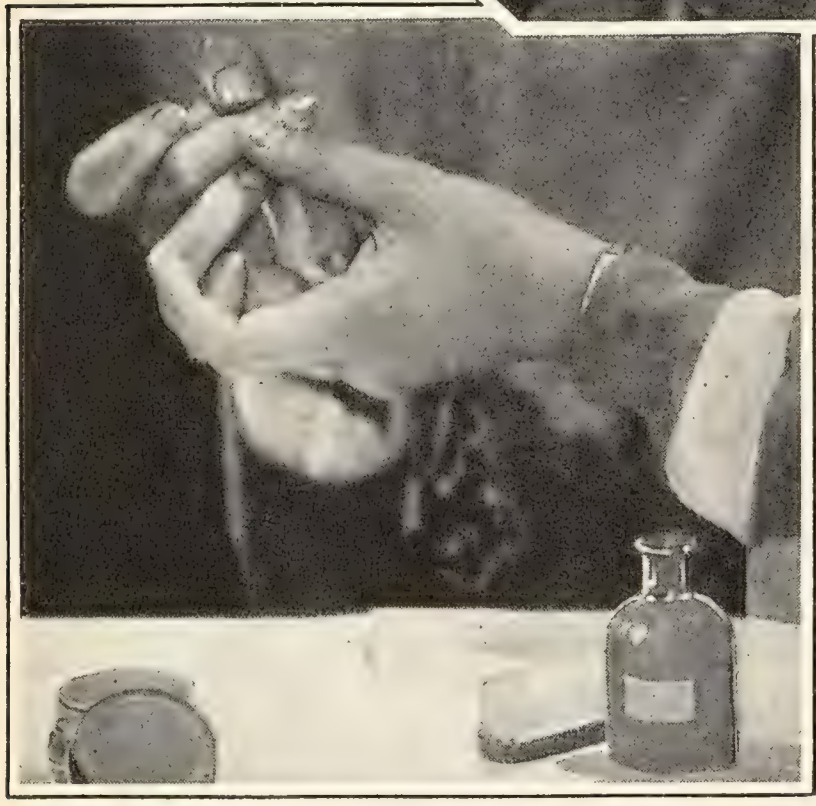
Use no metal instruments.

Don't keep your nails too long.

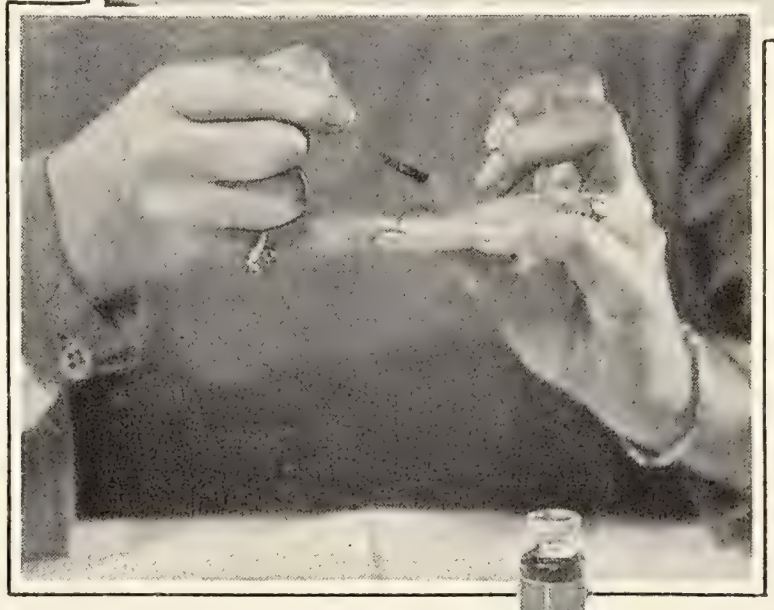
Never press too hard on the base of the nail.

Never cut the cuticle nor snip off hangnails.

AN emery-board is the best file. Begin at the corner and draw the board toward the center. You thus avoid splitting the nail. (Above.)



HERE is the proper position for massage. The two thumbs exert pressure on the flesh; they push back the skin from the base of the nail, and encourage the half-moon. Use cream or oil to soften the skin. (Left.)



A COTTON-WRAPPED orange-stick (above), dipped in cuticle-remover, takes off all dead skin from the nail and lifts the tight flesh at its base.

Don't subject your nails to continuous friction so that they get very hot.

Likewise there are five Dos:

File your nails from corner to center—going with the grain.

Depend as much as possible on the scrub-brush for cleansing.

Encourage half-moons by the use of the orange-stick.

Massage the fleshy boundaries of the nails every day.

Polish the right way.

THE END

FOR dry polish with the buffer, take this position. (Left.) Bring the buffer down with one stroke only—always downward. If you do this you'll never make the nail too hot and, consequently, it won't become brittle.

LAY the brush (left) dipped in liquid polish at the edge of the half-moon and take one stroke at a time toward the end. Never go over a stroke until the nail is quite dry. Do not let anything come in contact with the nails until dry.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 63

CONSTANCE TALMADGE star of "Breakfast at Sunrise" says

"I can hardly WAIT to see

FIRST NATIONAL'S SUPER-MOVIES for 1927-'28!

Big Doings in the Movies these next 12 months . . . Bigger than ever before! . . . Thanks to FIRST NATIONAL. Don't take *our* word for it.—Take Connie's—or anybody else's in Hollywood . . . Out there among the Film Folk the talk is all of the tremendous Super-Pictures that are under way on the First National lot! Sensational stage successes you've been hearing about for months.—Best-selling Novels that have been the talk of the country . . . All with brilliant Stars you'd walk a mile to see.—All lavishly produced, with great directors at the megaphone. Sure-enough—1927-'28 is going to be the GREATEST MOVIE-YEAR you've ever known!!

When the Crowds start Flocking—
When People start Talking—
When the Papers are full of Praise—
You'll know one of
THE GREAT PICTURES
of 1927–'28
has come to town!

NORMA TALMADGE in "Camille"

The screen's best-loved star in the greatest love story of the century!—Dumas' famous stage classic in a modern version of lavish beauty. . . . Already a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other great cities.

COLLEEN MOORE in "Lilac Time"

Will be bigger than even Colleen's biggest screen hits of the past. The famous stage play on which it's based ran ONE YEAR on Broadway. A George Fitzmaurice production.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "Breakfast at Sunrise"

Sparkling romance—flashing fun—Frenchy as champagne! . . . A genuine French farce you're sure to label—"Connie's Best"!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "The Patent Leather Kid"

Now the RAGE of New York and Chicago . . . Capacity every performance for weeks at $2.20 top per seat . . . "Greatest public attraction of the new picture season" says *Motion Pictures Today*. Directed by Alfred Santell.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S "Shepherd of the Hills"

Greatest best-seller of America's best-selling author! The delightful characters 10,000,000 readers have loved will be portrayed by a brilliant First National cast.

"THE GORILLA"

Unique comedy-melodrama that sent records scattering on Broadway. Rapid-fire shifts from hair-lifting thrills to hurricane comedy. An Alfred Santell production.

WILL ROGERS in "A Texas Steer"

The nation-famous stage play with America's greatest wit—Will Rogers! Kidding Congress in a riot of comedy complications. Scenes shot on the spot at famous points of interest in Washington.

"The Private Life of HELEN OF TROY"

Something distinctly *different* in motion pictures. A magnificently beautiful production of the most sensational best-selling novel of modern times. Daring spectacle scenes.

"THE MIRACLE"

Probably the most ambitious project ever undertaken by a producing company is the filming of this epoch-making stage spectacle that was the talk of New York for months.

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Last Years's dramatic smash on Broadway. —A George Fitzmaurice Production starring Milton Sills. Kenyon Nicholson's play produced on the stage by Charles Wagner.

"ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST" with Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland

Vast epic of America's Land of Romance—CALIFORNIA. George Fitzmaurice has told it with all the beauty and color that make California the playground of the nation today.

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Fragrant, exotic romance in the land of creoles and crinolines. This great historical special will tell for the first time the story of America's coming-of-age. A George Fitzmaurice Production.

and 46 OTHER GREAT STAR-HITS

All the STARS that shine—
NORMA TALMADGE,
CONSTANCE TALMADGE,
COLLEEN MOORE,
RICHARD BARTHELMESS,
BILLIE DOVE,
HARRY LANGDON,
MILTON SILLS,
KEN MAYNARD
and 20 others
—are in
First National Pictures

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

They Take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

GABLIK

Lazarnick photo

My Mom says I'm the determined one, but I notice she usually makes me do what she wants.

I'm Sorry!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

The janitor jimmied the door and I got out.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Did you ever get locked in a room that you thought you were never going to get out of—ever?

I don't mean for being naughty!

Daddy says that's what used to happen to him when he was little and had to be punished. Which news came as a big surprise to me, because I didn't think daddies ever did anything they had to be punished for.

What made me think this, mostly, is that when I do things that do not appear just right to him, he stares at me as if I were some strange animal.

And speaking about being naughty, I don't care much about the word, because in my young life it always seems to go before something unpleasant that comes after it.

But my Aunt Toni came home the other day most dis-tress-ed.

"What do you think?" she says to Mom. "I met that awful Mrs. What's-her-name on the street. She stopped me to say she had been reading Toni's stories.

"'My!' she exclaimed. 'You must have your hands full with that naughty, naughty child.'

"The *nerve* of that woman!" Aunty continued, getting madder and madder. "With her own two young demons!"

"You're just like all the rest of us, Aunty," Mom laughed. "You can say what you like about your own, but Heaven help the poor misguided wretch that agrees with you.

"Maybe," Mom added, "you'd better censor Toni's stuff a little more. We certainly don't want her held up as an example of what a mother's blessed offspring shouldn't be, do we?"

"Surely," Aunty challenged, "*you* don't think Toni's any worse than any other youngster, do you? Of course, I'll admit she's not exactly an angel. But who'd want her to be?"

"Don't worry," Mom answered, "about her ever becoming one. Just go in and take a look at your blue beads. I tried to fix them, but so many are missing—"

"Well, what if she is naughty once in a while? Isn't that what makes youngsters interesting? And grown-ups, too? Go down to the library, where I've just come from, and compare the number of books that have been written on Cleopatra with those on Florence Nightingale, for instance."

"Say, Aunty, just what kind of a reputation have you in mind for Toni? I think I'd better take that job away from you. I don't want—"

"Now, look here, Mom, what fun would you or any other woman have with a youngster without faults to correct? I knew a woman once who had a perfect angel in her four-year-old, and because he wasn't cutting up like other youngsters she trotted him off to a specialist to be examined. If there wasn't something wrong with his conduct, she was going to have something wrong with his system so she could enjoy herself.

"Why do you suppose," Aunty continued, "the black sheep of the family is the one mother loves most, if it isn't—"

"Speaking of black sheep," Mom breaks in, "I guess I'd better take this one of ours to the bathroom and scrub her up."

That's how I came to be in there the afternoon I was locked up—or, rather, locked myself up, which is more foolish to admit, since it looks as if I might have been punishing myself for something. Just being taken to the bathroom to be scrubbed up isn't any novelty.

I wonder if parents ever thought of all the money they could save if they would be more e-co-nom-ical with the soap they use on us. I'm afraid some day I'll be all washed away and there won't be any me any more.

What I really meant when I said it looked foolish to admit I might be punishing myself, is that if there is anything I don't like to do it is to admit I'm in the wrong, much less ask for punishment or take it upon myself to give myself any.

When I have been rude or saucy to any one, my Mom makes me go and tell the person: "I'm sorry."

Somewhere I picked up a habit that I'm not very proud of either, now that I know it isn't a nice one. When I saw the other children slapping at people to get their own way, I started trying it around home here. But I didn't get very far with it.

"They no sooner get over one bad habit," Mom tells people, "than they bring home another."

I don't remember what I had just got over. Anyway, we both thought I was cured of the slapping one, but one day my baddest hand forgot itself and flew out at Kaki, which un-for-tu-nately Mom saw.

I thought I could get by by putting my head in Mom's lap.

SHE told me I was to tell Kaki I was sorry. I don't know why it is so hard for me to say that. I wonder if big people find it hard, too?

This day I thought I could get by by putting my head down in Mom's lap and looking sorry without having to say it. But Mom pretended I wasn't there.

Then I took one of her arms and slipped it around my neck. She still ignored me.

So I had to take the other and make them meet under my chin, at which Mom nearly relented, but not quite.

She told me to run out and tell Kaki I was sorry and then to come back for my hug. Which I did, and next time I'll go sooner, because the longer you wait the harder it is to do.

My Mom is a dif-fi-cult woman to deal with at times. She says I'm the de-ter-mined one, but I notice she usually makes me do what she wants me to do before we get through.

She says that one boss is about all the house can hold, and, as she got the job pretty well established before I came along, she thinks she has a right to keep it. I don't mean that she is difficult to get along with when I'm good. Then we're both bosses and there isn't any argument.

BUT I seem to be getting away all the time from my story about how I was im-pris-oned.

"You wait here," Mom told me after she scrubbed me and used up a lot more soap, "and I'll go get a clean dress for you."

I thought I'd hide behind the door so when she came back she'd think there was no Toni to put the dress on. While I was hiding there I reached up and turned a catch which I found would go forward and backward and make a grand click.

While I was playing with it, the door closed, and I gave the catch another click; but I couldn't get it back.

When Mom returned with the dress, she couldn't get in. She got excited and I got frightened with that great big door between us—so frightened that when she tried to tell me to turn the catch back I didn't know where to look for it.

"Run quick and get the janitor!" Mommy ordered Kaki. "Quick, quick! She may turn the hot water on and scald herself or she may die of fright."

By this time I was so frightened I couldn't even cry any more, and when Mom couldn't hear me crying she thought the worst had happened.

"Thank heavens," she said after the jani-tor jimmied the door and I got out, "the window was too high for her to reach!"

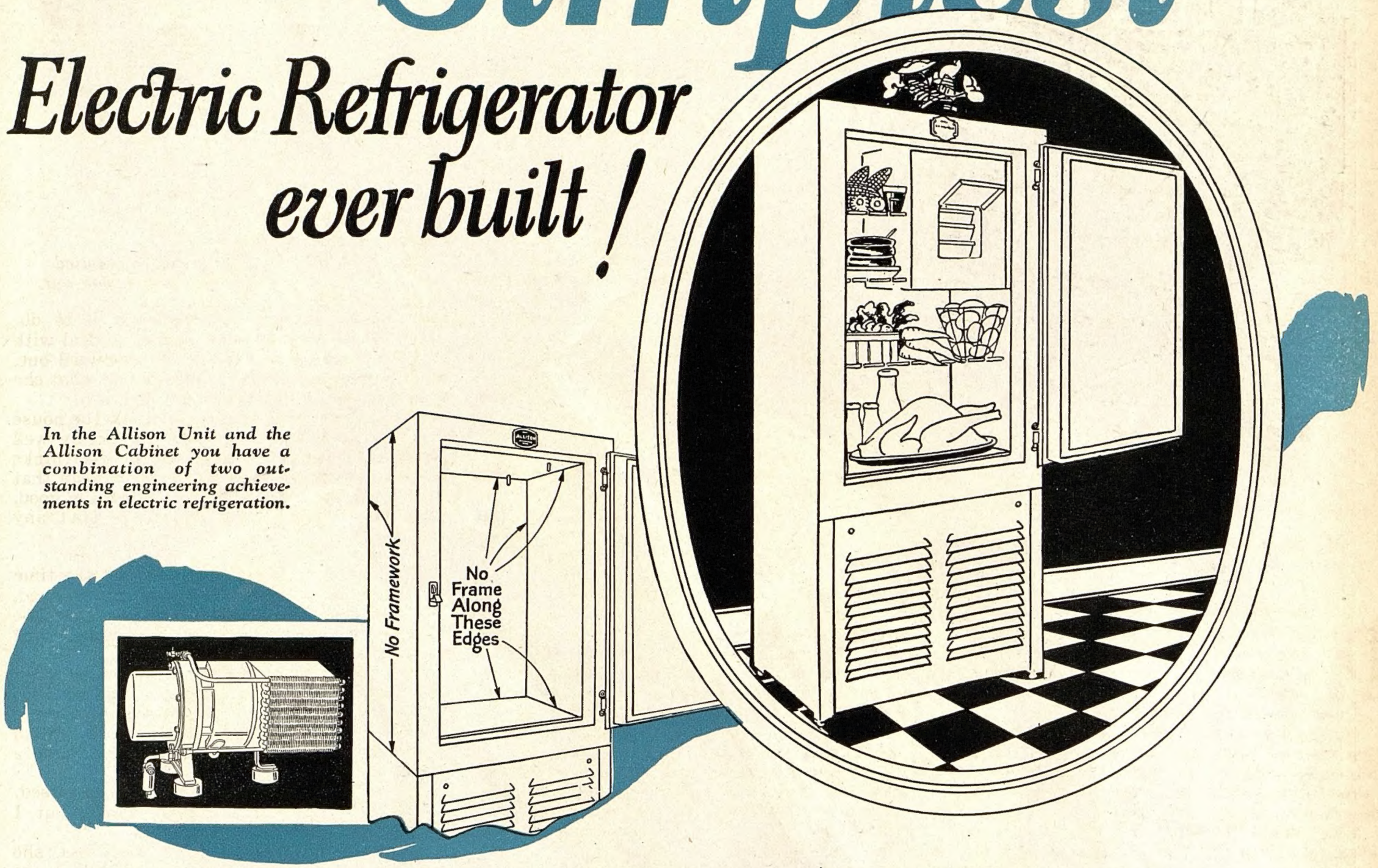
Cissie's Mama told Aunty that Cissie had done the same thing recently. In fact, she said it is a common occurrence, and the thing for mothers to remember is not to get excited. If they will speak without any alarm, just urging the youngster to work the catch back, she may be able to do it. It worked with Cissie.

"If you get excited," Cissie's Mom said, "they do too, and then they can't help themselves to get out."

But the best way, they both agreed, was to put the catch out of com-mis-sion on any of the doors into rooms that children might accidentally lock themselves in.

Toni's going to tell a story in next week's LIBERTY—not the kind of a story authors get paid for and Toni gets spanked for: this one is a true story.

The "Simplest" Electric Refrigerator ever built!



In the Allison Unit and the Allison Cabinet you have a combination of two outstanding engineering achievements in electric refrigeration.

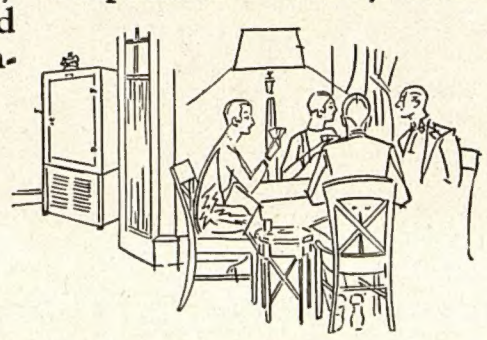
IN the quiet Allison—always dependable, trouble-free home electric refrigeration is now an accepted fact.

Here at last, advanced engineering skill has perfected the simplest electric refrigerator, and master workmen are building it for you.

There are no belts in the Allison—no gears or pistons to become noisy or get out of order—no shut-downs—no time consuming and up-keep costs due to worn out parts. This is assured by the Allison new type rotary compressor—scientifically designed so that it needs no attention—no oiling.

Then, too, the Allison Cabinet is a masterpiece in construction—it is the result of almost endless tests and experiments. It is the most perfect container for food that scientific research has yet developed—it is truly an outstanding achievement in perfect refrigeration, and equalled only by the Allison Unit.

In appearance, the Allison will add to the attractiveness of any home—in convenience—in economy, and in every other way the Allison is an outstanding engineering achievement today.



The quietness of the home is not disturbed with the Allison

Literature describing the complete Allison line sent on request

Domestic Electric Refrigerator Corp., Two West 46th St., New York City

The ALLISON

Dependable domestic Electric Refrigerator

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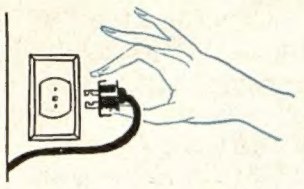
Distributors!

For reliable distributors who are seeking the most advanced electric refrigerator in engineering design and construction, with no profit-killing service costs; there are a few Allison territories still open—the Allison is priced right—it is built right—to give perfect satisfaction to user and distributor alike. Neither the user, the retailer or the distributor can ever have trouble with an Allison—Write for full particulars regarding the most attractive electric refrigerator distributorship today.



Just "Plug it in" and forget it has a motor

This is IPANA–the Tooth Paste that guards the gums

while it cleans the teeth!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.,
Dept. AB 107, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

BECAUSE of our soft diet, our gums fail to receive the stimulation they need. They become dormant—soft, tender, and weak. Very logically, thousands of dentists pronounce a tooth paste that stimulates the gums a necessity in this day of prevalent gum troubles.

Such a tooth paste is Ipana. For it has a special ingredient (ziratol) long used by dentists in treating the gums.

Make a full month's trial of Ipana! Brush your gums as well as your teeth with it faithfully, twice a day. This will speed to the depleted tissues a fresh supply of rich, nourishing blood, and within 30 days you will find that your gums have improved in health—that they have become firmer in texture, lighter and pinker in color.

The coupon brings a ten-day tube, gladly sent—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its power to clean and whiten your teeth. But the better plan is to start with a full-size tube from the drug store—for that makes the fairer test of Ipana's good effects on your gums!

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